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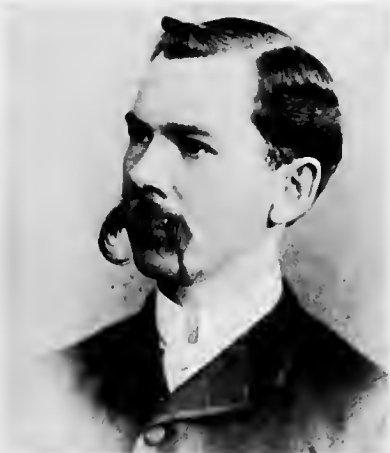
ELLEN E. HEBRON,
WHEN A JUNIOR AT MEMPHIS FEMALE COLLEGE, 1855



MY ONLY DAUGHTER.



MY MOTHER.



"THE SECOND BABE."



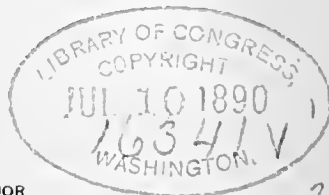
MY YOUNGEST.

FAITH,
—OR—
EARTHLY PARADISE;

AND OTHER POEMS.

✓
BY ELLEN E. HEBRON.
"

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."



—
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR
BY THE
W. T. P. A., 161 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO.
1890.

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Dedication.

TO

THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER,
WHOSE LOVE OF LITERATURE, AND INDOMITABLE ENERGY
IN REARING AND TRAINING
HER FATHERLESS CHILDREN, RENDERED IT
POSSIBLE FOR ME
EVER TO WRITE A BOOK; AND

TO

THAT BRAVE BAND OF NOBLE MEN AND WOMEN,
WHO GO FORTH TO LABOR
IN THE MASTER'S VINEYARD IN FOREIGN FIELDS; AND
WHO CONSTITUTE, UNDER PROVIDENCE,
THE GRAND SPIRITUAL LEVER WHICH IS DESTINED TO
EVENTUALLY RAISE THE WORLD
FROM THE

"SLOUGH OF DESPOND," AND PLACE IT FIRMLY UPON THE
"ROCK OF AGES,"

THESE PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY AND REVERENTLY
DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

An Invocation.

DEDICATED TO EACH READER.

WOULD I could stand again
On the threshold of sunny youth ;
Would I could tell with an angel's tongue
The story of God's great truth.

Would I could sweep the chords
Of some harp that the world would hear ;
That the melting notes of Redeeming Love
Might reach each mortal ear.

Would I could stand aloft
On some mountain-top of thought ;
And tell all nations of the plan
With so much goodness fraught.

Would I—e'en I—could go
To utmost bounds of earth ;
That my voice, and eyes, and life might tell
The story of Christian worth !

God grant that these feeble lines
May in some soul be cast,
That will bud and blossom in Mission-fields
Bearing some fruit at last.

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Faith; or Earthly Paradise.

Scenes laid in and around Baltimore and Washington City.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEANDER. [Lion-man.]

MARY, *his wife.*

FAITH, *their daughter and the heroine.*

REGINALD [Strong ruler], *Faith's lover and Rosalind's destroyer.*

OPHELIA [Serpent], *his sister.*

REV. DR. EVARARD [Strong], *President of Femate College.*

PROFESSOR GREGORY [Watchful], *Prof. of Female College.*

THEODORE [the gift of God], *Faith's lover, a Missionary, and the hero.*

HUMPHREY [Protector of the home], *the Prisoner.*

BISHOP ELMER [Noble], *Bishop of the M. E. Church South.*

CELESTINE [Heavenly], *his Daughter.*

ROSALIND [Beautiful as a rose] } *Erring women.*
MIRIAM }

GIDEON [Destroyer], *Miriam's destroyer.*

FIDELIA [Faithful], *the deserted wife, and Faith's friend.*

ERIC [Rich], *her husband.*

HUGH [Mind], *her youthful lover.*

HUBERT [Soul-bright], *Faith's lover, and President of the United States.*

LILIAN [Lily], *his sister.*

HONORA [Honorable], *his wife.*

THEODORIC [Powerful among the people], *A Statesman, and Fidelia's lover.*

LAWRENCE [Crowned with laurel], *Fidelia's poet lover.*

LITTLE THEODORE, *Theodore's and Faith's child.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Parental Reflections.*

Mary, alone:

Yes! ere another morning's light hath dawn'd
I shall become a mother. Strange, O strange!
The mystery of life! I know not why,
But ever and anon all day there breathed
A spirit-presence 'round about me, for
I could not feel alone; where'er I turned
Another being seem'd confronting me,
And mine a double nature. Thus, no doubt,
Elizabeth experienced long ago
When Mary, mother of our Lord, appeared
Saluting her. I fear not that I'll die;
But rather feel that life will just begin,
Because some one has said, "No woman hath
Attained perfection in her womanhood
Until she is a mother." I have thought
The shrubs themselves must gladden with new life
Just as they throw their blossoms to the breeze,
And that a glow of living pleasure throbs
Through all the sap-veins of the budding trees.
Yea! nature's parturition draweth nigh,
And 'tis great honor from the Father's hand

Leander: Now sleep, my love!
For nature calls for rest ; and you will be
But stronger for your conflict by repose. (*She*
 sleeps.)

L. alone:

O ! how she teaches Christianity !
For He who spoke "as never man can speak"
Said, "Greater love hath none than this, that he
Should lay his life down for his friend ;" and she
Seems not to know the sacrifice she makes
In risking her's for me. If men could have
This trusting faith of woman with their strength
How beautiful would be their characters !
Yet each hath sphere distinctive, traits to suit
Those diff'rent spheres ; and thus 'tis well for both
To strive to lighten all the cares that fall
Upon each other. How can men e'er dare
To lift their hands or voices 'gainst the forms
That suffer for them as they ne'er can know
Until Eternity unveils to them .
That suffering's intensity ? I love
Her more than when I pressed the first fond kiss
Upon her brow ; a kiss that thrilled and thrilled
Throughout my being with its newborn bliss,
And every throb of quick pulsation filled,
Until I realized she was my own.

And I believe this love shall grow, and grow
'Till it shall be of my own self a part,
Soul linked to soul, and heart baptized of heart.
'Twill be so sweet to lay our first-born babe
Upon my arm, and feel another link
But added to our oneness—Wondrous power!
To call a spirit from another sphere,
To clothe in flesh, and reckon it our own.

(He sleeps.)

Angels sing:

Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!
Men are striving to be free,
In their daily walk and converse
Striving now to follow Thee.
Long within the Father's bosom
Was the mystery concealed,
Not to all the waiting angels
E'en was it once revealed.

But, at last, in time's great fullness,
Unto earth a Saviour's giv'n,
And we now are His blest couriers
From the pearly gates of Heav'n.
We will guard your darling treasure
With our presence e'er in life,
We will bear her all triumphant
Through its every varied strife.

She shall be a child of wonder
To the denizens of earth,
For ourselves, and He who made us
Only can compute her worth.
O! we long to bring her to you,
She's so radiantly fair,
In her countenance so lovely,
Heav'n itself's reflected there.

Seldom God doth honor mortals
With a creature like to her,
Seldom deigns His utmost mercy
Such a being to confer:
And we hasten, gladly hasten.
To the Glory-throne above —
Mortals wake you! quick prepare you!
For a gift of wondrous Love.

SCENE II.—*Sabbath-Morning in Spring—Going to
Church—Faith's Baptism.*

Leander:

How beauteous the morn! Just such a day
As I would consecrate our babe to God:
For though I know that He still lives and reigns
In storm as well as sunshine, yet it seems
So blest to look abroad upon the earth

All radiant with bright sunlight, and to think
It is His smiling count'nance makes it so.
Sometimes I love to see a storm-cloud break
In all its madden'd fury o'er the earth :
How grand the scene when vivid light'nings flash
Through all the atmosphere as though it were
A magazine full charged for God's own touch
With spark electric ; while the mighty crash
Of jarring thunders rouses frightened soul
To awful sense of His Omnipotence !
Yet, when the storm is past, how blest the calm !
How redolent of Mercy and of Love
The bow that springs up smiling from the earth,
And links it fast to Heav'n. But O ! a morn
Superlatively beautiful as this
Seems like the offspring of some far-off realm
We see in dreams : its flow'rs all abloom
With fragrant beauty, and its turf aglow
With diamond dew-drops ; while there ever
comes
On its soft breath the sweet recurring sense
That reaches to the very soul, and says,
This, this is Spring ; and living now is life.
We'll call our darling Mary : 'tis the name
Of those who loved our Saviour best, when here,
Of womankind, His mother, and her who

Once bathed His feet with tears. And then it is
 Your name; and it is sweet to think she will
 Be like her mother in her nature, and
 In having one to love her as his life
 Some future day.

Mary: Nay! I can not consent
 That she shall be named Mary; though I love
 A name so linked with Deity as that,
 So honored in the fact He deigned to call
 One Mary mother; yet I must forbear
 To call her so. For ever since the hour
 There throbbed within my heart the conscious-
 ness

That some bright day within the earliest spring
 A bird from Paradise would nestle in
 My waiting bosom, I have felt 'twould be
 Just as it is, a darling daughter; and
 A something in my being seemed to say
 She should be called by one, one only name;
 That name is Faith, name of the grace that lifts
 Earth up to Heav'n, or deigns sometimes to bring
 Heav'n down to earth for one brief moment while
 The soul's ecstatic in its Father's smile.
 Sometimes at night, when you were fast asleep,
 I'd dream such beauteous dreams I could but
 wake

To ponder on their meaning. Once I thought
The Heav'ns were opened, and a sweet-faced child
Descending caught me with her little hands,
And tried to draw me upward ; but I said,
“I can not leave my husband ; stay with me !”
Then quick as thought a band of angels flashed
Their shining wings about her fragile form,
And bore her smiling to a realm beyond ;
While as they left I heard this answer come :
“All they who prize their loved ones more than
Me

This little one's bright Home can never see ;
Her name is Faith, she dwells within the sky,
But she will come again when spring is nigh.”
I did not tell you, for I know that men
Dislike a woman's dreamings ; but I thought
A deal upon it. And when first they laid
Our darling babe beside me, how my heart
But thrilled with joy ecstatic to behold
Her face was like the infant's that I saw
In heavn'ly vision : and I looked again
To know I was not dreaming still—And then
I took its precious meaning to my soul,
And named her “Faith.” She is no common
child :

I can not solve her being's mystery,

Nor can I scan her coming destiny ;
Yet one thing I believe : she will be strong
To do or suffer her great Maker's will,
Within this world ; and dying bear to Heav'n
A spirit that to earth is seldom giv'n.

*(The enter the church and the babe is baptized.)
The minister prays :*

O! Thou in Heav'n whose word did once proclaim
To favor Abram for his faith in Thee,
Grant that this child in nature as in name
May prove e'er faithful in all things to be.

While yet a babe may she unconscious turn
The hearts of those who prize her towards Thy
throne ;

While but a child may her young spirit burn
To be belov'd of Thee, and of Thine own.

When youth its snares around shall smiling cast,
And pleasure woöes her from Thy loved control,
O! guard her 'till its dangers all are past,
And firmly fixed on Thee is her young soul.

'Mid all life's trials may she faithful stand
Firm by Thy Word, how hard so e'er it be ;
And when fulfilled is all life's mission grand,
O! take her safely up to Heav'n and Thee.

Angels sing :

How we love her ! How we love her !
She is almost all our own,
For we only lend her to you
From around the Glory-throne.
It was here she found her beauty,
It was here she gained her worth,
And she is a precious treasure
Far too bright for scenes of earth.

How we love her ! How we love her !
Mortals strive to prize her well,
For the grandeur of her mission
Ne'er on earth your hearts can tell :
But when you have reached the City
Where she dwelt with us above,
You shall know her priceless value,
And the *why* of God's great Love.

SCENE III.—*A Summer's Morning—Faith at play
in the yard.*

Mary, alone :

How sweet she looks ! Her little bonnet tied
Encircling all her face, as hazy ring
Sometimes surrounds the full-orbed moon, which
shines

Within the circle like a diamond glows
When clasped in golden setting. Now she
 plucks

A flower from off its stem, then waits to see
How many snowy petals shower down
At her light touch ; then chases for awhile
The butterfly that erst had stopped to sip
That flow'ret's dewy moisture. Like a sprite,
Her little apron flutt'ring in the breeze
As spirit-wings, she passes 'mongst the shrubs,
And looks up wond'ring at the bloss'ming trees,
Her little heart all throbbing with deep love
For God's great volume spread before her eyes.
'Twas but this morn she came and asked me why
There was such music 'mongst the trees' tall
 boughs

Whene'er the wind was passing ; and how long
'Twould be before the birds would answer back
The song she sings for them ; and why the flow'rs
So sparkle when the sun begins to shine?
Her ear detects the slightest flutt'ring of
The humming-bird, and when the bees rove off
To gather golden treasures for the hive,
She throws a piece of netting o'er her face,
And patient waits to "see how honey's made."
She stands beside the silver stream and lists

As though she heard some meaning in its tone
Inaudible to other ears ; and when
The stars are shining bright on cloudless eve,
She gazes for awhile, then questions how
“The angels take their lamps from out the sky
When morning comes?” She never seems alone :
The world and all therein to her appears
As some vast Exposition, full of things
So bright and beautiful she never grows
Impatient in her searches, but believes
All things created by a Father’s hand,
And all full worthy of a creature’s love.

Leander, entering with Faith in his arms :

Come, darling ! tell your mother how you chased
The sunbeams o’er the clover-tops, and how
You stayed your hand when father said they
were [these smiles
God’s smiles ; then asked, “Does God send all
For little Faith?” I do believe the child
Will be a prodigy ; she seems so bent
On studying nature in her every mood.
She trots along beside me when I go
Unto the meadow, and calls every lamb
By some pet name, and thinks it answers back
Its recognition by a gentle look ;
And when we pass the stream she stops to see

“The clouds down in the water” ; when the wind
Comes briskly by and lifts her bonnet off,
She says “God’s whisp’ring something in her ear,”
And bids me wait ’till she can understand
The heav’nly message—O ! my peerless one !
How can my heart e’er thank Him half enough
For all the depths of love and wisdom He
Has taught me in thy coming ! I had thought
That I was grown, and had attained somewhat
Of man’s maturity : but this sweet child
Hath taught me all the littleness of mind
Compared unto its heav’nly tenant, soul ;
And how bright angels love to hover ’round
The home where happy children dwell.

(Faith sleeps in her mother’s arms.)

How dread
The thought that ever grief should dare to fling
Its pall upon her way ; that her glad heart,
So tuned to nature and to nature’s love,
Should ever mourn in sorrow o’er a lot
That spirits grosser than her own might make
Earth-weary. She was born for love as flow’rs
Are born for sunlight ; and for sympathy
As herbage for the dew-drops : she would pine
Without them as a tree without its roots,
And all her being show a quick decay.

But give her these, and our sweet child shall be
A marvel in her loveliness as palms
Which on the plains of desert Eastern clime
Rise grandly up above the burning sand
To prove 'tis not a God-forsaken land.
Sometimes I think that she must never leave
Her father's dwelling. Sure no other man
Can ever love her as her father does :
And I could tear the heart from out the
 form,
And trample it beneath my feet in scorn,
That could essay one angry word or look
Towards this dear child. The beasts that roam
 the field
Were far too good companions for the wretch
Who'd thus disgrace the very name of brute,
Which were synonymous with loftiest worth
Compared to him. The flow'rs may fade away ;
But when the winds of winter shriek around,
I'll only clasp her closer to my breast
To shield her from the storm : and when sweet
 spring,
Her natal season, with her flowing train
Sweeps softly o'er the blooming earth again,
I'll send her forth to join the gladsome throng

Of sister-fairies as they trip along
To gladden nature with their mystic song.

Mary:

Sometimes I fear she will not linger here
Until maturity ; she seems so prone
To think of things beyond her years, of things
That well might baffle riper minds than ours.
For I have seen old people shake their heads
With solemn look, and say, "'Tis surest sign
When children are so prematurely bright,
They can not stay on earth, and only wait
For welcome tidings from the better land
To join the angels there." Yet when I think
Of all the good a gifted one may do
In this woe-stricken world, I can but pray
Our darling's life may be like summer's day
Of arctic clime, protracted in its cheer
'Till night is almost banished from that sphere.
Her waking hours are full of joy ; and when
She sleeps 'tis but to dream of brighter things
Than earth can e'er afford—"Tis honor grand
From all-wise heav'nly Father's gracious hand
To be intrusted with a soul like this :
And should we prove regardless of that trust,
'Twere better far we'd crumbled to the dust
Before she came—Yea ! angels love to come

And flit around the humblest earthly home
Where spirit dwells to which such worth is giv'n,
For it reminds them of their native Heav'n.

Angels sing:

Yes, we linger, love to linger
' Round your quiet, happy home,
Ever since one from our number
To your dwelling-place hath come.
When she wanders in the meadow,
Where the purling brooklet strays,
We are hov'ring 'round about her
In her lovely, childish plays ;

When she strives to catch the sunbeam
With her little outstretched hand,
We are gazing on her count'nance
By the passing zephyr fanned ;
And when she essays to warble
Back a sonnet to the bird,
We opine it is the sweetest
Music songster ever heard.

She is learning now of nature
What her tender heart must know,
Ere 'tis all prepared and ready
Strong in faith and love to grow :

While your care shall tend her body,
 We are wielding sweet control
 O'er the ev'ry thought and feeling
 Chasing through her sunny soul.

Would you have us linger 'round her?
 Would you have us ever stay?
 Then repress not aught of gladness
 Of her childhood's happy May;
 Let her love all things of beauty,
 Where the angels' feet have trod,
 They will lead her tender spirit
 Nearer unto us and God.

SCENE IV.—*Faith at Her Studies.*

Leander :

Now, daughter! read: we've followed Virgil's
 verse

'Till both of us "reclining 'neath the shade
 Of spreading beech," or rural arbor near,
 Might well repose. Read in the Testament;
 For fancy's flight hath wearied me; I long
 For something stabler now to rest upon.

(*She reads 14th chapter of St. John's gospel.*)
 Thy mother's favorite chapter; full of love

Of Christ to his disciples. Now recess
'Till she instructs you in your Botany ;
And when the lamp is lit, and tea is o'er,
We will essay to study with St. John
Again those knotty Greek roots, where he tells
Of when, and where, and what the "Logos" is

[*Exit Faith.*

L. alone :

Oh ! how can parents yield to other hearts
And minds alway the rearing of their young,
And deem their duty done because, forsooth,
They pay their children's school-bills ; when the
joy

Of leading them and guiding them aright
Amid the flow'rs of Science might be theirs ?
'Twere sweet to hear a boy or girl recite
With willing heart, and interested mind
Those varied lessons. Yet, when that one is
A child as well as pupil, how we love
To note the pleasure beaming in their eyes
At deeds of noble virtue ; or to see
The look of pride that settles there when care
And labor have enabled them to grasp
Some grand idea latent in the verse,
They first had pass'd unheed'd. How we learn
To realize the greatness of those rules

That not content to measure all of earth,
Must grasp the heav'ns themselves in mighty
 sway,

And trace out times and paths for all the stars !
Not satisfied with facts that figures give,
The mind, by signs and letters, would essay
New properties to find in reck'nings old.
And then when we would leave the real world,
And dwell in the ideal, how it cheers
Our wand'rings there for kindred heart and mind
To bear us company ! How for awhile

We scarce remember we are made of clay,
As leaving earth behind we soar away
Into the regions of an endless day.
Methinks my child will bear the impress deep
Of all these hours upon her heart and mind
So long as she may live : yea, I believe
The turn I give her thoughts and feelings now
May fix her destiny for hell or heav'n ;

Not that I am a fatalist ; but how
Can we expect the truth to vegetate,
And yield its fruit within a heart that ne'er
Has heard of its importance ? Do we look
“ For figs on thistles ” ; or do we expect
The bloom of tropics on the desert sands ?
Then why should parents leave to other hearts,

Not half so dear as they, the noble task
Of teaching children what they owe to God,
And country, to their parents and themselves ?
Once I beheld a ragged pauper boy
Ask alms of one the world calls rich and good—
But I consider him both poor and mean—
Who spurned him from his presence with a sneer.
Oh ! I can ne'er forget the look of scorn
That struggled for a moment in the eye
Of that proud boy ; 'twas like the glare that
lights

Volcano's crater ere the burning tide
Of lava sweeps in desolation wide
Adjacent country. I would hate to call
Forth such a look from any human soul.
A lady—may God bless her loving heart—
Then called the boy and bade him go with her :
When next I saw him he was seated where
A throng of children met to worship God,
In tasteful garb repeating the Lord's prayer.
And now I learn his name is reckoned high
Upon the lists of fame, and great men go
To hear the swell of oratory's flow
That glides in torrents from his gifted tongue ;
And he who spurned him once is proud to call
His name among acquaintances. This proves

How very wrong it is to judge of one
By mere appearances ; and how that scores
We deem inferiors, with the slightest chance
Would rise beyond our reckoning ; how the
worth

Of gifted creatures may be crushed beneath
Man's cruel meanness, or how it may shine
Resplendent as the diamond by the aid
Of but a few kind words and deeds, that grow
In noble souls like seeds in mellow soil
Quick yielding sweetest fruitage for one's toil.
I knew a man whom none had ever deemed
Had faintest spark of poetry's blest fire
In his rough constitution ; and yet he
Was often heard to say he sympathized
With women, for they had no privilege
To choose whom they should love, as men
may do ;

But must content themselves with one of those
Who them select—or never love at all.
Did Plato dream, did Socrates aspire
To higher flight in great philosophy ?
His good old Christian heart had caught the glow
Of love that dwells beyond dark Jordan's flow,
And longed that earth its radiance, too, should
know.

I've seen a woman whom the world called proud,
And cold, and heartless, stoop amid the throng
That jostled by, to aid a drunken man
Regain his footing ere the night came on,
And he was left to die. I've seen her place
A tract within his hand, in kindest tone
Assure him if he'd read it he would find
Sweet comfort there; while other ladies sneered
As they passed on. I've seen him read, and read
That tract again till God was pleased to smile
Upon that wayward sinner and recall
Him back to home and duty: "*Inasmuch*
As ye have done it to the least of these,
'Twas done to me,'" rings out so loud and clear
'Twould almost seem the deaf its sound might
hear.

I've seen a girl with more than common worth
Who would not stoop to grovel in the mire
Of worldly wisdom, as with heart sincere
She strove to do her Maker's will on earth.
I've heard the bitter taunt of sland'rous tongue
In fiendish pleasure gloating o'er the woe
That tongue had cost her as she struggled on,
Now doubly lone in duty's trying path.
I've seen her neighbors turn away their eyes
To those scarce worthy to unlatch her shoes

With knowing look, whene'er she dared approach.

I've seen her in an agony of soul, [room,
When gaping world was shut from out her
With streaming eyes fall on her knees to beg
For further patience 'neath her mighty grief—
For she was of my kindred.—Then I've seen
A man the world was anxious to befriend,
And shower down its compliments upon,
Because of his possessions; but whose worth
Was just as far beyond his wealth as stars
Above the stream that doubles them, essay
To find the secret cause of this great wrong.
I've seen him seek her side when others smiled,
Pretending care for her that they might snare
His heart with wily love-arts, till he found
An answer to the problem: then he poured
The garnered worth of all his manhood's prime,
His golden treasures, and the priceless wealth
Of his great heart an off'ring at her shrine.
The world was much perplexed; and mothers
looked

Upon their daughters with a strange surprise
That thus he should have chosen. But he said,
“I've found the treasure I have long desired,
And I am happy; for she is not bought

With hopes of golden gewgaws to adorn
Her looks ; her soul is mate to mine ; and we
Would still be happy were my wealth to flee.”
And O ! the heav’nly peace that dwelt within
Her heart, and shone upon her face, as years
But proved to her his soul’s exceeding worth—
For sorrow but refined, not hardened her—
And all through life ’ twas their delight to find
Some stricken one of womankind to cheer
With their brave love and holy sympathy.
I’ve often thought I’d have my darling child
Like this sweet woman in her noble worth ;
But O ! I shrink from thought that she should live
To ever be so tried as Mabel was.
And yet it seems that God designs for all,
Who may a blessing prove unto the world,
Some crucible of sorrow, some deep woe
No human aid can reach ; but which His hand
Can heal enough to make it but redound
To His own glory, and to mortals’ good.

Angels sing:

Can you doubt it ? Can you doubt it ?
That He’s able still to guide
All your darling daughter’s footsteps
Whatsoever may betide ?

Can you dare to doubt His goodness?
Can you dare to doubt His truth?—
He who taught her infant prattle
Still can shield her dawning youth

He can cast her sunny pathway
Where no harm can ever come,
He can bring her 'mid all dangers
Safely still to find her Home :
He can lead her by “still waters”
Where her heart can know but peace,
He can guide her through the storm-waves,
And yet bid her sorrows cease.

Never doubt it! Never doubt it!
All the love your Father gives,
While you dwell in earthly day-house,
Never while your spirit lives ;
While the stars continue shining,
While the ocean's billows roll,
Never, while the world endureth
Suffer doubts to dim your soul.

SCENE V.—*Family prayer.*

(*Faith having recited her Greek lesson, the family kneel in prayer.*)

Leander prays:

O Thou! who didst ordain the family
As guardian of our precious faith 'till time
Should circling bring forth governments, look
down

In tender love and mercy on us here,
As gathered 'round Thy footstool we would beg
For grace divine to lead us on through life.
Pour out Thy Spirit's plent'ous fullness on
Each heart now in Thy presence: let us feel
Each gifted with the very grace each needs
To well fulfill its mission. May she be,
The mother of the household, like the vine
That planted by deep waters lifts its head
With richest fruitage freighted for the hand
Of harvest reaper; while our darling child
But grows in years and deeds like unto her,
As years move on to bear us both away,
The parent-stems that prop her graceful form,
But leaving her more beautiful still in deeds
That tell her Maker's praise. And O! may he
Whom Thou hast condescended thus to bless
With honor of such household's head, e'er be

In all his words and actions true to Thee,
And to Thy counsels. May he ever bear
Along with him the thoughts of Thy intent,
Thy matchless love and wisdom thus to give
Such vast responsibility to him ;
And like a faithful servant may he be
Prepared and ready when the summons comes
To give account of all his "stewardship."
Look down upon this weary sin-struck earth
As when with pitying heart Thou didst behold
The tomb of Bethany, with loving eye,
Then melted down to human weakness, wept'st,
Yet cried'st with Godlike voice : "*Laz'rus come
forth !*"

While weeping sisters, and the multitude
In wond'ring silence could but bow unto
The majesty of Thy Divinity.
Thus speak to all earth's citizens, now "dead
In trespasses and sins," until their hearts
But thrilling 'neath the magic of Thy voice,
Shall step forth joyously from living tombs
To take their places 'mid the glorious throng
Of earth's redeemed—while ages onward roll,
Refitting earth for its primeval bloom,
And Eden-glory. Bear Thy precious Word
Wherever waters roll, or wind-tides sweep,

Wherever tropic suns gild with bright blaze,
 Or frigid snows but lengthen out the days ;
 There send Thy chosen messengers with news
 Of Thy salvation : 'till all earth shall bound
 With thrill electric to the gladsome sound ;
 While to our Triune God each heart shall bring
 On that great day its lifetime offering.

SCENE VI.—*Faith at College—Reginald's Love.*

(*Professor Gregory approaching President Evard, hands him a letter from Reginald to Faith.*)

Professor Gregory :

I much regret, indeed ! to find that one
 Of our young ladies is a pupil now
 Of Reginald as well as of ourselves :
 He's teaching her the mystic art of love ;
 In which I've heard it said he's quite expert.
 These verses, you'll observe, are breathing with
 A passion that may call forth answ'ring one
 In Faith's young heart. It might be welcome
 change
 From sines and co-sines, double aorists ;
 For love to one like her doth oft appear
 As gorgeous landscape flooded with soft light
 To artist's eye. A courier brought them here,
 And waits an answer by the evening's train.

(*To Faith.*)

President Evarard reads :

I'm dreaming of thee! I am dreaming of thee!
Time never can banish thine image from me;
A star on life's ocean it sweetly arose
To gild all my pleasures, and lighten my woes.

Dost think that my heart could e'er wish to forget
When first in its gladness that image was met,
When ere the bright visions of youth-time were
past
Within its fond tendrils that image was clasped?

No, never! 'Mid breakers of sorrow and care,
I look to that beacon, and can not despair;
And when love and friendship my pathway en-
twine,
I turn from the picture to gaze upon thine.

I'm dreaming of thee! And the vision shall last
So long as fond-mem'ry illumines the past;
For all the bright wealth of the fathomless sea
Could n't purchase the dream that I cherish of
thee.

I'm dreaming of thee ! O ! but answer my love,
And all that is noble and gallant, I'll prove ;
Thy name with my own I am longing to twine—
My fortune, my heart, and my hopes are all thine.

Yours devotedly,

REGINALD.

President Evarard :

I'll speak unto her father ; what he says
Shall be my guide ; for I have never seen
A man more tenderly devoted to
A child than he to her. I'm sure he would
Disdain that she should trespass on our rules ;
And yet methinks if she should love this man,
He's far too fond of her to cross that love :
So we'll refer the matter unto him.

(*Leander enters.*)

Pres. Evarard rising to meet him :

Good morning, Sir ! I'm very glad you've come.
We've just consulted on a subject here
Which you can best decide ; what do you say
To teachings such as this for your fair child ?

(*Leander reads the letter, then folds and places
it in his pocket.*)

Leander :

She's far too young to think of such a thing
As loving any one : beside she's not

Completed yet her education. If
 You please, I'll take her home with me awhile ;
 And when she comes again you may be sure
 No vestige of this love-song shall remain
 Within her heart ; though she shall know it all.
 She's far too good, and bright, and beautiful
 To lavish her heart's wealth on such as he ;
 For none but noblest of the human race
 Shall ever bear my peerless one from me.

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE VII.—*Home Again—Faith's Vow.*

Leander :

My daughter ! I am much surprised that you
 Should list that lordling's worthless love 'Tis
 true

He comes of proudest ancestry, and looks
 On common people much as merest slaves
 To do his bidding ; and he's handsome too,
 And tol'rably proficient in those arts
 We style polite accomplishments : and yet
 There lurks a something in his eye and mien
 That never could be trusted. I regard
 That eye as but the "window of the soul" ;
 For when the spirit's paltry, low or mean
 That littleness is sure reflected seen

In its possessor's glance, e'en when he tries
To stifle such expression. Then I've heard
Him speak in such a disrespectful way
Of "women, and their weaknesses," I'm sure
He's never known what 'twas to dwell about
The noblest of their sex, and could not learn
To rightly estimate the worth of such,
E'en were that one his own. He thinks it all
Significant of manhood that he wears
The pantaloons, and swaggers round the streets
With curled mustache, and choicest cigarette,
With bow polite to every passing belle,
And sneer but ill-disguised at plainer maid
That chances by. Why, such a being sure,
As Nicodemus wand'ring said of old,
Would needs be "born again"; and then 'twould
take
A thousand years' tuition, more or less,
To educate him up to manhood's worth,
He might, perhaps, supply the "missing link,"
As Darwin says, between the ape and man;
And even then it would be hard I think
To tell exactly where the link began.
Some men who dare insult a thinking world,
And Heav'n, assuming care of families,
Remind one of the sea-bear, kind enough

Unto their offspring, yet unfeeling towards
 The mother of that offspring—When, O! when
 Shall earth attain such moral excellence
 That this, like other perjury, shall meet
 The scowl indignant of an outraged law
 Of all humanity, and skulk away
 Into congenial, native Tartarus?
 We do not read that ever Christ essayed
 One bitter word to all of womankind;
 And he who's noblest, truest, best to them
 Is nearest Christlike in his spirit's mould.
 And I'd prefer my child, if e'er she weds,
 Should link her fate to one of Adam's sons
 As noble as herself; for I believe
 We owe a duty to posterity,
 In that our race should not degenerate,
 But grow resplendent, Godlike, as the years
 Go sweeping on towards earth's habiliment
 In nobler grab.

Faith: Now I can understand
 Why I e'er shrank from his advances when
 He would have seemed most courteous: for a
 spell,
 I knew not what seemed drawing me away
 From all his words whene'er he dared approach.

Mary:

'Twas that blest sense of intuition, giv'n
By nature to the best of womankind,
To warn us of earth's dangers, and to save
Our feet from snaring evils on life's way.
It must have been when angels guarding stood
To keep poor Eve from out fair Eden's bowers,
That pitying her in all her deep distress,
They gave her this pure sense as talisman
Against earth's dangers; as requital, too,
In part, for all the joys she there had lost.
Yes, I remember him, young Reginald!
'Twas he who brought the news of "Mabel's
fate"
Unto the City, as he sneering termed
The fact that she'd been slandered; and he said,
"That none could now be trusted since she'd
fall'n."
No! no, my child! Though he were now a king,
And we were but his vassals, rather far
Would I assist in placing you beneath
Some friendly sod than know you were his wife.
I love to see a true aristocrat,
Who knows that in his veins there circling flows
The blood of noble fathers, and who feels
'Tis but a debt he owes that ancestry

To render it still nobler in his own.
Such beings well are fit to lead the throng
Of common mould to higher aims in life
Than otherwise they might attain ; and such
Ne'er feel the vulgar need to boast their line
In other people's ears ; for all men know
That only noblest blood could bring such stock.
Sometimes the merest accident may place
A very common man upon the top
Of Fortune's wheel—who then pretends to be
A native-born aristocrat. His mode
Of proving this reminds us of attempt
Of dressed-up monkey in a circus-ring
To play the part of nation's president :
As monkey, he were sure a prodigy—
As president, a minus quantity.
But when a man depends on proud descent,
Without a corresponding lofty worth,
To take him through a work-day world like this,
'Twere like some one should build a splendid ship,
And rig her out with everything she needs
To make her beaut'ous to the eye, and yet,
By some strange freak, should bid her walk the
waves
Without the motive pow'r. Would she not be
The taunt of rudest sailor on the sea,

And but the sport of every wind and wave?
But give her steam—the sense of innate worth—
And see how proudly o'er the depths she bears,
While every noble soul her triumph shares.
I am a woman, and I know her needs:
Her heart, and all her feelings, and her worth.
I fear the man more than a reptile who
Can lightly speak of woman's virtue, or
Who gloats in secret o'er her tarnished name.
The serpent only bites; that bite may heal:
But sland'rous tongue can make a fest'ring
wound

That all the "balm of Gilead" scarce can 'suage.
And he who loves to hear a slander, waits
But opportunity to make one too,
And woe unto the woman, then, who falls
A victim in his path. To have her wed
To such a being's like to seeing one
In blooming health tied to a putrid corpse,
That terrifies and drives away all friends
Who otherwise might come to cheer her way.

Leander: .

Why should our darling ever leave her home?
'Tis true, 'tis not magnificent nor grand,
Nor noted for its splendor far and wide;
Yet precious one! 'tis such a resting-place

As kings themselves might sometimes yearn to
own,

When wearied of a pompous, regal fate,
They fain would find some sure and snug retreat
From outside world with all its hollow show,
Where none but hearts they know full well are
true

Could dare invade their sacred privacy.
You'd scarcely feel while here, I think, the want
Of sisters' tenderness or brothers' love
By heav'n denied you ; for our waiting hearts
Would answer every feeling of thine own
With kindred one. I know no goodlier sight
Than that of daughter, grown to years mature,
Who nestles sweetly in the parent-home
Without desiring ever thence to roam.
It may be selfish of me ; yet I shrink
From thoughts of yielding thee, as soldier shrinks
From losing his right arm when battle's nigh.
When but a little boy I knew a girl,
Or, rather, gentle woman, who thus stayed
With aged father. Every one who saw
Their true and fond affection could but feel
A thrill of love for both, so beautiful
Was their devotion to each other. He
Was one of nature's noblemen ; his brow

So high and fair, was crowned with silver bloom ;
While in the depths of liquid, speaking eyes,
Benevolence and dignity were blent
As sometimes light and shade in sunset's glow ;
As two ships when far off on the sea,
And sailing side by side, appear as one.
His love for her had taught him love for all
Of womankind. Her virtues, in his eyes,
Were but the virtues of her sex, yet which
Seemed dearer far because she was his child ;
And when he spoke of "Inez," sure no lute
E'er breathed in minor key a sweeter note.
Her mother died when she was young, and thus
She grew to womanhood regarding him
As all to her of earth. Her oval face
Was set in semicircle of light brown,
That waved about her forehead as the sea
Caresses Southern shore ; and her soft eyes
Looked lovingly on him as twinkling stars
Look earthward on a cloudless summer's eve.
Her beauty was reflected in his face,
His dignity reflected back in hers ;
And all the neighbors said a lovelier pair
Could not be found upon earth anywhere.

Mary : [here
Yes, daughter ! 'twould be sweet to have you

Always with us : and yet we could not bind
Our joyous bird a pris'ner in her home,
Should worthy songster come to woo her hence,
And she should find sweet refuge in his breast.
The world would miss the music of her notes,
Without her mate ; and she would beat the bars
Of binding fate till her own heart would break.
I look upon the marriage of our child
As something in the future possible,
Though far from probable : yet when I think
Of all the joy my own fond heart hath known
In loving, and in being loved by one
So worthy of my spirit's choice, I dare
Not say that she must never love. The thought
Of her e'er wedding one unworthy, strikes
As keenest dagger to my throbbing breast :
And yet should one, the noblest of his kind,
With soul and mental nature half divine,
And heart all pulsing with his own deep love
For God and country, and his spirit's choice,
Like Joseph Fry, who could a hero prove
In every scene of life, yet grander far,
Eclipse himself, as noon eclipses star,
In dying heroism, e'er come to woo,
Dost think I could refrain from blessing him
As Sarah once blessed Isaac ? I would look

With fondest pride upon our only son,
And love him for his worth, and for the fact
That he loved mine : I'd clasp her trembling hand
With warmth when giving her away, and feel
That she was nobler having won his love,
And dearer bearing such a hero's name.
But let us not again converse of this ;
The subject's fraught with sadness : years will
 come

Before she e'er will wish to leave her home—
Our only babe, O ! let us prize the hours
While here she lingers 'mid parental bow'rs.

[*Exeunt Leander and Mary.*

Faith alone :

No ! I can never leave my parents who
So tenderly devote their every thought
And feeling to my welfare. All the wealth
That kings may claim were but poor recompense
For this my crown of glory : all the love
That suitor e'er could give but merest drop
Compared unto the broad, majestic tide
Of pure affection welling from their hearts,
As mountain-currents leap from snowy homes
In sep'rate streams, yet mingle as they flow
On towards the ocean of Eternity.
To leave the roof presided o'er by one

So noble in his nature, and by one
So conversant with woman's every thought,
And hope and feeling, and her every need,
Were like to one who in delirious dream
Should flee his home, his kindred, and his friends,
To wander forth an exile o'er the world :
Or like some star deserting its own sphere
And gravitating force should sweep away
Into illimitable space, and find—
Alas ! too late to e'er return again—
That it was lost forever. I will give
My heart unto the God my parents love,
My mind to closest study as the years
Pass swiftly on, until they both shall learn
The happy girl they deem a birdling now
Has grown to be a woman of such mould
As they themselves may well delight to call
Their daughter : one in whom their loving hearts
Can e'er repose as sunbeams seek the flow'rs,
And nestle there through all the springtime hours.
O ! 'twill be sweet when they are growing old,
And long to plume their wings for brighter sphere,
When earth shall bring no joy except my smile,
And heav'n is softly wooing them the while,
To aid their tott'ring footsteps as they stand
Upon the borders of the "better land,"

And hear their accents as they flow to me,
Their best-belov'd, like music on the sea
When to the harp some minstrel's touch is giv'n,
And earth itself seems merging into heav'n.
While thus engaged I sure might well dispense
With joys of married love, and cheering sound
Of children's prattle, as the years sweep on
But whisp'ring softly that my duty's done.
Yes, I am young! But something tells me now
Earth was not made for Deity's pastime,
Nor for an empty dream existence giv'n :
Both were designed as training-schools for heav'n.

Angels sing :

Well we knew it ! Well we knew it !
When you were a little child,
That the world could ne'er entangle
You within its meshes wild.
Oft we flashed our shining pinions
' Round you when you gladly played,
Oft we fanned you with those pinions
As you slumbered in the shade.

Oft we softly glided near you
As you prattled in your glee,
Oft we answered back your sonnets
As a songster from the tree ;

And when storms began to gather,
And the sunlight all to fade,
We would haste you till you smiling
On your mother's breast was laid.

Oft when you had nearly tumbled
From the bank into the brook,
We were there to bind your body
With a potent magic look,
Till you could regain your footing;
Then in tone we loved so well,
We would hear you softly whisper
To yourself, "I like to fell!"

O! 'tis sweet to guard a treasure
That the angels well may love!
O! 'tis blest to guide a being
That may earthly blessing prove!
Then while life is smiling 'round you,
And its scenes are all so bright,
Listen to the holy teachings
That we bring from fields of light.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Faith at College Again.*

(*The charge to the graduating class.*)

President Evarard :

Young ladies ! There will be a crowd to hear
Your essays read this evening ; and I hope
That each will feel herself much honored by
The presence of an audience so vast,
And so distinguished. Let your tones be clear,
And loud enough, that each within the hall
May grasp the meaning of each uttered word ;
For ' tis a poor return for int'rest shown
In others' efforts when we fail to learn
What they are saying. I've two bosom friends
Who will be present that I wish to hear
Each sentence read : one is a worldly man
Who long has bowed at pleasure's shrine, and
found
It insufficient for his spirit's need ; who now
Stands trembling on the verge of ruin, yet
Who dreads to trust to better things, for fear
They, too, may turn to ashes in his grasp.
A word in season rightly understood,
From heart and lips he can but know are pure,
May rouse him to some nobler view of life ;

For 'tis a mighty pow'r true women wield
Upon the hearts and lives of thinking men.
The other is a man whom any one
Might well be proud to reckon as a friend.
He's young and gifted, and his life so far
Without the slightest blemish ; he has quaffed
Deep draughts from fount Pierian, and his soul
Has basked in sunshine of his Maker's love :
But in his mind a contest strong is waged
Between a sense of sacred duty and
The claim of other duties : one would bear
Him far away to distant clime to preach
The Gospel, while another weeping pleads
In broken accents for his native land.
He stands between them, undecided, while
The harvest ripens for him on each hand.
O ! could some fitly spoken word but lodge
By accident within his heart to-night,
How it might sprout and vegetate until
His being grew resplendent in its bloom,
And other hearts earth-weary learned to prize
The subtle essence of its sweet perfume.
'Tis known full well that you would scorn to
 read
The thoughts of others palmed off as your own,
And all will list intently as we do

When spring's first songsters chirp from out the
grove,

Each warbling forth the notes it best may love.

[*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE II.—*Commencement Exercises.*

(*Faith reads the Valedictory—Baccalaureate Address.*)

Faith reads :

Respected Audience ! It may seem that when
A scene like this presents itself to youth
'Twere all of gladness : yet to me it brings
Reflections sad, just ready now to yield
The ties of school-girl days, and enter in
Another, wider sphere. And as I think
Of this great change so fraught with weal or woe,
My spirit asks : *What is the Aim of Life ?*
Is it to join the festive throng who glide
Along on pleasure's current, thinking naught
Beyond their own enjoyment ? Or to live
Shut out from earth, disdaining all its joys,
As sages once in deep philosophy [quaff
Dreamed dreams of men and nature ?—Or to
From richest founts of knowledge, till the
mind

All surfeited with its own depths shall scorn
To dwell with other mortals?—Or to sweep
Some wondrous harp until the world entranced
Stops short in all its reckonings to keep
Sweet time to that grand music, and to clasp
To its great heart the gifted minstrel bard?
Is it to climb the mountain-tops to see
The glory of the Godhead shower'd down
Upon those lofty heights, and then to sink
Again to life of uselessness to earth?
Is it to glide upon life's summer-sea
As some frail bark without a destined port,
That loosing anchor proudly sails away,
And ne'er is heard of more? Is it to be
Content like other minds to plod along
Regardless of our lofty destiny,
And die and be forgotten as the beasts?—
Or is it not to think, and pray, and strive
With each untoward circumstance until
The soul can grasp the secret link that binds
Its nature unto God; and then pursue
The thread of that companionship until
It finds itself again about His throne?
'Twere vain to look for happiness in fame:
'Tis but the Father's gift to gild one's name
With earthly greatness, and the heart will break

•

That dares to banish *Duty* for its sake.
Created beings act through certain laws ;
And he who would eschew his spirit's worth,
And level down his nature to the brute,
Will spend his life in pleasure. He who looks
Upon that spirit as the grandest gift
Within the pow'r of Deity to give,
A gift 'twould bankrupt earth to once bestow,
Will guide his actions by that spirit's laws,
And in so doing find his earthly bliss.
These laws are clearly traced in Holy Writ ;
And yet, as if to make them doubly clear,
They breathe in nature's teachings, as the air
Upholds our being though we see it not.
The influence of these laws is wooing us
Forever on towards Duty when we'd stray,
Just as the sun exerts his mighty pow'r
Upon the earth when at aphelion point,
Without that power 'twould bound away in
space,
A mighty wreck 'mongst universal worlds.
Yea ! they who mock at spirit-influ'nce would
Have doubted its blest truth when on the head
Of Christ Divine the Heav'nly Spirit clothed
In form of dove descended, and a voice
Said, "*This is my beloved Son in whom*

I am well pleased; hear Him." It breathes
throughout

The universe in such a quiet way
That infidels but measuring Deity
By their own puny worth, disdain to see
Its secret cause of often such effects
As bid the angels cease their Glory-song,
And look with wonder on. *Redemption is*
The keystone of Creation's arch! They who
Reject it, as their prototypes, the Jews,
Shall be confounded in their wisdom, while
The world sweeps on, each age but adding to
"That house not made with hands," "His tem-
ple in

The skies," another glorious block hewed out
In grand design before creation was.
O! what can fill that longing in man's soul
For something better than this world affords,
When measured out in all its richest worth,
Save God and Heav'n? A child may play with
toys,

And be delighted; but a full-grown man
Perceives in time with all its fleeting joys
A nothingness complete compared to hope
Of life beyond.—*How is this life attained?*
Ah! this the question that has filled the mind

With deepest thought since Abram laid his child,
The child of promise, on the funeral pile,
And purchased heav'n by his unearthly faith.
This, this the query that oft roused the soul
Of early Christians to such heroism
They willing died brave martyrs at the stake :
And this the thought that strengthen'd Luther's
heart,

When boldly battling for the Spirit's cause,
He sought and won the world's enfranchisement.
This, too, the question that in our own day
Arouses students at the midnight hour
To ponder o'er its answer.—Can it be
They e'er can doubt the meaning of that Word
Which ringing down the ages cries aloud :
*“ Go, preach the Gospel in its wondrous worth
To every creature ” dwelling on the earth ?*
I see him now, one of that chosen band,
With heart all full of love to God and man,
And soul the Spirit loves communings with,
Embarking on his mission. Deep beneath
That honored vessel sleep the boist'rous waves,
And high above her pathway in the skies
The God of nature hangs his beacon-lights.
The winds play softly 'round her as she sails
Away from all her claims of earth and home,

And God and Heav'n are whisp'ring in the gales
Of distant land where he may chance to roam.
A pow'r the worldling ne'er may dare to claim
Upholds him as he bravely bids adieu
To earthly pleasures, and bright angels guide
That steamer's pathway ocean's billows through.
I see him stand in burning Eastern clime
With head uncovered as the heathen throng
To hear those thrilling tones of God's own grace,
And listen to his glorious gospel-song.
I see him sink in death in that far land :
And yet it is not death—for lo ! there stand
Bright hosts of angels with their shining wings,
Who list intently as he sweetly sings
Of his Redeemer's love—Then circle 'round
His precious spirit, now from earth unbound,
And gladly bear it homeward to the sky
While earth is filled with Heav'n's own min-
strelsy.

(To her Teachers and School-mates.)

Respected Teachers and lov'd School-mates ! how
The heart grows sad in bidding you adieu !
For years we've wander'd on together through
The fields of thought, and flow'rs of fancy too,
Until our souls have grown akin. We've roved
Together 'mid bright scenes that heroes loved

In ages past, and climbed the sacred mount,
Olympus, where the deities once dwelt ;
Together learned the ruin and decay [stars,
Of all their greatness. We have watched the
And measured pathways for them in the sky :
We've tested use of algebraic signs,
Of angle, circle, and hypotenuse,
Of sines, and co-sines, and of logarithms,
Until our minds grew weary of the play
Of endless figures and we sought repose
In flowing numbers of the Mantuan bard.
We've delved beneath earth's surface there to
find

The fossils of anterior ages ; then
Traced out the meaning of the rainbow's hues.
We've talked in floral language as we strayed
In blooming meads ; then strove to find the laws
Controlling our own minds and reason's pow'rs.
We've gathered knowledge from the varied rules
That govern composition, till we found
That genius might itself be almost lost
Beneath its careful dressing ; then we've learned
How flesh and bone compose these human frames
So fitly joined together : then essayed
To understand the mighty weight of proof
Attending test of Christianity,

When enemies would dare assail its truth.
 But, more than all of these, we have been taught
 The mighty meaning of its doctrines' power
 When God's own Spirit breathes into the soul ;
 Have learned to gaze abroad upon His earth,
 And find it but expression of His Love ;
 And in the pages of His wondrous Book
 For peace, and joy, and guidance e'er to look.
When shall we meet again ?--O ! shall it be
 While earth and earthly scenes are smiling 'round ;
 Or shall we meet beside the "crystal sea,"
 When each a heav'nly home has gladly found ?
 Shall life a failure prove to us who now
 Are gather'd in this sacred parting-place,
 Shall sorrow's furrows gather on each brow,
 And shadows creep o'er each young loving face ?
 Or shall we live for each to worthy prove
 Of God's, of parents', and preceptors love,
 Until we meet again, no more to tell
 That sad, that solemn word—farewell—farewell !

President Evarard, handing Diplomas :

Take these, the emblems of proficiency
 In studies you've delighted to pursue :
 They'll be to you as starlight to the sea,
 Which cheers the sailor through night's dark-
 some hours ;

While chart of Holy Writ shall be your guide
To yon fair port where bloom eternal flow'rs.

(To the Audience.)

It is no easy task to train the minds
Of girls to highest duty : for the world
Hath thrown such sophistry around the rules
That reason dictates for the other sex,
When we'd apply the same in teaching them,
That few without much extra care and pains
Can realize the grandeur of their sphere.
Sometimes we find one who from earliest years
Has had some lofty intuition giv'n,
Or has been taught so young the precious truth
'Tis easy for her thus to realize
How holy is her mission. Such as these
Grasp knowledge with a keen and eager zest
As starving beggars catch at bits of bread ;
And teaching them is like to pointing out
From mountain-tops the valleys spread below,
In all their bloom and beauty, to the eye
Of artist-soul, that gathers in each glance
Some glimpse of glory others may not see,
And lays it by within his storehouse, mind,
That it may be wrought out some future day
In gem of art that shall applauded be :
Or like to breathing music of fond love

Into a poet's heart, that echoes back
 Each thrilling tone of earthly melody
 In wondrous lay of sweetest minstrelsy,
 Till each who hears shall bless him in his heart,
 Whose heav'n-born song can bliss divine impart.
 'Tis noble mission woman's coming hath
 In this sad world ! When earth was new and
 bright,

And never had been tainted by a sin,
 When Heav'n itself was but reflected there,
 And joys of Paradise in Eden dwelt,
 One thing was wanting : *'twas companionship*
Of man's soul-nature with a kindred one ;
 And Deity, with fuller knowledge of
 His every need than he can e'er attain,
 While here, then brought a being fair, and gave,
 Whose name he afterward was taught to know
 Was "LIFE," while his was only "EARTH-MAN"
 still.

Her crown of glory in the fall was this :
 God knew her nature far too well to charge
 The germ of disobedience at her door ;
 While punishing her weakness, yet he gives,
 In promise of her *Motherhood*, the right
 To claim she is allied to Godhood still ; [*head !*]
 Because "*her Seed shall bruise the Serpent's*

Her agony through ages far adown
The stream of time shall bring the Promised One,
Whose presence here shall make the Devil quake,
And whose grand death shall bid the angels wake
The sweetest sound that heav'n has ever heard
From all Eternity—*Redemption's word!*
She suffers that the world may be alive;
Christ suffered that our deathless souls may live;
And is it not full honor from His hand,
She bears an humble part in scheme so grand,
For all her sufferings? To deem her less
Because of trials of her sex, were like
To try to rob the Godhead of His crown
Of glory won in our Salvation, when
He suffered in Redemption—*He is God,*
Not only God, but loving Saviour too!
And God the Father loves to share with Him
The glory of His kingdom. Thus should man
Esteem the helpmate of existence here:
And O! what beauteous harmony would come
From such esteem throughout this mundane
home;
'Twould almost spring again to former place,
For Eden's joys themselves the world would grace.
We need not fear such privilege to give:
Their Motherhood would be exalted; and

True women never yet have been "unsexed";
'Tis thing impossible, just as it is
Impossible that men should bring forth young.
Engaged in noble work, they must remain
True women still, 'mid every scene of life.
Was Florence Nightingale "unsexed" because
On tented field she suff'ring soldiers cheered?
Go, ask those who recover'd, if they e'er
Saw trait the least unwomanly in her;
Or if the dying spurn'd the gen'rous hand
That soothed their anguish in a foreign land?
Go, ask the missionary if he scorns
The aid of woman in his trying field—
And earth hath none severer—he'll reply
She is a helpmate lent him from the sky,
A being whom the angels can but love,
Whose sacrifices grandest valor prove,
Beside whose courage martial honor shrinks,
As vapor when the sun its substance drinks.
Esteem her as an equal; let her hand
Take joyous part in all that's nobly planned.
She'll share all sorrows, brave all dangers, too,
To aid the one who to her thus is true.
She'll not content herself with worldly show:
Into our Maker's "vineyard" she will go,
A glad companion with her chosen one,

And willing labor till his work is done.
She'll cross the waves when duty bids him go,
She'll teach God's truth 'mid desert and 'mid
snow ;
She'll help to cheer each bleeding, broken heart,
To weary ones new strength and joy impart,
Not waiting, halting, turning from the way,
Until to earth she yields her debt of clay;—
Then to the Harvest-Reaper she'll ascend
With Heav'n's own throng her glorious sheaves
to blend.

[*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE III.—*Faith at Home.* — (*Theodore's Love for Her.*)

Theodore :

I did not deem such talent could be found,
Miss Faith ! in all adjacent country 'round,
As graduating class displayed the day
Of your Commencement. The Professors, sure,
Must be a band of very gifted men,
To show such fruits of earnest industry
In guiding minds. I, too, was quite surprised
At eulogy our Missions called from you :
Young ladies do not usually regard
This matter in the light you seem to see ;
And yet 'tis strange when women are so quick

To be enlisted in a worthy cause
So few e'er think of Missions. Some, I've heard,
Even assert they think it "dreadful hard"
That trav'ling preachers, in our own bright land,
Should be so fortunate as e'er to find
A helpmate in their arduous field of life ;
And doom them all, on only this account,
To lone celibacy. I hope that you
Are more compassionate in all your views
Of our profession ?

Faith :

Yes, I've been surprised,
Myself, quite frequently, to hear remarks
Like that from school-mates ; and I feared,
perhaps,
That some might thus attempt to sneer at me,
Because of what I said : perchance the words
The President then uttered silenced them.
I do not think that ladies, as a rule,
Think lightly of the Mission-cause ; but girls
Make such remarks because they've never
thought

The subject over much. I think myself
There never was a nobler band of men
Than our Itin'rancy ; and surely none
That ever has, or could, do more to aid

In spreading Gospel-truth. It seems to me
 They carry out more fully His command :
 “*Go ye to all the world and preach My Word,*”
 Than ’twould be possible, were they to work
 By any other system ; and can’t see [more
 Why they should be debarred from marriage
 Than other men : It rather seems that love
 Of God and men, such as their lives evince,
 Would tend to waken admiration for,
 Instead of scoffing at them.

Theodore :

I am glad

To hear you thus corroborate the views [think
 Expressed that day. I feared that you might
 It well enough for men, with their great strength,
 To go forth in the world to work for God ;
 But might not, as your President, approve
 Of woman’s leaving home and friends to go
 With them in all their wanderings. He is
 As noble man as I have ever known,
 And such a friend to me I scarce can tell :
 He has been urging me for several years
 To go to China—and I want to go—
 But scarcely knew what was my duty, till
 I heard your essay and the foll’wing speech.
 He’s told me, since, he wanted me to know

He meant each word for me, and others, too,
And hoped the last lone doubt was now removed.

Faith:

He is a very noble man ; one who
Has thought profoundly, and whose ev'ry thought
Seems e'er in unison with God's great laws ;
But very quiet. I had never dreamed
Until that day he so approved my views,
Although, of course, he knew them weeks before,
I'd think you could but give much weight to what
He would suggest : the subject's far too deep,
And full of consequences grand, for one
So young as I to dare advise upon.

Theodore, taking a seat beside her :

But you are deeply interested, Faith ;
More deeply than you thought that sunny day
When with sweet words you threw such halo
'round

The Mission-cause : and I'd prefer to hear
What you may say about it now to all
That Doctor Ev'rard could for years to come.
I prize his friendship ; but 'tis something more
That brings me gladly to your side to-day.
I've known you long ; much longer than you
thought

When meeting me upon the crowded street,

You'd think, perhaps, if thinking aught at all,
As bowing pleasantly you glided on,
About the quiet gentleman you'd met :
“ There goes a Minister with white cravat,
And lengthen'd face who never had a thought
Of college-girl like me.” And yet, just then
Within my heart I'd feel a quicken'd throb,
And on my cheek a lightly-burning flush
Would tingle as I saw you turn the street.
You have good friends in all your teachers : I
Have never heard but praise from them of you ;
And when I listen'd to that essay read,
And heard the speech that follow'd, I resolved
To win your love if such were possible :
If not, to go forth on my sadden'd way,
And struggle still in duty's arduous path.
Perhaps you'll think it selfish, cowardly,
For one to shrink from going forth alone.
But 'tis not this : I would not woo a love
To shield myself from danger or distress :
I've ever held the views he well express'd
On that bright day I knew my heart was yours ;
And would not have a love of mine e'er feel
She was less dear than part of my own soul.
I hold that men who reckon woman's worth
Inferior to their own to be but ill

Prepared for true companionship with them :
They've surely been unfortunate in life
In not possessing female relatives
Of noblest worth ; and measure all by them.
And yet it seems a man could scarcely come
To years mature without discerning that
The worth of woman must be as his own ;
And that in placing her on lowly plane
He lowers self. 'Tis for companionship
Of lofty, noble nature that I woo.
A love like this combines in kindred souls
That friendship ancients said was seldom found
But once in life, if even that one time,
With fondness such as poets heart doth sing.
I've never loved before ; for ever since
I was a youth I've realized that life
Was but a state of trial for the soul
To fit it for the future ; and believed
That marriage is the most important step
Of all, save that which links the life to God,
Between the two extremes of birth and death :
And I have careful been to keep my heart
From out temptation of the sunny world
Of love, as men do sometimes reck of love.
I knew whene'er I loved 'twould be for life,
And feared I might some life-long error make

In choosing one to whom to give my heart ;
And then I knew 'twould break : for such a love
As mine unworthily bestow'd is like
The pearl that Cleopatra placed in drink
Of vinegar ; 'twould be dissolved, no more
To take its place 'mongst fairest pearls again,
And leave me naught save brimming acid cup ;
Unless my God should work a miracle
In my behalf, and bid me love again.
But now I know I'm not mistaken Faith !
And pledge you what I ne'er shall pledge again
To any other woman's ears : a love
As pure as purest love can ever be ;
As strong as deep gulf-current in the sea,
That keeps its way despite the waves and storm
Obedient to its heav'n-appointed law ;
As fair as early spring in all its bloom
When new existences leap from the tomb
Of winter's rule. I know that other men
Will woo ; some of them high exalted too,
Within their country's annals ; for they sure
Can find no place in this great government
But would be honored by your woman's worth.
Yet what were love of e'en a President,
Unless his nature were exalted too ?
'Twould only be a living death to you

To see the pageantries of honor 'round
Without its subtle essence in your soul.
You'd feel exalted in your husband's worth,
You would be humbled were he not a man
The peer of nature's noblest; and your life
Would pine beneath it like a beauteous tree
That withers from some secret, deadly blight.
The world regards mine as an humble sphere—
But O! can that be low that angels bless?
Can earth a higher path e'er show to man
Than that which God Himself once deign'd to
press?

With thee to share, O! it would seem to me
Almost as bright as heav'n itself to be—
Canst thou not answer to my pleading heart,
All radiant and lovely as thou art?
It waits an answer as the flowers a breath
Of spring to wake them from their wintry death.
Faith:

I can but deem it honor grand to be
The chosen one of such a heart as thine,
I had not lived unblest if 'round my way
No other love its wreaths should ever twine.
The pride of worldly circumstance and place
Finds no responsive echo in my breast;
I deem my mission higher than to yield

to such poor trifling toys my woman's worth ;
And were I free as many a maiden is
I could but answer you as you desire :
In all my life I ne'er expect to find
A nobler soul, a more exalted mind ;
Nor is it possible for man to try
By loftier path to win yon heav'n so high.

Theodore :

And is your heart another's ? O ! forgive
The love I had not told you knowing this ;
And yet, if pledged to me, I'd weeping yield
You to another love, if you preferred.

Faith :

I am not pledged to any one : I'm free
Of other loves ; but I have long resolved
Within my parents' home to ever be [vow ;
While they shall live. They know not of this
Nor shall they ever. Were it not for this
I could but give thee back an answ'ring love ;
For I can rightly estimate the soul
That yields up other joys at duty's call,
And goes forth toiling for that duty's sake.
And were I not my parents' only child,
Had I a sister, or a brother who
Another daughter for them still might woo,
That holy vow had ne'er been made ; and now

I might have found sweet joy in loving thee.
Thou canst not censure? 'Tis the same decree
That bids thee go, that bids me stay from thee :
And this should be a link to bind our souls
In lasting friendship ; for I would not lose
The blest regard of one my heart would choose,
But would retain him as my dearest friend,
Who still through life may sweetest comfort lend.
O ! thou canst scarcely know how woman's heart,
All brave, and girded with such strength thou art,
Must bleed beneath a trial like to this.

(She weeps.)

Theodore, deeply moved :

My darling ! 'Tis one little drop of bliss [free ;
To know that thou couldst love me wert thou
To know that thou couldst willing yield to me,
But for stern duty, such as only we
Can realize, the right to gladly fold
Thee to my loving heart, and fondly hold,
The right to soothe thee with love's sweet caress
Would like an angel's cheer my spirit bless ;
To press those lips and know the heav'nly thrill
Of these sweet words : *I love, I love thee still !*
'Twere bliss divine—but O ! they are not mine,
And are as sacred as the vestal flame
That burned on ancient altars ! I would bind

Your forehead with one life-remember'd clasp,
But I forbear to soothe this yearning heart
With such expression of its deathless love.
Manhood shall conquer self ! And you shall be
As pure from touch of mine as folded bud
That scarce has caught a breath of softest breeze
That's wooing it ; yet dear as that same bud
To breeze and sunshine e'er caressing it.
Think not that I can ever wish to cease
To love when loving still brings sweetest peace :
'Tis bliss divine to find a precious love
So worthy of my homage ; and to know
Where'er I am, how long so e'er I live,
There can be none more worthy e'er to give
One thought from love's deep fullness ; it shall
flow

Towards thee for aye as lone years come and go.
Yes, darling ! friendship such as ours shall live
In some few souls as long as time shall last ;
And such a love as mine is, yours had been,
Can rob this dreary world of half its woes.
You can not know how dear you are to me
Till we shall meet in vast Eternity :
Earth has no language love like mine to tell,
Nor mathematics numbers to compute
The sum of all my fondness. There's no sound

Throughout this universe whose melody
Could wake such music in my inmost soul
As this sweet love now giveth me ; although
' Twere sweeter far if thou couldst only go.
In heav'n, perhaps, the angels realize
Such bliss as this for aye—but never yet
In all my life before I rightly prized
The preciousness of a true woman's love !
No wonder Doctor Evarard could tell
In glowing language what he knew so well ;
For he is sweetly mated to the love
That true to him from childhood e'er did prove.
I ask no brighter crown that earth can give.
Than that I worthy of this love shall live ;
' Twere sweeter far to die in distant land,
With no fond kindred near my grave to stand,
And know in death I still was dear to thee
Than any lot without that love could be.
' Twill cheer me 'mid my every hour of toil ;
And when I lay me down at night to rest
Blest mem'ries of this hour shall throng my
breast

Until my faithful heart shall quickly beat
As though I still were in thy presence sweet.
My arms shall wander in my lonely dreams
Enfolding thee within them as it seems,

And I shall wake at sound of my low tone
Caressing thee not knowing thou art gone :
And when I wake to ask my God to bless
Me in my labors and my loneliness,
I'll beg, O ! fondly beg that He will cheer
My precious one in all her duties here.
One boon I ask : ' tis that thou, too, wilt pray
My Maker's blessings on my path alway ;
Where "two or three" petition thus of Heav'n,
The promise is a blessing shall be giv'n.

Faith :

I will ! When morning breaks forth in the East,
And all the earth grows radiant in its light,
Ere business comes to break the spirit's rest,
And nature seems so lovely and so bright ;
My prayers shall cross the deep, deep, swelling
 sea

In sweet petition then to comfort thee.
When night shall cling around me, and the stars
Are softly twinkling from their homes above,
I'll gaze on them—then fall upon my knees
To beg His blessings on my faithful love :
And when I hear of high and holy deed
In other ones my heart again shall bleed,
Then find its solace in another prayer
That speeds across the waves and nestles there.

Theodore, handing her a ring with Duty inscribed therein :

Wilt wear this ring, my darling? It was giv'n
By one whose spirit long hath dwelt in heav'n ;
My mother's gift to me when but a boy,
To turn my thoughts to high and holy aim :
Since it has shed blest rad'ance on my way,
Perhaps for thee ' twill do the same. It bears
Within the emblem of our lives ; which yet
Some ray of glory on those lives may set,
Remember "DUTY" still some joys can twine
About our paths : and that I'm ever thine.
'Tis sad as death to leave thee ; yet it hath
Sweet promise of a resurrection-morn—
I do not ask thee pledge thou'lt wait for me
Through weary years, though I can love but thee ;
I would not be so selfish thus to bind
The soul so true, the heart so nobly kind ;
And should another woo whom thou canst love,
My blessing 's thine with blessings from above.
But when I'm gone, upon that ring oft gaze
To bring thee back the mem'ry of these days ;
And should I die afar—O ! let it be
Bright token of my life-long love for thee.
It soothes my anguish, knowing thou wilt wear
This pledge of our devotion, fond and fair,

Which dearer is to me because I find
A nobler soul, a more exalted mind
Than I had deemed a mortal e'er possessed :
Secure in this my lonely life is blest.
O darling! thou canst surely ne'er forget
The glory on my path thy love hath set?
Thou canst not live and learn to love him less
Who ev'ry moment shall thine image bless,
As dwelling with me far beyond the sea
That image shall my constant solace be?
My manhood's garnered love I give to thee,
Nor would from love's sweet bondage e'er be
free ;

Remember, I'll ne'er breathe to other ears
The love baptized with thine own precious tears ;
Remember, my whole heart to thee is giv'n,
While "Duty" bids me seek to enter heav'n—
O! 'tis so hard to go, and leave thee here ;
And yet, I know 'tis right—ye angels cheer
My breaking heart while leaving her so dear !
Its agony no human aid can stay—
O! love me darling! while I'm gone away.

[*Exit Theodore.*]

Faith alone, weeping :

Had any one e'er told me such a love
As his could find a dwelling-place in heart

Of mortal man, I had not deemed it true !
I thought my father's was the noblest soul
That ever dwelt in manhood's noblest form ;
But he's exceeded in this hero's worth :
And could I e'er forget that heroism
Enough to wed another, I would be
But worthy of contempt of my own soul.
Though billows bore him from me far away,
So far that he had night while we have day;
Though cross those stormy waves no news should
 come
To tell of his return again to home ;
Though I should live neglected, and should die
Alone on earth ; my soul would gladly fly.
To heav'n above, and bless him from the sky.

(Leander and Mary enter.)

Mary:

Art weeping, daughter ? What could Theodore
Have said to bring such sadness to thy heart ?

Faith :

I have been thinking, Mother, how sometimes
A noble Christian man may rise above
The dross of human nature till he seems
Almost a being from some other sphere.

(Showing her the ring.)

He leaves for China ; and he gave me this

To wear in token of his high resolve
To labor in that distant "vineyard" till
The voice of "Duty" calls him thence away ;
And of regard for me, your only child.

Leander :

Regard from such a man is worth the flame
Of thousand Reginalds placed side by side ;
And one might prize more than a royal crown
To see his daughter such a hero's bride.

Mary :

Yea ! love like his is like the mountain-snow
That ne'er hath known the taint of earthly tread,
It grows resplendent 'neath love's sunny glow,
Yet high above earth's clouds still rear its head :
Or like the love that loving Saviour bore
Towards Mary of sweet Bethany of old,
Such love as bloomed in Paradise of yore,
And in earth's noblest souls can ne'er grow cold.

[*Exeunt all.*

Angels sing :

Were all earth to gather treasures
For long ages yet to come,
Were it then to build those treasures
In one proud and lofty dome ;
All the splendors of that dwelling,
As it rose in grandeur there,

Could not bring one-half the glory
As the love true lovers share.

Not through weaknesses of mortals,
Not for stores of mental worth,
Do they love whom they have chosen
From the noblest of the earth ;
But for lofty spirit-stature
In the one each spirit loves ;
And that love can bless their pathways,
Wheresoever either roves.

Shine O! sunbeams brightly 'round him,
O! ye winds most softly blow,
Where a holy duty calls him,
And where he so soon must go !
Father send Thy precious Spirit,
"Comforter" to each young heart,
Till they both shall reach yon heav'n,
Never there again to part.

SCENE IV.—*Theodore Visits the Prisoner.*

Theodore :

I'm here now Humphrey for a last adieu ;
The vessel sails to-morrow, and I'd give
You some sweet comfort ere I go, to come,
Perhaps, no more. Remember all I've said

About the willingness of God to save
Poor sinners to the uttermost ; and how
The Saviour loves to come within a heart
That erst had known but wickedness, and take
Up His abode in it to stay for aye,
If thou could'st only grasp this precious truth,
And feel 'twas thine, this all could only be
At worst a gate-way to yon heav'n above :
And should you happily be cleared to go
Forth in the world again, 'twere worth the price
Of longest prison-life to find this boon ;
And you might still a mighty blessing prove
To this sad world in winning men from ways
Of crime and woe. And don't forget to read
Your Bible oft, and oft to pray to God
To soften your poor heart until it can
Receive His precious truth in all its worth :
I'd love when time is past, and heav'n is won,
To count you 'mongst my "jewels" 'round the
throne.

Humphrey :

O sir ! I thank you from my inmost soul
For all your kindness ! and that you could think
Of lonely prisoner in an hour like this.
I'll strive to do as you direct : I'll strive
To root this demon, hate, from out my heart

Towards him who wronged me deeply ; whom I
 Sometimes I read, and think if only then [killed.
 I could forgive him that I could believe
 The Saviour, too, would freely pardon me.
 'Tis death to know a sister's hopes were wreck'd ;
 And that my life is blasted by him—hell
 In my own heart—Oh, that I could forgive !—
 And that this hell were banished from my soul.

Theodore :

You must forgive ! There is no other way
 That God himself can lead you unto heav'n.
 Just think of Jesus' life ; His Godhood's worth ;
 And then remember how this wicked world
 Through envy of that worth deliver'd Him
 To death upon the ignominious cross ;
 And sure you must believe—you can forgive !
 I think if you could only realize
 This precious hist'ry of His life is true,
 As you believe that other books are true,
 Your spirit could but melt beneath that Truth,
 And grasp the fullness of a Saviour's love
 As reaching you : read often and reflect ;
 And pray for grace to realize this truth.

Humphrey :

I will ! I will ! Your visits, with sweet work
 That I've been doing in this prison-cell,

Have been my only solace. Frequently
I've almost felt that I could take my life,
Could dare e'en God, all heav'n, and all hell :
But mem'ries then of your soft, pleading tone,
And weeping eyes when preaching to us here
Would come within my heart, and I'd relent.
Your portrait is completed ; 'tis as true
As artist's eye could wish : 'tis all I'll have
To cheer my wretchedness when thou art gone,
Yet I most freely give it unto thee,
As some return for all thy kindness shown ;
No doubt some friend or relative will wish
To keep it in remembrance of thy face,
Thy much-lov'd face till thou shalt come again.

Theodore :

No, Humphrey ! keep it : there is one I'd love
To have it ; but I can't consent to take
The only sunbeam from your cell, since you
Have just revealed you prize it all so well.
You know the lovely girl I told you of,
Whose noble words so nerved my heart for this ?
I've seen her since ; and gladly found her all
I thought she was—a woman true as steel
To what she deems her duty. When I'm gone,
Shouldst hear that I am dead ; or should you find
You'll die, or happily be freed again ;

Be sure to send the portrait to her home,
With word it was my parting gift to her—
And now farewell ! And may we meet again
Where there's no prison, no distress, nor pain.

Humphre , weeping :

Farewell ! farewell ! My heart is breaking now ;
But take, O ! take my spirit's grateful vow :
Should I be lost, should I be doomed to hell—
O ! noble man ! thou 'st done thy duty well.

SCENE V.—*Theodore Leaves America.*—(*On deck of steamer off the coast, at night.*)

Theodore alone, repeating Scripture passages :

Let your heart not troubled be :
Ye believe in God, then see
That ye too believe in me.

In my Father's house there are
Many mansions : and I go
To prepare a place for you.

And if I prepare a place
I will come again to you,
And receive you to myself ;
That where I'm ye may be too.

*I'll not leave you comfortless :
I will come again to you.*

As the Father hath loved me,
Even so have I loved you :
Still continue in my love.

*Greater love hath none than this,
That a man can willing lay
Down his life for life of friends.*

*Ye are my friends, if ye do
Whatsoever I command.*

Ye are friends ; because all things
Of my Father I have heard
I have made known unto you.

*Whatsoever ye shall ask
Heav'nly Father in my name,
He will surely give it you.*

*Pray I not for these alone,
But for all who shall believe
On me also through their word ;*

That they all may be as one ;
As thou Father, art in me,
And as I also in Thee,
They may be as one in us :
*So the world can but believe
That Thou surely hast sent me.*

(He kneels and prays.)

Our Father who in heaven art,
O! hallow'd be Thy name ;
Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done
On earth as ' tis in heav'n ;
Give us this day our daily bread ;
And O! forgive our debts,
As debtors we forgive ; into
Temptation lead us not,
From evil O! deliver us ;
For Thine's the kingdom, Lord,
And Thine the pow'r, and glory too,
Forever, Lord. Amen.

*(He rises, looks out earnestly upon
the ocean, and sings.)*

The waves are bearing me away
From all of earthly home,
And o'er my aching heart-strings now
The sweetest mem'ries come ;
While far across the ocean's swell
I glimpse a distant light,
It shines from shore I love so well —
My Native Land, Good-night !

Yet I could gladly leave that land
For "Duty's" stern decree,
Did but the waves too bear thee on,
My peerless one, with me ;
For high resolve my toils can cheer,
And strength of manhood's might ;
But 'twould be sweet to have thee here—
My precious one, Good-night !

I will not say farewell to thee,
'Tis far too sad a sound
To breathe for darling one to whom
My heart's so sweetly bound :
But as the vessel glides away
To foreign landscape bright,
My spirit wafts its parting-lay—
My precious one, Good-night !

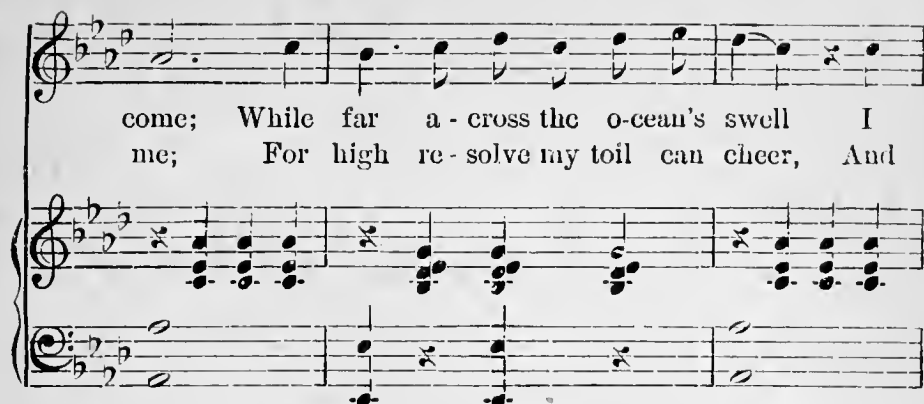
I would not feel that thou art lost
Forever from my grasp,
That I shall never fold thy form
In proudly loving clasp ;
As mother to her babe that's gone
In slumbers from her sight,
Who'll greet her at the earliest dawn—
My precious one, Good-night !

*Slowly and with feeling.**Music by A. L. K.*

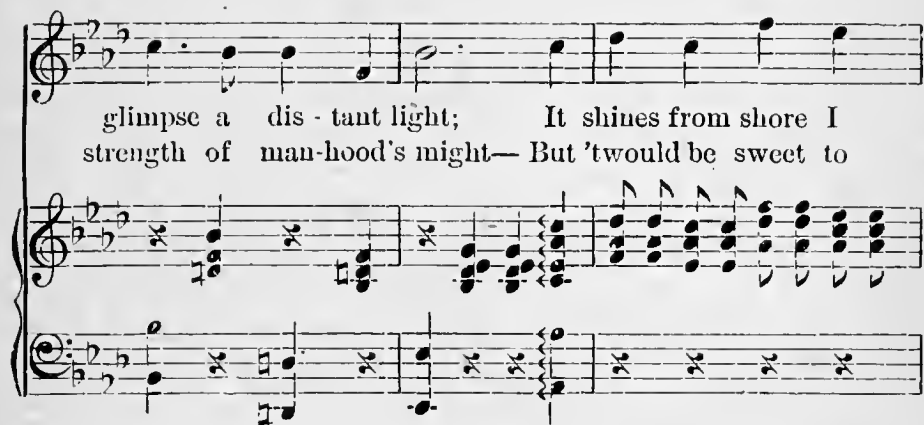
1. The waves are bear - ing me a - way From
 2. Yet I could glad - ly leave that land, For

all of earth - ly home. And o'er my ach-ing
 du - ty's stern de - cree Did but the waves too

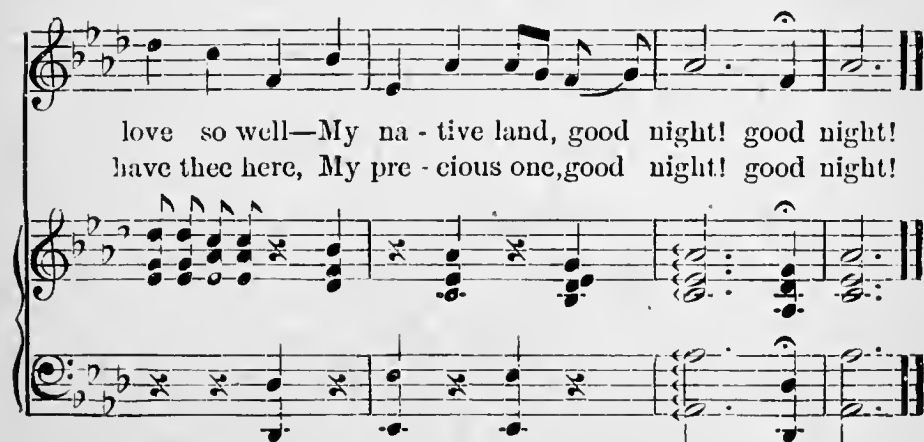
heart - strings now The sweet - est mem o - ries
 bear thee on, My peer - less one, with



come; While far a - cross the o - cean's swell I
me; For high re - solve my toil can cheer, And



glimpse a dis - tant light; It shines from shore I
strength of man-hood's might— But 'twould be sweet to



love so well—My na - tive land, good night! good night!
have thee here, My pre - cious one, good night! good night!

I go unto the tropic shore
Of "Flow'ry Kingdom" far,
While "Duty" cheers the darksome way,
My only guiding-star :
Yet, O ! couldst thou, with all thy worth,
But add thy spirit's light,
How bright were still the scenes of earth—
My precious one, Good-night !

O ! 'twill be sweet in distant land
To tell of Jesus' love,
While list'ning heathen hung'ring stand
For manna from above :
But while that Saviour's love can fill
My soul with blessings bright,
My heart can be but human still—
My precious one, Good-night !

The morning's sun shall gild the waves,
But, O ! when I awake,
No gleam of home with all its joys,
Shall on my vision break :
Not so, my darling's image dear,
Shall fade when morn is bright,
I'll clasp it still forever here—
My precious one, Good-night !

Should I no more thy presence greet,
Should Heav'n this boon deny,
Should I a lonely resting-place
Find 'neath a foreign sky—
O! 'twill be sweet to know in death
We'll meet in fields of light,
And bless thee with my latest breath—
My precious one, Good-night!

SCENE VI.—*Reviewing the Bishop's Sermon.*

Leander :

How did you like the sermon that we heard
On yesterday? I thought the text sublime,
The whole discourse in keeping with the text :
“ *He's able, to the uttermost, to save
All those who come to God by Him, for He
Forever lives on high to intercede
For them.*” Is it not beautiful to trace
The love that Paul had for his countrymen,
The Jews? How earnestly he pleads with them
For Christ! How carefully he guards against
Their mighty prejudices as he pleads! [that
With what deep love he strives to teach them
Our Saviour's priesthood far exceedeth theirs!
And when he's clearly proven all of this,
So they can not despise his reas'ning grand,

With one great "*wherefore*" coming from it all,
He begs them take Him as *their* Saviour, too,
Because He is so able to Redeem!

I can't conceive how they can still refuse;
Unless they never read Paul's grand appeal;
For it doth seem they could but see his zeal,
As "ready to resign his life for them,
If they'd believe"—and that they would believe.
Mary:

I thought when Bishop Elmer read that hymn,
"O! 'tis delight without alloy," and looked
So earnest, almost weeping, that we'd hear
A sermon for reflection all our lives.
What gentle dignity and strength sublime
In all his mien; as athlete when he knows
He's well prepared to carry off the prize
For which he is contending, and begins
His task with surest confidence; yet still
With sweet humility of Christian knight!
And did you notice what he said of when
He was still undecided in his mind
To preach the Gospel: how his soul was fired,
Like other youths, with high ambition's flame,
While he knew well from his own father's life
The trials of the ministry? I felt
A thrill of anguish in my heart, and tears

Came sympathizing with his falt'ring tone.
O! when a man has passed through such ordeal
In conquering self, and still clings to the Cross,
He ever is a hero in the strife!
For he is "ready to be crucified,"
If it needs be, to tell his Saviour's worth;
And when he preaches with this spirit, hearts
Must bow before the majesty of Truth,
And souls be saved as trophies of his faith.

Faith:

And after he had proven all his text,
How touchingly he queried, "How can they
Come unto Christ unless they hear Him
preached?

How hear unless the Gospel first be sent?"
Then in a burst of thrilling eloquence,
As if he wished it heard throughout the earth:
"*Go, go ye forth to all the world, and preach!*"
And in my mind there rose a vision up
Of gifted minister without a wish,
Save that of God's great glory, going forth
With Bible in his hand, and in his heart
A flame of purest love to preach His Word:
My soul was full! I could but deeply think
Upon the import of that message grand,
Till tears were mine as well as his relief.

Leander:

Yes! yes! And yet how very strange it is
' Mid such appeals as this, and such grand proofs
Of truth of all within the Bible found,
Our youths will still eschew the glorious path
Of life like this for merely earthly pomp.
We see "professions" crowded; see young men
Of noble worth and lofty intellect
All striving for the "Law," or "Medicine,"
Or path of high exalted mental worth,
While this profession—*grandest of them all*—
Is so neglected. Can they realize
That Paul, with all his learning, was a child,
A little child in spirit-stature till
His eyes were opened by the Son of God,
And he beheld life's mission as it is?
How lightly he esteemed his learning all,
Compared to Christ; how earnestly he strove
To make amends for wrong-directed zeal
Before he was converted! Who can boast
Of prouder intellectual worth than he?
Who now is trained at fam'd Gamaliel's feet?
And yet, with every worldly circumstance
Enticing him away, he lived for God.
And then how grand his readiness for death;
His joy that he had "kept the faith," and had

A "crown of righteousness" laid up for him :
And when he thought of wearing that bright
crown,

His spirit but exulting cried, "*O death !
Where is thy sting ? O grave ! thy victory ?*"

The lawyer pleads for life of criminal
With all his eloquence, till men but feel
A wish in unison with his that he
May save his client from the scaffold's grasp—
But O my soul ! the mighty difference !
The preacher pleads with God that men may flee
"The wrath to come," the "*never-ending death,*"
And still men sneering stand if he should seem
"*Excited*" by his mighty theme, which brings
Eternal destiny in view of souls ;

And scoff him for his very earnestness !

The doctor stands beside his dying friend,
And weeps with relatives because he sees
There is no hope to save his life : and yet
When men of God rise up and tell him that
He'll surely die unless he doth "*repent,*"
And that no other remedy exists

In all the stores of Godhead's pharmacy
That e'er can reach his dying state, he smiles,
As though some child were talking of his toys,
And scorns the tears that righteous man may shed

In striving thus to woo him from his sins !
O ! for one grain of reason in the soul
Of erring, inconsistent, thoughtless man !
How quick the nat'ral darkness were dispelled
In gleams of heav'nly glory shining there.
Why, e'en the heathen, who at Lystra saw
One cripple healed by Paul, esteemed him as
A deity, and brought their offerings
In attestation of their gratitude :
And yet will men see other beings healed
Of wondrous sins ; will see their lives all cleansed
Through teachings of the Gospel grace, and still
Refuse to give it all their hearts' support.
The Indian walks abroad at eventide,
Beholds the glory of the setting sun,
And hears the music of the wand'ring wind,
And in his simple, untaught eloquence
Will worship his "Great Spirit." Other men
Will gaze upon this very beaut'ous earth
From infancy to manhood, who have had
All means to trace Creation from the plane
Of nat'ral loveliness to higher sphere
Which tells of its great Maker, God ; will read
Perhaps in Holy Writ, and hear it preached,
The working of that mighty Spirit which
Fills earth with beauty, and our hearts with love

For all those beauties ; yet refuse belief
That they must worship God, or they must die,
It scarcely seems it can be possible :
And yet we know 'tis only but too true,
To reach such men as these the Bishop preached ;
No wonder that his heart was full, and that
His eyes were brimming with that fullness too.

Mary :

And when he spoke in few, brief, feeling words
Of woman's mission, and of Jesus' love,
So tender towards her when He dwelt on earth,
I could but bless him from my inmost soul :
How never He was known to speak a word
Unkind to her ; not e'en when one was brought
Of deepest crime that's known to womanhood,
Would He condemn her—telling those around :
“ *Whichever one was guiltless cast a stone,*”
Thus teaching them by this one stern rebuke,
“ *Do unto others as ye would that they*
Should do to you ;” and how they went away ;
And then He told her : “ *Go and sin no more.*”
How diff'rent far from human usage this !
Had He been man, or many a woman then,
He would have driv'n this sadly erring one
From out His presence with a bitter sneer ;

While those more guilty would have linger'd
there:

And then of how the women went to weep
Around him when He hung upon the cross ;
Of how he tried to comfort them ; and how
He cared for Mary in His dying hour,
And left her with His fav'rite follower :
How 'tis not said the Jewish women wished
This noble friend of theirs e'er crucified,
And Pilate's wife warned him of all the woe
A dream had taught her that His death would
How He appeared to other Mary when [bring :
She went to weep beside her Master's grave,
And how He told her, "*Go, and tell the news
Of Resurrection to His waiting friends ;*"
*A woman was the first to see His form
When it was newly risen from the tomb ;
A woman tells His own disciples He's
Alive again—AND THEY BELIEVE HER NOT !*
It does not seem He scorned the female sex ;
He e'er remembered, though Himself were God,
A woman was His mother, and would show
On this account His great respect for all,
Nor scorn His kinship with them. Women
should
Be His glad foll'wers : for His coming brought

Not only life Eternal unto them ;
But 'twas the first lone ray of hope that gleamed
Upon their paths since Paradise was lost,
They should be freed from earthly servitude.
But for this precious Gospel we were now,
As our poor sex in distant heathen lands,
The slaves, the merest chattels of our lords.
E'en chivalry, that brightly beaming ray
That in past ages brought to her dark way
Some faint approach of justice, was but branch,
A wild offshoot, from this umbrageous tree
That sweetly shelters us from noontide heat
Of man's oppressive nature. Can it be
A woman e'er can think that she is free
Of obligations to the Christian creed ?
Nay ! rather let her cling to it as men
Would hold to only plank on surging sea
To reach the distant port : and it will bring,
In lapse of ages, all that we desire
To make us happy as this life may be.
But faithful to this beacon-light our paths
Shall ever lead us in the ways of right ;
And though the world may sneer we still shall
 have
Full many a joy the world can never give.

Leander :

And this reminds me of a task for you :
 Some erring and repentant ones desire
 A band of women go and pray with them ;
 And I have told the Bishop's daughter you
 Would meet her at the corner as she goes.
 Take our dear child : life is too short at best
 To do our Maker's service ; and 'tis well
 That she begin full early : Christ ne'er fell
 In sin because He dwelt 'mongst sinners here ;
 And our pure child is none less pure when she
 Shall strive to lead earth's erring ones to heav'n.

Mary :

Poor wretched ones ! I pity in my heart
 The anguish sweeping through their lonely souls ;
 The victims of man's lust, of woman's pride,
 They live and die, and few e'er go to see
 How many might to virtue be restored ;
 Or stop to think how in their circumstance
 Themselves perhaps had fallen in the snare.

[*Exeunt Leander and Mary.*

Faith alone :

Sure I am blest as never mortal was
 In father and in mother ; yet my heart
 Must sometimes weep for its dear absent love :

(*She plays and sings.*)

Andante.

Arr. by A. L. K.

1. And art thou
3. And O! how

gone, my no - ble, and my brave? Art gone for-
blest my spir - it had been then Could I have

ev - er from this lov - ing heart?
told thee all my heart well knew:

Hast found a home be - yond the storm - y
That it would al - most burst with an - guish

wave;..... A home wherein my hand can take no
when The one should leave, so ten - der and so

part? 2. How bright the glow with - in those ra - dian
true. 4. There's not a flower but speak - eth of thy

eyes - When thou didst tell me of thy price-less
love, There's not a voice but whis-pers e'er of

love! thee, How soft thy tone as an-gel's from the
There's not a sound but doth in semblance

skies..... When thou didst woo me from my home to rove!
prove..... Some waft-ed son - net from the far -off sea.

And art thou gone, my noble and my brave ?

Art gone forever from this loving heart ?

Hast found a home beyond the stormy wave,

A home wherein my hand can take no part ?

How bright the glow within those radiant eyes

When thou didst tell me of thy priceless love !

How soft thy tone as angel's from the skies

When thou didst woo me from my home to rove !

And O ! how blest my spirit had been then

Could I have told thee all my heart well knew ;

That it would almost burst with anguish when

The one should leave so tender and so true.

There's not a flow'r but speaketh of thy love,

There's not a voice but whispers e'er of thee,

There's not a sound but doth in semblance prove

Some wafted sonnet from the far-off sea.

I do not hear its boist'rous billows play,

I do not see those angry billows roll,

But still that ocean-music comes alway

In wailing moan to echo through my soul.

O ! noble, gen'rous, dear, devoted heart !

Where'er on earth thy duteous footsteps rove,

The gem of manhood's loftiest worth thou art,

The hero of this faithful spirit's love.

And it shall bless thee as the years go by
At morn, at noon, at night with fondest prayer,
Until it seeks its "mansion" in the sky,
Nor e'er forget to love and bless thee there.

(In singing last verse, begin at *S*).

SCENE VII.—*Visiting the Erring Ones—Their Conversion.*

Mary:

Good morning! We have come to bid you
cheer

In your resolves of late, and aid you with
Our converse and our prayers. It is a sight
That angels love when mortals once begin
To think of all the consequence of sin,
Resolving thence to lead another life:
We know how blest it is in hours of grief
To share the sympathy of friendly hearts,
And we have come to offer ours to you.

Rosalind:

God bless you for your coming! We had
thought [prayer
That scarcely one would heed our heart felt
Of all this mighty City: we had feared
That hearing of kind wishes from our sex
Through printing-ink and paper would be all
Of woman's sympathy we'd e'er receive.

O! did the thousand loving female hearts
In this metropolis but know the half [tears
That we could tell them, they would find hot
Quick rising from them rather than cold sneers.
They know not how the tempter lured us: they
Believe that Eve and Adam disobeyed,
E'en when surrounded by fair Eden's bloom,
And God could deign forgiveness unto them;
But when we mortals now in sorrow's hours,
And through the lack of human sympathy,
Are lured by siren voice to utter ruin,
A voice not sounding half so sweet had we
But portion of the love that thousands have,
They can't forgive—and doom us to despair.
How often we had striven to reform,
Had but one loving woman's voice essayed
To cheer our wasted hearts and ruined lives!

(She weeps.)

For we believe God's mercy's full enough
To reach the case of sinners such as we;
But human beings, mostly our own sex,
So scorn our every effort to be free
Of former lives, we have no strength to rise
To better things: while these same people stand
As Christian models in this Christian land.

Celestine :

We do not doubt it ; and believe if we
Could hear from your own lips your history,
We'd weep far more than when on novel-page
We read of fancied heroines of woe,
And find but tears can our own grief assuage.

Rosalind :

I had a lover : he was rich and brave, -
And promised all that in this life I'd have
To make it next to heav'n—'twas but a snare
To lure me in his wiles ; and then to leave
Me weeping in my wretchedness and woe.
He said he once had loved another maid,
That she'd rejected him, that I should reap
The harvest of his own heart's garner'd grief :
And yet he said he hoped to win her still,
And bade me ne'er divulge his wicked life,
Because he knew she'd spurn him from her sight,
And that he could not live without her love ;
That she was fairest, purest, best of earth,
And he would die or win her woman's worth.
But God has kindly shielded her from him—
'Twas years ago he said it—and I learn
That my own Reginald's unmarried still.

Faith, weeping :

Yes, he's unwedded : I had little deemed

A man could be so foul and yet so fair.
 I thank you for this warning; for he'd seek
 To win my heart while yours is like to break :
 And though I ne'er could love him, I despise
 Henceforth admiring glances of his eyes,
 And would escape as from a living death
 His tender words that come with treach'rous
 breath.

Miriam :

I, too, have loved ; and Gideon won my heart
 With much the same pretenses : we were wed.
 It was a secret wedding : for he said
 His relatives were all opposed to me,
 They knowing it, no pleasure he could see :
 Thus through sham wedding he has wrought my
 ruin.

I begged him, for the sake of our sweet child,
 To list my mournful pleadings and remain,
 To help me bear for it life's dreadful curse,
 That shall perhaps some day drive it to worse
 Condition still—he only smiled and said,
 “ I should have known that he would never wed
 One in my station ; I was sweet and fair ;
 But he'd a home ; I was not welcome there.”

Celestine, deeply moved :

Great God ! And can it be that this is he

Who sought my love? Had not my father been
So vigilant and careful; or had I
Not been a child obedient to his will,
I might have now been his affianced bride.
I feel like falling on my knees to thank
My God for all His goodness; and to beg
His loving kindness on these deep-wronged ones.

(They all kneel in prayer.)

Mary prays:

[know'st

Thou, who dost dwell in secret, yet who
All that transpires throughout the universe;
Thou, who dost search the heart with piercing
eye,

And seest its hidden springs of anguish; Thou
Who dwelt on earth that we may dwell in
heav'n,

And who thus gav'st to all the world a chance
Of freest pardon! look upon us now

In tenderness and mercy. Help! O help
Us each to search the inmost heart of each,
That each may offer its full praise to Thee.

And now, O Lord! wilt cast one loving smile
Upon these wrong'd and erring ones to wake
Their bleeding hearts to sense of Thy great Love;
That they may learn to ever worship Thee;
That they may be enabled now to cast

Their grievous burdens on their Saviour's breast,
Who for their ransom hung upon the tree,
That they redeemed from all their sins might be.
O ! let them realize the precious truth,
That Thou dost love them for that Saviour's sake,
And would not have them banished from Thy
love.

And let this truth now nerve them to resolve
Henceforth whatever life may have in store
For them of scorn or contumely here,
Whate'er of woe without, or grief within,
Whate'er of cravings still towards death and sin,
That through the aid of Thy blest Spirit, they
Thy will alone through life will now obey—
O ! send that precious Spirit now—this day—
And let it here O Lord ! forever stay ;
That when Thy righteous will on earth is done,
They too may serve Thee 'round Thy glorious
throne.

They rise and sing :

O Thou ! who never didst disdain
To hear a sinner's vow,
Look down on all the bitter woe
Of those who worship now :

Remember all Thy agony
While hanging on the tree,
As sinners passing near reviled,
And looked with scorn on Thee.

And let some tender stream of love
From Thy dear, bleeding side
Pour in these souls a cordial sweet
For griefs that now betide.
Thou, who didst bless the dying thief,
Ere death had closed his eyes,
Let each of these now firm resolve
To meet Thee in the skies.

Thou, who didst send the "Comforter"
To Peter's bleeding heart,
When thrice he had denied Thy name,
And bade its grief depart ;
O ! send Thy self-same Spirit now
Into this sad abode,
To strengthen all their hopes of heav'n,
And lead them on to God.

Forbid that sin should e'er again
Invade each aching breast ;
But may they henceforth follow Thee
Till they shall find Thy rest ;

And there amid the blood-washed throng,
 The "crystal stream" beside,
 They'll praise Thee in an endless song,
 Their Saviour and their Guide.

[*Exeunt Mary, Celestine, and Faith.*

Angels sing:

Glory! glory! to the Father!
 Glory! to the dying Son!
 Since such good His precious coming
 For the lost of earth hath done!
 Yea, ten thousand times ten thousand!
 Glory! to the Saviour, God;
 For they've tasted of the anguish
 Of the path Himself hath trod.

Glory to the Holy Spirit,
 Coming from the heav'nly throne!
 It has taught them all the blessing
 Of believing it their own;
 It has told them in its language
 That they each have been forgiven;
 It has promised them a dwelling
 In the glorious courts of heaven!

SCENE VIII.—*Mary's Happy Death.*

Mary:

Ope wide the curtains, daughter! Let me see
 The glory of the springtime spread around:

It ever was such sweet delight to me
To trace His presence throughout nature's scenes,
And find my heart responding to the glow
Of love eternal brightly beaming there.
The Winter's wind and snow remind me too
Of Him who rules o'er all: but when the spring
Comes forth each nature's resurrection-morn,
My heart is filled to overflowing with
His love and goodness towards the sons of men ;
And 'tis not hard to die when all 's so fair,
And Heav'n itself's so bright reflected there.

Leander, weeping : [here

My darling! Would that we could hold thee
A little brief while longer! When I think
Of all our happy days together spent,
It seems to me my heart will surely break
When thou art gone. How beaut'ous was the
morn

We pledged our life-long love! how calm the eve
We stood together; and the man of God
Said we were one! And O! how proud my heart,
When claiming thee as its own life-long prize.
And then when Faith, our darling baby-child,
Came nestling with us, such a newborn joy
Thrilled through my soul I felt I never could
Enough be thankful to Him you were mine.

Our child will still be left me—but how lone
Will be my widow'd heart when thou art gone!
A part of my own soul thou'st been to me;
So fond, so loyal your deep sympathy
In every worthy word, and thought, and deed:
And when I erred so gently wouldst thou lead
Me back to right—O! I shall miss the pow'r,
My talisman in many a trying hour,
Thy spirit gave for good: I know we'll meet,
Beyond this world, where life is all so sweet
And so enduring; but, my precious love!
My spirit craves its own dear chosen mate
To cheer existence here, however late
Mary, weeping:

My darling husband! you have given all
The wealth of your blest manhood's worth to me,
Except the love that God claimed as His own.
Your noble heart was my own spirit's throne,
In which your Mary ever reigned supreme:
And if you knew the solace that the thought
Of all your love thus given brings me now,
Your heart were surely cheered beneath this blow.
'Twas e'er your one desire to cherish me
As womanhood and motherhood should be;
And in my dying hour I thank you for
The constancy of your true manhood's love.

No other earthly boon could so have cheered
My woman's heart through all the scenes of life,
As this hath done. My soul's sincerest prayer
Is that thy life henceforth may be as blest
As mine hath been with thee! And that when
 thou

Shalt find the death-dew gath'ring on thy brow,
There may be one to cheer as thou dost now.
My darling daughter! our dear, only child!
How sad this hour did I not know thy heart
Were stayed on God's own strength, and that thy
 life

Were cheered by such devoted father's care :
O! love him! trust him! next unto thy God.
And shouldst thou ever link thy fate to his,
The noblest of his race, except my own
Leander dear, O! don't forget to cheer
With fond affection still thy father here :
Still let his precious daughter's spirit bless
His own true heart in its deep loneliness ;
Methinks 'twill cheer me e'en in yon bright :
 heav'n,

To know such faithful love to him is giv'n.

Faith, weeping :

Yea, dearest mother! I shall ever be
As true to him as he hath been to thee :

For it has gladdened all my life to see
His tenderness and constancy to thee.
I could not doubt of manhood's noblest worth,
When he so proved it in his "daily walk,
And conversation" with us here alone :
Without this proof I ne'er had surely known,
Till late in life, there was such manhood's worth.
And love for him, for thee too, though away,
Shall cheer with some sweet light my darksome
path ;

While we shall never, never cease to pray
To meet thee in the realms of endless day,
Where thus devoted we shall live always.

Mary, more calmly :

Yes, darling ! we shall meet again ! Before
I ever saw thy baby-face I felt
Thou wouldst a blessing be through all of time,
A blessing too through all Eternity.
And as the years went circling by I knew
An angel had been lent me from the sky ;
And thanked my God for my dear motherhood,
This one blest crown of glory to our sex,
A crown to shine but brighter as the years
Of earth speed on, and which shall tell its worth
In countless souls redeemed around the Throne,
To shout His praises there forevermore.

Yea! something tells me through my mother-
hood

And thine, a blessing shall be giv'n the world
The worth of which yon heav'n alone can tell;
And this thought cheered me now as once it
cheered

The heart of Sarah as she passed away—
My darling husband! child! come nearer! I
Would clasp you once again before I die;
Would place on lips of each my dying kiss
Before I leave you for the realms of bliss.

*(She kisses them, then closes her eyes
and says:)*

The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in pastures green:
And leadeth me beside the waters still.
O! praise the Lord! Restoreth He my soul:
He leadeth me in paths of righteousness,
For His name's sake He leadeth me. Yea,
though

I walk through lonely vale of darksome shades
Of death itself I will no evil fear:
For Thou art with me still; Thy gracious rod
And Thy strong staff they sweetly comfort me.
His goodness and his mercy's surely mine
Through all life's days: and I will gladly dwell

Forever in the presence of my Lord.

(She opens her eyes, saying :)

I see them now ! The flashing of their wings
Such bliss divine, and heav'nly transport brings—

I hear the grandest song that e'er can be !

The wondrous tones of its sweet melody

An echo is of heav'n's own symphony— [now ;

They've come for me ! They gather 'round me

I feel their breath upon my clammy brow :

They raise me up—to heav'n they speed my way—

Farewell ! farewell ! poor tenement of clay !

Leander, weeping :

Didst ever see such beauty on her face

Before, my child ? She surely just has seen

An angel band ; for their late presence here

Reflected is upon her features dear.

Faith, weeping :

I never did ; I thought her very fair

In life ; but more than earthly beauty's there.

*(They clasp each other, and kneel
beside her bed.)*

Angels sing :

O ! the glory ! O ! the glory !

Of this one triumphant hour

For the liberated spirit,

In unfetter'd spirit-power !

Here it beat against its prison,
Waiting fondly all the while
For the blessing of its freedom,
For its Father's gracious smile

That should woo it all so quickly
Far away from scenes of earth
That should tell it all so sweetly
What its own enduring worth—
They have passed the pearly gateway,
She has reached His kingdom now—
Angels meet her—Christ doth greet her
With a "new name" on her brow.

Cease thy weeping ! cease thy weeping !
For she now is far more blest
Than she could be here for ages,
Pillow'd on thy faithful breast—
Cease thy weeping ! cease thy weeping !
O ! thou child of matchless worth,
She's now wooing both your spirits
Far beyond the realms of earth.

We were with her when she enter'd,
And we saw the Saviour's smile
As she gladly hasten'd to Him,
Saints rejoicing all the while ;

Quick He clasped her to His bosom,
Quick she joined the ransom'd throng,
While the happy hosts of heaven
Raised a new and wondrous song:

Halleluiah ! halleluiah !

Christ the monster, Death, hath slain,
And from each blest blood-bought spirit
Washed away all earthly stain—
Halleluiah ! halleluiah !

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Glad we praise the Triune Godhead
Which redeemed us from the lost.

SCENE IX.—*Fidelia Comforts Faith—Relates her own history.*

Faith :

Come, sit beside me, dear Fidelia ! for
I feel the need of human comfort now :
I've sung, and prayed, and wept, and now I long
For loving tones of sympathizing heart
To cheer my sadness—O ! it seems so lone,
Whene'er my father leaves me for awhile,
To dwell here when my precious mother's gone.
The rooms are so deserted ! Everything
Around is like it were my own sweet home ;
But there's such stillness when my father's gone :

I miss her loving presence everywhere.
I strive to cheer my heart with music's strain,
It only wakes my grief afresh again ;
I wander 'mid the flow'rs, they only tell,
" She's absent now who loved us once so well " ;
I turn to minstrel-page, but there're the lines
She'd say, " where such unearthly beauty shines " ;
And when I strive to read God's gracious Word,
Her loving accents in each page are heard.
' Tis only when my father talks with me
That aught of cheerfulness my life doth see—

(*She weeps.*)

O ! who hath mourned a faithful-mother dead,
And hath not then life's bitter st tear-drops shed !
Fidelia, deeply moved :

I know 'tis great, my darling friend ! your grief,
One of the greatest earth can ever bring :
Yet there are griefs, my dearest one ! that bear
Upon the heart with heavier weight than this.
You talk with others of your mother's love,
Her life so beautiful, her faith so great,
And death triumphant, and your heart can find
Some slight relief for its deep, piercing woe
In tears that come with sympathetic flow.
But there are sorrows some in life do know
Of which they durst not speak one time in years ;

Griefs much too sad for sympathetic tears
From aught but souls of purest, loftiest worth ;
And these, alas ! are far too few on earth.
I ne'er have told you of my history :
Your own sweet life did e'er so pleasant seem—
I would not mar it by my own's sad dream
Of unrequited love. Perhaps 'twould soothe
You now, in hour of deep distress, to know
That others too have borne their cross of woe ?

Faith, recovering her composure :

Yes, dearest ! I would gladly listen now
To saddest tale of grief that e'er was told ;
'Twould take my thoughts from self, and fix
 them on
The anguish that some other heart hath known,
Till I would half forget to weep my own.

Fidelia :

I was an orphan child : the same bright day
That brought me life, took mother's too away ;
And soon my father died. They say he grieved
Himself to death for her sad, sudden loss,
And in delirious wand'rings said that he
Could nothing less than foulest murd'rer be.
Physicians strove to woo him back to life ;
But e'er when reason came, remembrance too
Of her he'd loved and lost would rack his soul,

Till they no longer could disease control.
They buried him in self-same grave with her :
And then a pair of strangers took the babe
They both had loved as their own life to raise.
My early years were bright enough : they gave
Me every earthly comfort wealth could crave,
And books and teachers youthful hours beguiled
Till they almost esteemed me as their child ;
For they had none. And thus as years sped by
I little recked the woe awaiting me ;
But looked on life as some bright, sunny dream,
With naught to mar its beauty save the thought
Sometimes of how I should have loved to see
Such parents as they said mine were, and hear
From their sweet lips their love for me so dear.
My guardian was a cold, proud, worldly man,
Such as in life we only once may meet ;
His wife a woman fair to see, yet weak
Enough to think that woman's life consists
In dressing fine, and playing some few tunes,
And marrying then a man with pocket full
Of golden dust, no matter what his wealth
Of mind, or heart, or soul may chance to be.
These things I did not comprehend just then ;
But as the years go by, so plain they show
I often wonder they escaped me then.

My school-days o'er, we traveled 'round until
I was full weary of the world, and longed
For quietude and home again : and there
We "entertained," and "were so entertained,"
I often felt relieved to steal away,
With book in hand, to quiet, lovely dell
Near by the house, to think my own thoughts
well.

Thus sev'ral sunny years in gladness sped;
All much alike ; and still I was not wed.
A handsome stranger came : his name they said
Was Eric ; and he "bravest of the brave,"
And wealth immense in his own right did have.
My guard'an, Mr. Emmery, and wife,
Were much delighted when young Eric showed
So plainly pref'rences for me ; and more
When he declared to them that he would be
Most happy to succeed in winning me.
They bade him hope ; but never let me know
That they had promised too to aid him so.
We walked, and rode, and talked, and visited,
And all the while he so devoted seemed
With delicate attentions, such as men
Of polished mien and cultivated mind
Can only give, and which so sweetly win
A woman's heart, I could but give him mine.

O ! I remember well the beaut'ous day
He told me that he loved me : with a burst
Of thrilling eloquence he vowed his love,
And how devoted e'er his life would prove
To me but pledging love to him in turn.
We were affianced : and when he arose
To leave my side just at the sunset hour,
And I beheld the dim moon rising too
Above horizon's canopy of blue,
I thought God ne'er had made another day
As bright as this. And when the night had come,
And moon and stars were shining bright around,
I went alone, without a light save that [sent,
The flooding moonbeams through the windows
And sat me down beside my harp to sing
A sweet, sweet song in token of my joy.
All nature seemed rejoicing then with me ;
And when I gently slumber'd 'twas to dream
That he had told me of his love again.
I was so happy I could scarcely spare
A moment from bright day-dreams of my love
To give to preparations : others made
With friendly hearts and kindly hands these last,
Without a word of reference to the fact,
Which now I know they must have plainly seen ;
I was indiff'rent quite unto them all.

My joy was perfect ; and I did not need
The pageantries of style to make it more :
But would have gone, had he consented thus,
Without the slightest pretense of parade,
And plighted vows within the quiet church
I e'er had loved from childhood's sunny days.
The nuptials came : I was too happy far
To care for converse with my best loved friends ;
Days, weeks, and months then swiftly glided on,
And with my Eric I was happy still.
But changes came at last : for he loved change
In everything. I found alas ! he was
A man so violent in angry moods,
When slightest wish but chanced to cross his will,
That his own kindred feared him ; and that he
Had been from childhood thus allowed to rule
The family from dread of rousing him.
I also found what I believed his faith
In Christian creed was shallow as could be,
Instead of what he made pretense to me :
'Twas but a feint to win my faithful heart
By seeming semblance to itself ; and then
To tear that heart as vulture rends his prey,
That bleeds and quivers in its living death.
For firm belief in some sweet Christian creed
Essential was unto my nature as

My daily bread ; I could not live without
The strength it gave. I ne'er could look abroad
Upon the world without beholding there
Such striking evidence of Love, Design,
That had I never heard of Christ's great death,
Nor of the blessings that it brought to man,
I must have still gazed on the glowing skies,
And listened to the music of the wind,
And said within my spirit's inmost cell,
The " Great, Great Spirit " now is wooing me.
He seemed to think my firm adherence to
What I deemed duty as a wish to flee
From wifely love, obedience unto him.
I proffer'd change of creed, if he would join
Sincerely, rev'rently in any one,
Save Popish doctrines : but he could not see
That there was aught for him at all to do
In this great matter save to govern me ;
As though religion were a worldly thing,
That one might have for one's whole family.
I could not deem it thus ; and could not feel
That moral obligations would allow
A change upon a basis such as this :
Therefore he was exacting more with me,
Accusing oft of foul hypocrisy,
When I would strive in some poor, humble way

Than any other mortal's ; and his foot
Was more becoming to his shoe than e'er
I'd seen before ; and when he'd mount his steed
To ride away, I'd look until he passed
From view, admiring steed and rider too ;
And when he had returned, no other man
Could have dismounted with such perfect grace,
And ease unto himself as he would do.
And when he'd take me on his knee, and fold
His loving arms about my form, and sing,
"There's room enough in Paradise," I thought
That Paradise had surely come to me.
Sometimes in after years, I'd pray for him,
With streaming eyes, until his heart would melt,
And he would seem so like his former self,
I could but nestle in his arms and weep
Myself to sleep ; and then I'd hope for change,
Sweet change in him—but ah ! His Word declares,
"Some seed shall fall in seeming fertile ground,
Spring quickly up, as quick be withered found";
And thus my every hope's fruition seemed
But mockery of what I'd fondly dreamed
Would come in lapse of years. The bitter cup,
I had so dreaded—I must give him up—
And seek yon home above with lonely heart,
Seemed pressed unto my lips. Again—again—

I "begged the cup might pass"—'twould still
remain.

But in those hours of dreadful agony
The "Comforter" would come and bless my soul
With nearer glimpse of heav'n than e'er before.
When night was dark, my weeping eyes were
closed [stream,"
With bitt'rest thoughts, I'd see the "crystal
And "loved ones gone before" beside it stand
Within refreshing shades inviting me
To come and rest beneath Life's glorious tree ;
And something whisper'd I should happy be
Whene'er my soul from earthly strife was free.

Faith :

Had you no children, dear Fidelia? I
Would think a child had gladden'd then your
heart.

Fidelia :

Yes, darling! two: one was a lovely boy,
The pride of his fond father's doting heart ;
The other, sweetest girl I ever saw,
And well belov'd by her dear father, too.
I hoped so much his fond paternal love
Would be God's means to instill within his heart
Correcter views of life and duty ; for
His children were the "apple of his eye" ;

And for their sakes I hoped that he would try
To find again the path of true home-love,
Where each to each might still a blessing prove.
This, too, was vain—I saw it wither, die ;
And then I knew the last fond hope was gone,
Except the hope of Heav'nly Father's hand,
Which He, in His own time, might stretch forth,
and [“brand.”]
He from the flames be plucked as burning
I did not weep as bitterly as some
Perhaps had done, when burning fever came
On pestilential air and snatched from me
My children's forms. For I had learned to fear
To see them growing up beneath that roof,
To have their lives embitter'd by his deeds,
And words, and then go forth into the world
With all its snares, unfitted for the strife.
They placed them side by side in one deep grave ;
And in that grave I buried every hope,
Save that of heav'n above.—And soon he left
His home to come no more : long years have
passed,
Nor single word have brought me of his fate ;
And I suppose it likely he is dead.
Yet sometimes in my dreams I see his form,
And hear his low, sweet tones caressing me,

And dare to think perhaps some lovely day,
 Just ere my spirit goes to meet its God,
 He'll come again with heart and mind all
 changed,

To bless me with the tender love of yore ;
 As sunshine comes at eve of stormy day
 To cheer the weeping world with parting ray.

Faith :

'Tis very, very sad ! I scarce can see
 How you could live through trials like to these :
 It seems to me should a dear lover e'er
 Prove false, or least unkind to me, I'd die.

Fidelia :

You know, my dear ! a promise has been made,
 That "as we need, so shall new strength be
 giv'n" : [heav'n.

Through this sweet promise some shall enter .
 I've somewhere read that purest moral worth
 Has ever been a sure exciting cause
 Of hatred from God's enemies tow'rd all
 Who dare so brave the world as to prefer
 This worth to all its glitter and parade.
 And yet this self-same precious worth is sure
 To bring some healing for its own deep woes.
 And were it not thus Christ Himself had sunk
 Beneath the sorrows of Gethsemane ;

For his great heart bewailed the more its weight
Because His own disciple's treach'rous hand
Consigned Him to this crucible of grief.

In suffering thus intensely for the wrongs
That others do we but resemble Him,
Who "tread the wine-press of God's wrath
alone";

And yet no unforgiving word was known
To escape His lips: He died in grandeur there
That we may imitate His life through prayer,
And faith and charity like unto His.

How sweetly Paul sings of this charity!
And says, "It never faileth"; though the world,
And all therein shall pass away, 'twill stand
"The greatest of the three," in that bright land
Where we shall see "not through a glass," but
see

Then "face to face" whatever each may be.
And there, perhaps, it may be, I will find
My Eric not the worst of all mankind:
There may have been in his unfetter'd will
Some noble traits I reckon'd not; and still
There may be some mysterious way of God
To turn him from the path he long has trod;
And when I reach yon brightly shining shore,
We there may meet again to part no more.

Faith :

Had you no other lovers ? When this woe
Came deluging your lonely heart-strings so,
Did you not turn with fond remembrance then
To other loves you ne'er shall see again,
And find in thoughts of them some comfort deep
For bitter grief that o'er your soul would sweep ?

Fidelia :

Yes, several : one a gifted poet-boy,
Who ever seemed to love his muse to employ.
In singing verses to "Fidelia's" praise ;
And gladden'd thus life's earliest summer days.

Faith :

The woman's blest who wins a poet's love,
And strings his lyre for ages yet to come ;
The man's a hero poetess doth sing ;
For thousand hearts shall vibrate to their praise,
And they who're crowned with honor grand as
this
Are surely blest to wake such wondrous lays,
And can't complain of lack of earthly bliss.
Sometimes an undeserving one may strive
To take high place within a poet's strain ;
But his unearthly intuition gives
Him warning : while a worthy one will find
Song welling forth from gifted one to him.

As birdling's music welcomes every spring ;
Or as great rivers still will find the sea ;
Howe'er remote their own deep source may be.
Didst never answer his sweet, touching strain ?

Faith :

Once, only once, answered back again ;
For his proud muse would soar away so high
I could not hope to reach it 'neath the sky,
And was content to list unto its song,
That all the while would flow so sweet along.

Faith :

Let's hear your verses to him ? I will keep
Remembrance of them in my heart so deep
'Twill woo my thoughts away when I would weep
Beside the grave where she I loved doth sleep.

Fidelia :

When Columbia proudly claims thee
As her great and noble son,
When she honors and esteems thee
For the laurels thou has won ;
Think of me.

When the poets gladly crown thee
With the wreaths that ne'er decay,
And the sun of glory 'round thee
Sheds its bright and dazzling ray ;
Think of me.

When the eve of life retains thee
 On the pinnacle of fame,
 And the hope that now sustains thee
 Reaps a great and glorious name ;
 Think of me.

When thy dearest friends surround thee
 To receive thy last farewell,
 And thy spirit gladly bears thee
 In Elysian fields to dwell ;
 Think of me.

Faith :

I thank you much : didst never write again
 When other lovers sought to win thy hand ?

Fidelia :

Yes, once again : a proud and gifted man,
 That few of all around could rightly know,
 Because he was superior to them so, [my side,
 By some strange chance would ofttimes seek
 His wit and eloquence flowed in a tide
 Refreshing to my serious views of life,
 And made his visits all with pleasure rife.
 Sometimes he'd bring a book, sometimes fresh
 flowers
 To aid out converse through the sunny hours ;
 Sometimes he'd read in deep and thrilling tone

A piece from fav'rite bard that when he'd gone
Would linger still in mem'ry and in heart.
Sometimes I'd play and sing some of his songs,
With that sweet freedom that fore'er belongs
To woman when she finds a noble heart
In manhood's form, that will not censure throw
On any act of kindness she may show. [learn
He seemed surprised and pleased that I should
The verses he had penned for other friends,
And which he seemingly had careless brought
For me to read. He found my woman's heart
Was free from every wile of woman's art,
When she is striving other hearts to win,
That no dark jealous throb e'er lodged within ;
And thus I think his love for me began ;
Which once begun, but in a torrent ran.
And none save Eric's love e'er filled my soul
With joy like that of his : he was so grand,
So reticent to other beings, and
With words and looks of tend'rest love to me,
His heart flowed out in one unbounded sea.
He was an orphan like myself ; yet we
On many subjects still would disagree ;
And then his lively badinage would throw
A veil of humor o'er our converse so,
'Twas sure to end by my soon giving o'er

To his opinion : yet in every jest
There was the tone of one who loved me best
Of all the world, who ne'er had loved before,
And ne'er would love another woman more.
He told his love in his peculiar way :
Some show of pleasantry was thrown around
His tend'rest words ; yet his expressive eye
Revealed the fact its tear-drops then did lie
Too near the surface for his firm control,
And he was speaking from his inmost soul
His love for me. I gave no answer then—
Unless he read my answer in my face—
But told him I would surely give it when
He called again. That eve I wrote these lines :

I've been dreaming ! I've been dreaming !
Of an hour that yet shall come,
When mine eyes shall see the sunshine
Of a bright and happy home.

I've been dreaming ! I've been dreaming !
Of a noble, manly form
That shall share my hours of gladness,
And protect me from the storm.

I've been dreaming ! I've been dreaming !
How my orphan heart shall bound

At the echo of a footfall
When that worthy one is found.

I've been dreaming! I've been dreaming!
How its every hope shall twine
Round the being that I cherish
When that happy lot is mine.

That night I dreamed of Eden's flow'ry bloom,
And Hugh and I were walking 'mid it there;
While ever and anon an angel song
Came softly trembling on the evening air.
How sweet is nature when we know we love,
And are belov'd in turn! Its ev'ry flow'r
Seems telling of our own affianced hour,
Its gushing melody of wild-bird's song
To our own dream of bliss must sure belong,
And murm'ring accent of the wand'ring breeze
Seems telling of that love to all the trees.
Thank God for nature's beauty! It shall last
Till earth and time forever both are past;
While self-same joy that thrills youth's heart-
strings now
Shall thrill again with each successive vow
Innumerable lovers all shall plight,
Before there'll come the pall of nature's night,

Which ushers in the grand celestial throne,
Where only joys more lasting shall be known.

Faith :

And where are now your lovers ? Both are true,
I know, where'er they be, still true to you.

Fidelia :

The former now is high on lists of fame,
Unfading laurels crown his deathless name ;
And yet they say he ne'er has thought to wed,
Though sprinkled with light gray's his honored
His early love perhaps he has forgot [head :
In all the whirl of life—perhaps has not.

The other left me on that beauteous eve
To come no more. 'Twas said a message brought
Strange news to him ; and that he went afar.

He wrote me word he ne'er would love but me,
And begged me ever faithful to him be :

A few more weeks there came a sad report
That he had died in distant city, and
In death had vowed his love for only me.

I grieved full long : then Eric came ; we loved ;
And thus my life hath e'er so luckless proved.

Faith : [thought

And yet, methinks, there's comfort in the
Two constant lovers have your spirit sought ;
And proved, the one in life, the one in death,

Their heart's best treasures they did both
bequeath.

Fidelia :

Yes, I believe if now they both should come,
I'd welcome them alike to my sad home,
And cherish them as brothers kind and true,
Who ne'er but love for their dear sister knew :
I hear of one's advancement with fond pride,
Because he once hath lingered at my side ;
The other one I trust hath gone to heav'n,
With heart all fresh, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n.

Leander, entering :

I thank you much, Fidelia, that you came
To comfort my poor child when I was gone ;
'Tis sad, indeed, to leave her here alone.

Faith :

O, father ! she hath cheered my wretched heart
As no one else had done : I would she could
Always abide with me, that when my grief
Seems overflowing she might speak relief.

Leander :

Yes, 'twould be cheerful sometimes were she
here,
Where now, when I am gone, 'tis all so drear.

Faith :

Wilt dwell with me Fidelia ? I can prize

The love-light now within those sadden'd eyes ;
 And thou shalt be an elder sister dear
 Thy younger sister's sorrowing steps to cheer.

Fidelia :

'Twere sure but right if I can thus bestow
 Some comfort on thee never hence to go ;
 For in this bright, this wide, this sunny earth
 No one doth better prize my own poor worth.

[*Exeunt Leander and Faith.*

Fidelia, alone :

The night is dark ; I scarce can grope my way ;
 For clouds are low'ring : yet I know the morn
 Shall break forth gloriously ! Why should earth
 So glad to youth : so sorrowful to age ? [seem
 It can not be because we less deserve ;
 For all who live, and love, and strive to do
 Their Maker's will must gain some faint approach
 Towards Deity. And is not this because
 The more we suffer, are refined thereby,
 The more we bear some faint resemblance to
 That perfect type of man and Godhead who
 Once died in life because of mortal's sins,
 And lived in death because of Godhood's worth ?
 And when we look with genial, loving eye
 On youth and youthful grace, does not the
 thought

That in that youth there dwells the germ of age
Oft give our hearts their gladness? We revere
That we deem old: and are not human souls
Beyond all time in reck'ning? And these give
Their all of beauty, grace, or worth unto
Our fragile forms—O! I have often talked
With aged woman who has thought a deal,
In dreary hours of night, about the soul,
Its origin, its mission, destiny,
Until I almost felt the “veil was rent,”
And I were walking 'mid the glory-beams
Of spirit-presences that cluster 'round
The one Great Throne Eternal! I have wept
O'er some great sorrow till my heart it seemed
Had burst asunder; and the loving hand
Of Mary's loving Son Himself had healed
Its broken fragments with His wondrous touch,
And strung it all afresh beside the stream
Of “living waters”: while my “loved ones lost,
And gone before,” but seemed more near and
dear [balm?
Than e'er in life! Canst tell me whence this
'Tis not of proud Philosophy; for vain
Would be each effort by my reason's pow'r
To be thus moved; and Science knows no law
That goes beyond the mind, and finds the soul.

Yea ! I have heard a gifted preacher speak
Until his theme had borne me to the line
Where reason flags—and then a wondrous pow'r,
Not born of earth, stretched forth its buoyant
wings,

And bore my spirit to the very gates
Of what we term the “New Jerusalem !”
My mortal ears could almost catch the sound,
Across the splashing waves of Jordan's stream,
That wakes the vast expanse we know as Heav'n
With seraph-singing : and my mortal eyes,
Disdaining earthly sights, could almost glimpse
That “house not made with hands” where God
now dwells ;

And all my being seemed as new and fresh
As though I just had come from His own hand.
Are we not kin to God ? Did not His Son
Once dwell on earth to teach us that we are
His “younger brothers,” and “joint heirs” with
Him

Of life beyond ? Ah, yes ! we can not die !
And it were worth an age of care and woe,
Of desolation, grief of heart to know
That we shall spend one hour with Him on high ;
That these poor earthly temples shall be built
Upon a nobler plan, so spiritual,

That they shall aid, not clog us in our march
Through endless ages on towards Deity ;
That there our souls, unfetter'd by their rude
Companionship with clay, shall merge and merge,
As years eternal sweep their cycles on,
More towards their Great Original, the God
Who says "I was, and am, and shall be e'er";
While earth, and hell, and heav'n shall all proclaim
The matchless glories of His Triune Name.

Angels sing :

O ! the balm, the "balm of Gilead,"

That hath follow'd Adam's fall,
It can cure with surest healing

Earthly sorrows, one and all !

O ! the wondrous stream of Mercy

Flowing from the Saviour's side,
It can cleanse the mighty nations
With its sweeping currents wide.

O ! the wooings of that Spirit

Christ Himself did deign to send,
When through mortal hate and envy

His grand mission found an end—
Yet not ending ; for it bringeth

Comfort to each aching heart,
And a gladness that can never
Through Eternity depart.

Then, O ! then, shall each blest spirit
 Drink from out Life's "crystal stream,"
Till the burden of its sorrows
 Shall appear but as a dream,
That could mar its pleasure only
 For a passing moment, while
Endless and ecstatic ages
 It shall bask in God's own smile.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Hubert's Love for Faith ; or the Temptation.*

Hubert, entering :

I'm glad to tell you, sir ! we'll have a speech
To-night, more brilliant than has here been heard
Since earlier days of this Republic ; for
Theodoric addresses citizens
On obligations of our ev'ry law,
As found in Constitution of the States.
'Tis said that some will there be present, too,
To damp his ardor lest it rise too high
In cause of truth and justice. I have come
To bring a message from my sister for
Miss Faith : with her consent we'll take her, too ;
For well we know her rev'rence of the right,
And think she'll much enjoy the brave defense

Our able Senator will make to-night
In cause of sorrowing nation's liberty,
And condemnation of chicanery
Prevailing far too much throughout the land.

Leander :

I am rejoiced to know he will employ
His eloquence and wisdom in defense
Of freedom, and the people's bleeding rights.
I'll go myself ; for long my heart hath mourned
The desolation spread throughout the land,
Resulting from corruption in high place.
No doubt my daughter will be glad to know
Miss Lilian and yourself both prize her so,
Desiring her sad presence in the throng.
She has been grieving here at home full long
For one so young : perhaps 'twill cheer her heart
To list to oratory's healing art,
And mingle with the crowd as others do,
And then 'twill much instruct her too ; for she
Is quite ambitious in her wish to be
The peer of any, in her woman's way :
I'll go and tell her of the news you bring.

[*Exit Leander.*

Hubert, alone :

Ah ! I had thought when we were coming back,
And Lilian's lover lingered slow along

The way with her, and moon was shining bright,
And Heav'n was smiling, and the city lay
So sweet and quiet in the lap of night,
That I would tell her of my manhood's love ;
And hoped perhaps it too might aid to heal
The grievous sorrow that her heart doth feel—
But he is going too! What shall I do?
It must be known to her—I can't delay
For longer time to tell her of my love.

Faith, entering :

I'm quite obliged to Lilian and yourself
For kindness shown ; and will be sure to go.
I have not heard a grand oration for
So long a time I think 'twill rouse my mind
To olden dreams of glory, and thus break . .
The chains my sorrow weaves for weeping's sake.

Hubert :

I thought you never dreamed of glory : I
Remember well your earnest reference
To mission-cause, now sev'ral years ago,
And deemed your heart did ne'er but duty know,

Faith :

'Tis true, for years I have desired to be
To duty faithful whatsoe'er betide ;
But in the far-off years of long ago
Ambition's dreams I, too, once learned to know :

But they are past ; I see life as it is,
And would not have ambition be its star ;
To hear that speech will bring again the bliss
I once enjoyed in dreams of glory ; while
'Twill not divert me from my Father's smile.

Hubert :

I think a high ambition worth the life.
All spent in deep devotion to its cause,
Of worthiest man. It must be nobly grand
To realize we have the pow'r to sway
Such audience vast as waits for him to-day,
And lead it by the accents of one's tongue
Through flow'ry meads, or mountain-paths along :
To see the highest, noblest in the land
Pay homage to your nat'ral gift so grand.
The men of proudest intellect as well
As humbler ones all own the magic spell
Of matchless eloquence ; while woman's smile
Of sweet appreciation cheers the while—
O ! I would give a royal kingdom now
If but one-half the honor crowned my brow
Theodoric has worn for years ; for I
Have fav'rite scheme to be advanced thereby.

Faith :

And why, at not a very distant day,
Should you not wear such laurels as his own ?

You know the proverb, "will but makes a way"
To almost anything : and I believe
Were you or any one, to center all
Their hopes, exertions towards some single aim
The world would surely recognize your fame.
There's much of usefulness before the man
Who with a patriot heart, and patient mind
Will study well his Country's interests now.
I honor all such students far too well
To aught detract from bright bewitching spell
That gifted tongue may add to such career ;
And yet to me there is a path more dear
For manhood's noblest worth ; but you and I
Have each the right to well admire the path
Whichever our own best endeavors hath.

Hubert, taking a seat beside her :

But would that you could think as I in this :
I'm young ; some say I'm gifted ; and my life
Perhaps might prove a blessing to mankind,
Were I but aided by a noble wife,
Who'd cheer me on in glory's toilsome way.
I know of none so worthy as yourself,
Of none whom my fond heart could e'er prefer
To stand beside me when I reached the chair
Of Presidential office. 'Tis my dream
To bring such honor on some woman's life,

To be the husband of a lovely wife
Who will not wed me for promotion's sake,
And yet who will a lively int'rest take
In every thing pertaining to my weal,
And sweetest joy in all my honors feel.
It seems to me a woman well might love
One who for her could thus so valiant prove ;
One who would strive with every fleeting breath
Not only dearest home-joys to bequeath,
But who would gladly toil to place her name
Along with heroes' on the lists of fame ;
One who amid his triumphs all would pause
To listen gladly to his wife's applause,
As famous statesman o'er the waters far,
D'Israeli, but found his guiding star
To earthly greatness in his wife's sweet smile,
More cherished than the world's applause the
while.

I would not win a love to leave her lone
While I in glory's lists were battling on ;
I'd have her alway gladly at my side
To cheer and comfort whatsoe'er betide—
And O ! how blest such mission here would be
With woman aiding, cheering it as thee !
A woman who would prize her husband's fame,
One who would yield her life for his fair name,

Who'd gladly share his ev'ry triumph sweet,
Whose heart unto his own would thrilling beat,
And yet whose soul could ne'er be led away
By glaring splendors lighting up his way
From strictest path of duty ; one who'd prize
His proud success as gift from out the skies,
Yet, who amid its glories all the while
Would far prefer her Saviour's loving smile
To anything that earth could give—O ! I
For such true being glad would live or die !
I feel that time could never, never bring,
In all its sweep, on sad, disastrous wing
A sorrow or a disappointment which
His precious love could not away bewitch,
And by its own undying faithfulness
Still bid me struggle on through each distress,
Though countless snares around my feet were
cast,
With surest hope of conq'ring Fate at last !
When I was wearied by my spirit's toil.
When tempter would my bright escutcheon soil,
She would be there to win me from his wile,
She would be there to cheer me with her smile,
Until, with strength renewed, I'd join the fight
Again to battle, conquer for the right. [know
The world would sound my praise ; it would not

The stream of heav'nly comfort flowing so
That e'er with vig'rous youth would me baptize ;
' Twould wonder at my flight towards sunny skies,
But would not know the sweet, unearthly pow'r
That made it possible to rise that hour.
Nor would it dream of half my transport when
Returning from applauded labors then
I'd find at home my dearest cup of bliss
In her appreciation of all this ;
And from that fount of love again go forth
To conquer still the world through manhood's
worth.

O Faith ! you know not how a man may love !
It is not possible for me to prove
The truth of all my tongue hath fondly said,
Unless, my precious one ! we two shall wed :
In that event in lapse of coming time
You'll find your heart responding unto mine
In ev'ry thought I've pictur'd now for thee—
And canst thou not that sweet companion be
Who on my way shall shed such radiant light,
Who shall adorn my loftiest pathway bright,
And who shall be my dearest one through life,
My best-beloved, my own, my noble wife ?

Faith :

If it were possible for me to love,

I feel that God would give me strength to prove,
Through His assistance, such as that to thee.

Hubert, warmly :

And is it possible that in this world,
With so much beauty 'round thee all unfurled,
With earth so radiant, and with heav'n above—
O ! is it possible thou canst not love ?
I thought thou hadst a heart as others have ;
I did not deem because God surely gave
Thee mental worth above thy fellows He
Could still deny a loving heart to thee ?

Faith, warmly :

I am not heartless : mine is warm and true
As truest loving woman ever knew.

Hubert, more composed :

Then list, O ! list unto thy lover's song ;
And as its every measure flows along,
Remember tis for thee that song is sung,
For no one else its accents ever rung :

(Hubert, plays and sings.)

The flow'rs are all blooming ; my heart's bloom-
ing too,
And turns in its gladness, its blossoms to you,
They're freighted with odors as soft as the breeze
When playing at evening on crest of the trees.

The winds are all sighing ; my heart's sighing too,
And turns in its anguish for comfort to you ;
O ! speak but one word, and that sadness shall
flee—

As shadows when morning breaks over the sea.

The trees are all budding ; my heart's budding too,
And turns its sweet embryo leaflets to you ;
If you will but heed me, those leaflets will ope,
For love blossoms freely 'neath sunshine of hope.

The waves are all moaning ; my heart's moaning
too,
And waits in its sorrow for message from you ;
That message would cheer it as calm soothes the
storm, [form.
As clouds grow resplendent in rainbow's bright

The sunshine is glowing ; my heart's glowing too,
It burns with the fondest affection for you,
And throbs in the hope of an answering ray
As earth gladly greets the bright dawning of day.

The birds are all singing ; my heart's singing too,
And breathes every note of its music for you ;
The birds will desert you when winter-winds blow,
My love shall be yours through life's sunshine
and snow.

The earth is revolving ; my heart's moving too,
In all its lone wand' rings is turning to you ;
Then O ! like the sun, let me bask in your smile,
While seasons and years shall but roll on the
while.

The sky is all radiant ; my heart's radiant too,
The light of its glory is borrow'd from you ;
The dark clouds may gather o'er bright beaming
sky,
True love's most resplendent when shadows are
nigh.

I love thee ! I love thee ! Creation's great chart
Reflects but that love back again to my heart ;
And since the whole universe teems with its bliss,
Thou surely canst give but one answer to this.

*(Hubert rising from the harp and
taking a seat beside her,
finds her weeping.)*

Art sad, my love ? O ! what can bring those
tears

To eyes that erst had roused my spirit's fears,
Lest thou wert all immovable ? Canst love
The heart that longs its highest worth to prove
In living or in dying but for thee ?
Canst not my darling one consent to be ?

Faith, recovering her composure :

I wept because I prize your noble love,
It seemeth bright as angels know above—
But, O ! my heart is not my own to give :
My truth is pledged, not for myself to live,
But for a hero who has gone afar
From home and love, to follow Duty's star.
He is the chosen one of this fond heart ;
Though noble, true, and generous thou art,
Too true and hon' rable, well I know
To wish me e'er my truth and love forego,
To wed another when my love's away,
Howe'er remote may be the distant day
When he shall come again. I prize your love :
It greatly doth my inmost spirit move ;
Because it seems so like unto my own,
Which I so long, so earnestly have known
For Theodore—pride of my woman's heart—

(She shows him the ring.)

He gave me this when ready to depart ;
And it has ever been the magic charm
To keep my heart, my words, my life from harm.
You see the sweet inscription written there ?
For ev'ry path my feet it doth prepare,
And nerves me in this doubly trying hour
To realize the grand, unearthly power

Of single word like this. Yes, "*Duty*" says
Thou must forego the hallow'd shining rays
Of fondest love that woman e'er could give,
Did not her heart true to its first love live.
You can not love me and refuse belief
That love like thine must bring my spirit grief,
Because it sympathizes in thy woe,
And still would wish to spare the bitter blow
This love must bring thy manly, bleeding heart.

Hubert, earnestly :

How can my dreams, my hopes of bliss depart?
O, Faith! you surely have not deeply thought
Of all the risk with which your choice is fraught.
Thy love is gone beyond the boundless sea,
How canst thou know he'll e'er return to thee?
A thousand dangers compass him around
That in this land could scarcely e'er be found :
He knows not when the darksome night draws
nigh

He e'er again shall greet the morning sky ;
For treachery and murder stalk around
In midnight terror o'er that heathen ground.
The winds are laden with diseases there
That clime like this could scarcely fear to share :
And then should he escape these dangers all,
The sea's between you like a fun'ral pall ;

He may be safe until he sees this land,
And still go down upon the stormy strand :
And then thy heart would surely, surely break,
Because the next best love thou didst not take ;
For love like mine would cherish still but thee,
Though it should not thy heart's first blossom
see.

But should he safe return, how canst thou go
To that far land e'en when he loves thee so ?
I know thy heart hath known religious joys,
That thou dost prize them more than earthly noise
Of health and pomp, and fame ; but how canst
Unto a fate so drear as that e'er bow ? [thou
Canst sacrifice thy matchless woman's worth
On heathen shores afar from friends and home,
Where news from native land can seldom come ?
I know 'tis grand to think of such a fate :
But, Faith, reflect ; 'tis hard as well as great.
I've reason to believe my darling hope,
With thee to aid me as I bravely cope,
Will be rewarded by the highest place
That manhood's worth on earth could ever grace.
I've reasons great that I've not given thee,
To justify this darling hope of life,
That some bright future day I'll surely be
The highest officer in all this land ;

And earth knows not another place so grand
In all her kingdoms and her empires far
As that which shines to-day my beacon star.
My plans are all matured ; with thee to cheer,
While still the noon of life is ling'ring here,
This place is mine—I can not give thee up !
My heart must still refuse the bitter cup
That thou wouldst press unto rebellious lips ;
The woman who doth all her sex eclipse
Must be my own, my chosen one, my wife,
Must share with me, and guide my sunny life ?
Faith, earnestly :

O Hubert ! it is vain —thy precious love !
God's Spirit now sends comfort from above
To my poor lonely heart. Should Theodore
Ne'er live to see his native country more ;
Should murd'rer's hand, or dread disease convey
His spirit ready to his God away ;
Or should he die in sight of this fair land,
And I behold him sinking from the strand,
This thought might still some consolation throw
Upon my bleeding heart in all its woe :
*I e'er was true to promise to him giv'n ;
I still might hope to meet his soul in heav'n.*
But should I list unto your pleadings now,
Should your bright fame encircle too my brow,

What earthly bliss could ever half atone
For anguish to my heart most surely known,
Because I'd plighted all my spirit's worth
To him I deemed the noblest one of earth ;
And when he'd fondly trusted that sweet vow,
Could his true heart with bitterness so bow
As break my pledge to him, and give it thee ?
I could not drink such bitter cup as this :
To love and lose him were a draught of bliss
Compared to self-reproach when others smiled,
And earthly honors other woes beguiled,
But could not reach the seat of this deep grief,
Nor hope to bring it one brief hour's relief.
O Hubert ! thou art noble ! Yet some day,
When thou hast older grown, perhaps thou'lt say
Thou wert not wise in all thy manhood's worth
To choose as best the highest place of earth.
When thou shalt list unto the Spirit-Power
That breathes around thee ever in each hour,
And find thy Saviour's precious smile far more
Than earthly triumphs of the greatest store,
Or honor, thou wilt surely learn to know
The heav'nly strength that girds man's spirit so,
And woman's too, when they can willing take
Such cross as ours, and bear it for His sake.
Sometime thou'lt read the beaut'ous story told

Of one who heard the Saviour speak, a young
And noble man, and then who asked of Him :

“ *What shall I do to have eternal life ?* ”

And thou wilt think on what that aviaur said :

“ *Sell that thou hast, give to the poor, that thou
Shalt treasure have in heav'n : and follow me.* ”

'Tis love like this can gird my woman's heart

Some day perhaps to willing hence depart

To that benighted land beyond the sea ;

'Twas love like this in him, so grand and free,

That won me ever for his own to be.

I can appreciate exalted worth

Of highest worldly office on the earth ;

But I esteem it nobler, grander far

When manhood follows only “ *Duty's* ” star,

And would prefer to die in Mission-cause

To hearing all triumphant loud applause

That could be thine in highest earthly state ;

For 'tis the motive makes the action great.

And what could be a motive half so high

As that which leads to home beyond the sky ?

Ambition such as yours is best of earth ;

But Theodore's has some of heav'n's own worth ;

'Tis this can cheer my lonely, waiting heart.

Hubert, sadly :

To come thus far ; and now to sad depart

Is like to almost ent'ring Eden's gate,
Then hear the angels say : " too late ! too late !"
Or like the grief of Moses' faithful heart
When Canaan's long-sought land was blooming
nigh,

Yet lonely he on Nebo's mount must die !
I prize thy precious, noble woman's worth ;
I would not have thee prize me less because
I yielded to high Heav'n's unwritten laws,
That bade me seek in thine my spirit's mate,
Shall bid me grieve for aye, too late ! too late !
Thou surely canst esteem a heart like mine,
E'en when 'tis disappointed at thy shrine ?

Faith, kindly :

No worthy, noble man e'er cherished me
Enough to offer all his heart and life,
That I could e'er regard but with esteem ;
And rather far than trample on that heart,
I'd willing feel my last life-throb depart. [wed
They are my honored friends : and when they
I pray for brightest blessings on each head ;
Their wives and little ones fore'er to me
Almost as kindred seem, so near they be,
For we are kindred by a spirit-tie
That in earth's truest souls can never die.
I'll look with gladness on your proud success

When you've attained the place towards which
you press ;

And should you fail to win it I will be
As faithful still as truest one to thee.

My friendship is a flow'r that springs from worth,
And not from showy pageantries of earth ;
I'd prize a friend in highest earthly place,
I'd soothe that friend beneath the world's disgrace
If I believed him worthy still to be :

A change of circumstance is naught to me ;
The diamond is a diamond 'neath the earth
As well as when the world applauds its worth ;
The pearl a pearl within the surging sea
As well as when the bridal gift it be.

I love to think there are some noble minds
Whose vision proud position never blinds,
Whose hearts are still the same 'neath hon'ring
fame

As erst they were before earth heard their name ;
'Tis my bright dream of life and time that must
Be mine until this heart is laid in dust ;
And it shall be a part of heav'n to me
To find in this belief no change can be.

I wish thee all of joy that earth can bring—
And add, O ! add not to my suffering
By sad withdrawal of thy friendship's pow'r,

Which can so soothe the sorrows of this hour.
I prize thy friendship as no other man's ;
Still let it be a part of all my plans
To know thou art forever dearest friend,
That this fond friendship ne'er on earth can end.

Hubert :

A friend to thee? Yes, darling ! ever friend,
Such as thy God above alone can send ;
A friend who loves thee as a brother now,
A friend who'd gladly soothe thy aching brow
With laurel-wreaths ; who pledges manhood's
vow

That e'er while life shall last, and we shall live,
His purest, holiest friendship e'er to give ;
A friend who loves thee best of all the earth,
A friend who knows thy priceless woman's worth,
And who will strive to do his Maker's will
That he may keep thy precious friendship still.
Wilt go with me to-night ? My heart 'twill cheer
To shelter at my side the one so dear.

Faith :

Yes, for my own can find sweet comfort, too,
In his protection who's so kind and true.

Hubert :

Then, dearest one, farewell ! till that blest hour
When I again shall bow unto the power

Of woman's noblest worth, that ever leaves
Some solace with the heart it sadly grieves.

[*Exit Hubert.*]

Faith alone, weeps, and plays, and sings :

I miss thee, O my darling ! in the morn
When nature's beauty shines so fresh and fair,
When God doth seem to cheer my heart forlorn
With all the loveliness reflected there.

I miss thee, darling ! at the noontide hour,
When sunshine gilds my home with brightest
ray,
I miss the radiance of the spirit-pow'r,
Which shed such luster o'er my youthful way.

I miss thee, darling ! at the eventide
When sunbeams sink away to their deep rest ;
And in the realms of dreamland wander wide
Through flow'ry fields with thine own presence
blest.

I miss thee, O my darling ! when fond love
Of noble, manly heart is proffer'd mine ;
I long for words that could so winning prove,
As e'er my heart and life to render thine.

And wilt thou come, my darling? Wilt thou
come

From far away beyond the stormy sea?—
O! 'tis so lonely in my sadden'd home
Away from Mother, darling! and from thee.

Angels sing:

O the treasure! O the treasure!
Of a pure, unspotted heart,
With its wealth of heav'nly virtues,
Such a being as thou art;
O the grandeur! O the grandeur!
Of thy spirit's mission here;
E'en within the realms of glory
Angel-hearts thy truth can cheer.

Bearing onward! Bearing upward!
With thy cross of bitter pain;
Never failing! Never doubting!
Piety to be true gain:
From the world thy heart hath chosen
One of loftiest spirit-mould,
And we can but cheer thy pathway
Till thine eyes shall Him behold.

SCENE II.—*Reginald's Revenge.*

Ophelia, alone :

It does seem very strange that my whole life
Should be o'ershadow'd by another's thus :
When we were college-girls she always took
The highest premiums, and ever called
Forth loudest praises from our teachers all.
O ! I remember how my spirit burned
With indignation as I saw the look
Of admiration from his soul-lit eye
So fixed upon her as she read those lines
In valedict'ry on Commencement day,
That now have seemed to turn his earthly fate.
I might have won that grandly gifted man,
But for her excellences : now I stand
Upon the portal of old-maidenhood,
And there's no chance that he will e'er be mine ;
For should he woo me now I'd never go
To bury my dear self in that far land ;
The heathen all might perish over there
Before I'd link my life to such a fate.
But had I won him in the former years,
He might have now been living in this land,
And fame had crowned his genius all so grand
With deathless splendor ; and my name had been
As proud as mortal woman e'er might win.

And when I've silent borne this bitter weight,
To hear that Hubert now doth only wait
Her willingness to make his life her own
Is harder still : he is the proudest where
The pride of this great land do congregate,
And highest honors on his future wait.
She's so ungrateful too : for Theodore
Has gone alone to distant heathen shore,
And Hubert hopes to win her love no more.
The prize that other hearts would gladly win
She dares disdain, and thinks it is no sin
To trample thus on all our puny lives :
But pow'r to hate eternally survives
In this revengeful bosom. I would see
Her heart-strings quiver in a deeper woe
Than e'er my own unhappy life hath known ;
I'd see her topple from her high estate,
I'd see her scorned by all both small and great,
And her sweet home-life made most desolate.
I know it is unwomanly to hate ;
But who could see their ev'ry wish decay,
And yet not hate the author of dismay ;
Who could relinquish dearest hope in life,
And give it up without a deadly strife ?
There may be some, who claim to angels be,
Who think they can ; but there's no chance for me,

While she is so belov'd, to e'er be free
Of deepest hate. I'd see some dreadful change
Come o'er her life so sad, and yet so strange,
That Hubert would withdraw his noble love ;
And my fond hopes might yet successful prove.

Reginald, entering :

I've found out all about it: how he turned
Her head against me when mine brightly burned
With fond affection for his only child.
He deemed me all unworthy ; thought me wild ;
And took her home to keep her from my smiles,
And wooing. Oh ! I'll make him feel how sad
The weight of woe seems to a heart erst glad ;
I'll wring his soul with just as bitter pain
As e'er is mine when thinking o'er again
The prize he kept from me. You know how
And elevated all his views of life, [proud
And how he scorns a deed of low design :
You knew not how he foiled a plan of mine
When you and Faith were class-mates off at
school.
He may have deemed me then a beardless fool ;
But now I am a full-grown man, and know
All that it meant, that unexpected blow
To my fond heart and pride. He should have
deemed

Himself and fam'ly honor'd that I dreamed
To link my fate with her's: she had no gold
To win me to her side; our fam'ly's old,
And thousands of most fertile acres lay
All smiling in luxuriance to-day
Around our dwelling—it was honor grand
That I e'er stooped to offer her my hand.
But I've not yet enough possessions: I
Would be so wealthy that the world would cry,
Whene'er it saw me grandly passing by:
“There goes the richest man in all the state!”
This, this to me would be the loftiest fate
That I could crave; and then your waiting hand
Would soon be sought by mightiest in the land,
And we would wake in both their jealous hearts
The pangs of envy with its cruel darts;
While she would weep to find that never more
That same bright pledge of love I'd give to her,
And he would sigh, when looking at old maid
Within his home, for what I once have said;
But Reginald would come, would come no more
To brighten with his presence humble door
Of such as he: I'd win some wealthy girl,
And we would spend our lives in fashion's whirl
So glad and gay, the world would pause and sigh
At all the style and grandeur passing by—

O ! would it not be glorious to live
With all the joys that such a life could give ?

Ophelia :

Methinks it would be surely ; and that I
Might then some pleasure see before I die.
My thirtieth birthday now is drawing nigh,
And yet no gleam of hope I can descry
In my horizon's gloomy bounds : I see
Naught but a life of loneliness for me ;
For when you wed it will be lonelier far
Than now : I have no chosen "guiding-star,"
As some poor brainless creatures say they have,
To cheer them o'er life's smooth or boist'rous
wave.

I do hate sentiment ! But give me wealth,
And wealthy friends, and good degree of health,
And I can be far happier in my way
Than poet ever sung in loftiest lay—
A lay indeed ! a sentimental cheat,
To rob life of its real pleasures sweet,
To shower laurels 'round the songster's feet.
I'd have no "poetry" in my glad life ;
If e'er I wed I'll be a happy wife
So long as bills are paid, and he shall come
Occasionally to our splendid home
Nor would I wish to ever be "tied down"

To children's whims, or servants' wicked frown :
I'd live for my own enjoyment ; and when he
Was gone to meet engagements I would see
How very gay and happy I could be
Surrounded by the splendors that he gave—
No ! I will never be my husband's slave !
If either had to live that wretched life
I would prefer 'twere he, and not his wife—
But I must now prepare for that grand ball ;
They say the most elite of dwellers all
In this proud city will be there to-night,
And I must all eclipse in beauty bright.

[*Exit Ophelia.*

Reginald, alone :

I wish that sister were a little more
Devoted to true pleasures than she is :
But then I have no other kindred near,
And must uphold her every whim so dear,
Until some other man will do the same,
And I escape the thrall with naught of blame
From any one. I'd much prefer to-night
To think again on that old vision bright
That cheered my boyhood, of true woman's worth :
But I must go ; for not for all the earth
Would she be there without her brother too,
To dangle 'round whatever she may do ;

Then leave her side as soon as she may find
An escort better suited to her mind.
I might have been a very diff'rent man
Perhaps, had some one nobler lived to plan
My life for me—but I will not regret
Existence ; for it has sweet pleasures yet.
Alas ! alas ! I almost had forgot
That Rosalind is dying ! She has not
Forgotten promise that I yester made,
That I would see her in her coffin laid,
And borne to rest beneath the cypress-shade.
What bitter, bitter mem'ries o'er me come !
How true that heart I cruel wasted so !
How drear that life my own can never know !
Her heart was breaking many a weary year
Before she died—and yet I was so dear
Through all to her ! How can my God forgive
The crimes with which I gayly dare to live ?
How can the blood of Christ e'er wash away
The stain of foulest murderer to-day ?
How shall I stand before that great white throne
Where my deep wickedness on earth is known,
And all the world is staring then at me ?
Where, O my God ! O where can I then flee
From Thy dread outraged presence to be free ?
But hush, my heart ! It is not manly thus

To mourn thy crimes—why, others are as foul
As I have ever been ; and yet they live
With every joy that present life can give.
I will not be a woman—hush, my heart !
And let poor Rosalind in peace depart :
She will not need the solace of my voice
In yon bright realms where angel-forms rejoice ;
She's “ washed her robes,” and made them “ spot-
less white ” ;
Would I could be as happy half to-night
As she was yesterday. She e'en forgave
The wretch who brought her lower than a slave ;
And pointed him to Christ with hope to meet
That wretch again in heav'nly mansions sweet —
But be not woman's, O my aching heart !
A man's, a full-grown man's in sin thou art ;
Thou yet hast work of murd'rous hue to do,
And to my manhood's strength must now be true.
Yes, I will drag him down ! I'm now so low
I'll not be lower by another blow
To my integrity : I'd see him sink
In sadness to deep desolation's brink ;
I'd tear his heart as vultures rend their prey,
And when 'twas cold I'd glad pursue my way
As though I ne'er had heard of sin or crime,
Or dreamed of aught but good through all lifetime.

I'd barter heav'n to drag him down so low
That humblest ones would scorn his name to
know ;

I'd purchase hell to have her in my power,
And bid her feel its dreadful weight one hour—
But I must hasten : sister may await
My readiness ; I would not be too late.

SCENE III.—*Leander in Prison Charged with Forgery.*

Leander, opening his eyes with a wild stare :

What mean these walls ? these grated windows
what ?

This surely is not home ! Where am I, child ;
And what's the meaning of this dreadful place ?
Ah ! I remember now ! 'Tis like a dream,
A troubled dream of winter's darkest night,
My coming here. He did not tell me right,
What 'twas he meant when speaking all so low,
And wooing me by kind entreaties so,
I placed my name upon that document.
He said 'twas one the Government had sent
For all its noble citizens to sign,
That some great good might soon result there-
from

To all the country ; I must sign it first,
And my fair name would guarantee success.

I was so weary : for the hour was late ;
I knew you would my coming restless wait,
And only stopped the opening words to scan ;
And read no more. He was a stranger, too,
Who brought the paper ; but he said “he was
Dispatched to me by our Theodoric,
Who knew my spotless character full well,
And wished my aid in this his noble plan
To serve the people’s int’rests” —How could man
Have dreamed that this was such a wicked
scheme

To rob my life of all that makes it dear,
My honor and integrity ? I would
Have gladly died such blow as this to shun ;
For then a heav’nly home had sure been won,
And earth might still be pleasant to my child,
Might aid some day to soothe her anguish wild.
But O ! to have it said I “forged a claim
Upon the Government” ; and then to die
Before my honor’s proven, is a cup
That angel-heart might wither drinking up.
Death has no “sting” to me : but O ! to lose
The crown I first in youth did gladly choose,
And wore undimm’d until my hair was gray,
And then to have it rudely torn away,
Is living, torturing death ! To think my child,

My only one, her mother from her gone,
Should have to bear a sorrow such as this.
Earth hath no counterpart ! The miser gloats
O'er golden treasures, and doth curse the day
That sees those treasures drift from him away ;
The statesman grieves when honors deck his
head,

And then are trampled 'neath the rabble's tread ;
The heart will mourn when its best love is gone ;
But O ! there is no agony so lone
As this of mine—save when a maiden finds
The wretch has wrought her fall, who wooing
blinds

With kindly words as spoke this fiend to me.
I never craved to leave my daughter wealth,
Much less to gain it by the deadliest stealth
That's known to man : ambition nobler far,
For her, I owned as my bright guiding-star :
My hope to leave a name so pure and bright
'Twould cheer her all through life ; and when
death's night

Came sadly on, by sweet assistance giv'n
Would point her soul departing unto heav'n.
And I could bear aught else that earth can bring,
And bless the donor of that suffering,
If but this cup had passed from me away.

I feel that never more will light of day
Glad these dim eyes : for all the mighty world
Will hush its business now to talk of me,
And curse my meanness, till I'll long to flee
To death's embrace to shun my fellows' scorn.
O ! I could dwell in some lone wilderness
For ages, and be thankful thus to 'scape
From glance of mortal vision : I could dive
Far down in deepest sea, and learn to live
Without the aid this atmosphere can give,
And deem it bliss compared to dwelling here
Beneath such weight of contumely, sneer
From all who're good as now shall follow me :
Or I could scale some rugged mountain-top
Where mortal feet have never trod, and hide
Secure as hunted beast in hidden lair
Until my heart had throbb'd its last pulse there :
Or I could as proud aeronautic chief
Cut loose the cord that binds my life to earth,
And upward in my precious freedom rise
Until my spirit bask'd in yon bright skies,
Where man nor man's device could ever reach.
Existence is a curse to one like me !
All other sorrows of my life now flee
As phantoms from the side of real one,
That clutches me as cruel skeleton,

And holds me coupled to a living death.
There is no joy my heart can ever know !
Like Job of old my God's deserted me ;
Or like that blest One hanging on the tree,
When tortured nature could endure no more,
Exclaimed in all His Godhood's agony :
“ *My God! my God! why hast forsaken me?* ”
Had I no child to drink from out this cup,
I still might die and yield my honor up :
But earth—O ! earth will never more forgive
The stain on her, how long so e'er she live ;
And when I'm crumbling in the silent tomb
This trouble still will fill her life with gloom—
O daughter ! would to God that I had died
Before you ever nestled at my side,
Thy father's precious jewel, and his pride.
Faith, lovingly :

Nay, father ! say not so : I prize you more
Than e'er in all my life I prized before ;
I thought I loved you in my childhood's days,
Your worth had e'er my girlhood's warmest
praise,
Your love has blessed my womanhood, and bade
Me cheerful walk 'neath sorrow's deepest shade ;
And now, my dearest father ! I would die,
If this could save thy spirit's bitter cry.

Thou art so true, so gen'rous, fond and good,
Thou hast through former life so spotless stood,
I know He'll not desert thee in this hour :
His Spirit hov'ring still hath precious power
To cheer thine own—thou now canst say with Job,
“*Yea, though He slay me, I will trust Him still*” ;
This thought thy soul with sweetest joy can fill.
His strong right arm shall clear a way for thee
That thou canst walk ; and all the world shall see
Thy matchless virtue and integrity.

Leander :

O, God ! I praise thee for the precious gift
Of this sweet child ; who can my spirit lift
From griefs of earth, and point it to the sky.
Yea ! though the hour of death itself draw nigh,
And still my honor dear doth bleeding lie—
“*I'll trust Him—trust Him—even though I
die !*”

His presence can illume this prison-wall
With light as that which erst did gladly fall
On Peter when the “angel smote his side,”
And led him forth from out the City's gate,
That he might preach God's Gospel far and wide.
Yea ! I can say with Job : “*I know, I know
That my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand
At latter day upon the earth : and though*

*Foul worms destroy this body, yet shall I
In my own flesh behold the living God!"*

(He rejoices.)

I praise Thee! praise Thee! with my prison'd
breath [death!

Who thus canst cheer the darksome vale of
I praise Thee! praise Thee! for the living stream
Of life Eternal which can brightly gleam
O'er death's dark flood, and yet so radiant seem.

Faith, rejoicing:

Yea, father! in an hour like this doth come
The sweetest solace from the angels' home;
As when He prayed in dark Gethsemane;
As when His spirit left the fatal tree;
As when He stood at Bethany, and saw
The angel-hosts but nearer to him draw
To cheer His welcome way with myriad wings
To heav'n above; His Spirit ever brings
In time of greatest need its sweetest cheer:
And thus that precious Spirit must be here.
This seems a palace to my soaring soul!
The waves of earth no longer 'round me roll;
I almost hear the seraphs as they sing:
"*Hosannas now! forever! to our King!*"
Whose love can such unearthly comfort bring.
This prison is a gateway unto heav'n;

The bonds of life seem almost to be riv'n,
And we together walking on the shore
Of that blest stream, so blest forevermore,
Where mother dwells, and where we yet shall see
His precious presence through Eternity.

Leander, exulting, repeats Scripture passages :

O ! bless the Lord, my soul : and all
Within me bless His holy name.
O ! bless the Lord, my soul, forget
Not all His benefits to thee :
Forgiving thine iniquities ;
And healing thy diseases all ;
Who crowneth thee with loving care,
And tender mercies sendeth down.
As East is far removed from West,
So our transgressions hath He moved.
As father pitieth children here,
So He all those who Him do fear.
From everlasting to the same
His mercy is for those who fear
Him ever, and His righteousness
Unto their children's children lasts
Of those who keep His covenant,
And His commandments ne'er forget.
O ! ye His hosts, and works, all bless
The Lord : and bless Him, O my soul !

Angels sing :

O the comfort ! O the comfort !
Jesus brings the bleeding heart,
When the soul would gladly welcome
Chance from earth to quick depart :
With His wondrous, gracious presence
He can all its nature fill ;
With His words of heav'nly meaning
He can all its tempests still.

O the glory ! O the glory !
Of that precious love divine
Which can make a prison-chamber
As a regal palace shine :
Which can bear the soul triumphant
To the very gates of heav'n,
While unto its weary clay-house
Sweetest earthly rest is giv'n.

O the grandeur ! O the grandeur !
Of that one celestial hour,
When the soul almost unfetter'd,
Knows the spirit's highest power ;
And ascending, quick ascending
God's own ladder from the earth,
For one moment reaps fruition
Of that spirit's noblest worth.

SCENE IV.—*Leander at Home—His Triumphant Death.*

Leander :

There Humphrey! hang his portrait there;
for I
Would look into those eyes, and feel that he
In spirit is communing now with me.
He never told me of his love; and yet,
His look so glorified I'll ne'er forget,
When last he left, and darling Mary found
Our precious child was weeping when he'd gone.
Expression like to that in mortal's eyes
I ne'er had seen before, have never since;
As though some mighty, wondrous, spirit-pow'r
Were guiding, aiding him in that dark hour.
But when you told me in the prison-cell
Of what he said to you, I knew full well [day,
Their hearts were pledged; and that some happy
When I from this sad world am far away,
Their lives may mingle in a glorious sea
To flow together towards eternity.
I would not have it otherwise; for he
Was ever manhood's loftiest type to me;
And I would bless them with my dying breath
If he were here, and calmly yield to death.
And I rejoice, O! how my heart doth sing,

That this reproach is lifted from my life :
That Faith shall never know the bitter strife,
To think the world believes her father fills
A felon's grave. My inmost spirit thrills
With gratitude to you and Hubert for
Your services in robbing death of all
The sting it had for me. And O ! how glad
Am I this moment that you too are freed
From prison-life and calumny, and stand
So firm and fixed in that religion grand
The same good man directed you to win.
How true he said 'twas worth long prison-life
To find a gem like this—"pearl of great price,"
Which shall forever gild your earthly path
With heav'nly lustre, and but brighter glow
When called to leave the scenes of life below.
O Humphrey ! it is blest to live or die [nigh.
When we but feel that heav'n's approaching
I would not give one hour of joy like this
For all earth's kingdoms with their every bliss.
I can forgive the wicked man who laid
The scheme which shall commit me to the shade
Of death, since every thing but tells me now
Life, life eternal soon will crown my brow—
You can but sympathize in all the joy
I feel this moment !—bring my child to me.

Humphrey :

Yes, happy man ! I feel the spirit-power
That bids thee triumph so in this glad hour :
His precious teachings led my soul to find
That bliss for which it gladly earth resigned ;
I am the trophy of his noble tears
In prison-cell in manhood's early years ;
And I rejoice ! my soul too sings with thine
That God's own glory now doth 'round thee shine.

[*Exit Humphrey, to call Faith.*

Leander, alone :

O ! Thou, All-Father ! how my soul doth bless
Thee for this hour of purest happiness :
I feel an angel-throng is waiting now
To bear me where their kindred angels bow
Before Thy throne forever. O ! my soul,
What tide of glory o'er thee now doth roll !
It lifts me, bears me from the earth away ;
Nor would I here one moment waiting stay,
But that I'd bid farewell to her I love
Before I go Heav'n's highest joys to prove.

(*Faith and Fidelia enter, weeping.*)

Leander embracing Faith :

My darling child I bid thee now adieu :
Be ever as thou hast been, firm and true
Unto thy God ; and He will sure sustain

Thy aching heart 'neath all its bitter pain.
Be true to absent lover : never give
Thy life to one for whom thou canst not live ;
Remember 'tis a holy, holy vow
In presence of God's messengers to bow
In acquiescence of a wedded love.
Thou canst not here too very careful prove ;
For as the Saviour loves His precious Church,
And as that Church must love her Saviour too,
So wedded lives must faithful be and true
Give him my blessing ; say I fear no harm
To thee protected by his manly arm ;
I know with him to guide and cheer thee on
Some day with me thou wilt a home have won
Where we shall part no more. Fidelia, take
My thanks for all the kindness for her sake
To me too giv'n—O ! cheer my stricken child
Till he shall come to soothe her sorrow wild ;
A sister's love to her thou'st freely giv'n,
Accept my gratitude from gates of heav'n. .

(He remains silent awhile, then says :) .

There is no death : a shadow passes by
Eclipsing for awhile the radiant sky ;
And ere this shadow flees the Shepherd comes
To lead some of His flock unto their homes.
He guideth them the darksome valley through,

With words of cheer their strength doth oft
renew.

Until their feet firm rest upon the rock
Which shall survive creation's mighty shock
When earth and all therein shall pass away,
The "*Rock of Ages*," on whose loftiest height
There shines fore'er Eternity's own light.
And when the weary pilgrim through death's
vale

Hath reached this point he ne'er again can fail :
He takes one cheering look at Heav'nly Land,
While Christ and angel-hosts an escort stand—
Then with a shout that echoes through the sky
He mounts the ramparts of that home so high,
And bounds at one grand leap beside the Throne
That God from all Eternity hath known
As His abode, while saints and seraphs blend
Their voices in a song to never end
While years eternal sweep forever on.

*(He closes his eyes awhile, then opens
them as Hubert enters.)*

To Hubert :

O Hubert! will you aid my stricken one
With care and kindness till your life is done ;
Wilt pledge me here to never let her be
Without a friend so long as thou shalt live ;

That thou wilt ever to my darling give
A brother's love? She needs it all to-day—
O Hubert! will you promise?—will you say?
I know your truth, your honor, and your care
For hearts bereft—wilt cheer my darling there?

Hubert, deeply affected :

Yea! while I live, my honor pledge I here
Her highest welfare ever to revere
As my own sister's: she shall never know,
While I have strength to turn aside the blow,
Word, look or deed of harm from mortal foe.

Leander, exulting :

Then I am happy: now I willing go
To realms for which my soul hath panted so.
Bring on the flaming chariot for my soul!
Such waves of glory o'er it fast now roll,
I scarce its heav'nly rapture can control.
Sweet Christmas chimes are pealing o'er the land;
But O! my God! I hear a song more grand
Than earth hath ever known—*her voice is there!*
It bears my waiting spirit quickly where
The heav'nly minstrels tune their deathless lyres
Amid the melody of spirit-fires
That burn and glow with love to God and man,
Such as in one broad current swiftly ran

From His dear side when nature's self was
thrilled

By sight sublime that all creation filled
With awe and wonder, when on fatal tree
He purchased heav'n for all eternity.
"Ope wide, ye gates!" and let my spirit in!
'Tis freed from every taint of earthly sin:
I love the man who doomed me thus to die;
I plead with God to hear his bitter cry
For mercy on his blood-stained soul—I love
All beings that within creation move!
I feel that rapture that the saints enjoy;
I long for aye my heart-strings to employ
In loving Him, the great, the Triune God!
I thank Him for the path my feet have trod:
Each trial here was sent to me in love:
I bless Him who could "ever present prove
In time of need"—I see the chariot wheels!
My soul a higher glow of rapture feels!
It shines—it halts—it opens now for me;
A waiting angel-escort, too, I see:
My sins, for Jesus' sake, are all forgiv'n—
I leap within—and speed my way to heav'n!

Faith, embracing her dead father:

O! I had hoped my heart was all prepared
For this dread blow; for I have wept and prayed

For strength sustaining in this trying hour—
But O! to feel he is forever gone
Is more than I can bear so doubly lone :
Creation seems a burying-ground to me,
Where all my dearest loved ones quickly flee.

Fidelia, lovingly :

“ *When father, mother, both forsake thee,*”
dear!

“ *The Lord will take thee up*”: and He is here !

“ I have been young and now I’m old ; yet I
Have never seen the righteous left forlorn,
Nor known His seed deserted begging bread.”

“ *I will make darkness light to shine for thee :*
And crooked things before thee I’ll make
straight.”

“ *The waters deep shall not flow over thee :*
Nor fiery trials utterly consume.”

“ I’ll dwell among my children evermore,
And ne’er forsake my people Israel.”

My darling Faith! when mortal soul once grasps
The truth sublime that He who made the worlds,
And holds them all “in hollow of His hand,”
That this same Being is upholding it,
And steering it amid life’s boist’rous waves,
’Tis as a lighthouse to the mariner [seas :
When struggling o’er night’s dark tempestuous

And we may steer our barks by this blest light
Until they anchor 'neath the bulwarks bright
That gird the city of the living God.
My own poor feet deep sorrow's pathway trod
Until I rested them beneath the shade
That God in mercy for earth's travelers made,
Whence, all refreshed, I've started on again
In peaceful journey towards the heav'nly plain.
"He is sufficient for thy every need ;"
Thy bleeding steps He'll sweetly, gently lead
Until thou shalt in fair celestial land
Thy loved ones meet in one unbroken band.

Hubert, affectionately :

Yes, dearest ! God will not desert thee now :
Thou e'er hast tried to follow Him ; and how
Can loving Saviour e'er forsake the heart
As true, unwav'ring to Him as thou art ?
"*He will sustain thee ;*" and we all will give
Some little comfort to thee while we live :
I'll send dear Lilian to thee in thy grief,
To aid Fidelia minist'ring relief.

[Exit Hubert.]

Faith, caressing her father again :

Yes, leave me here alone with my dear dead ;
I scarce can feel his noble soul hath fled ;
I long to lay me down beside him near,

And breath my last life-pulse out sweetly here.

[*Exeunt all.*

(*Faith alone weeping, and
kneeling beside him.*)

How dark, my darling father, were this hour
Did not the precious "Comforter" now tell
I ever strove to be a duteous child—
How sweet the meaning of each word so mild
Thou e'er hast spoken since I was a child.
How blest the mem'ry of thy deathless love !
A heav'nly ointment it doth sweetly prove
To heal my spirit's sufferings—I long
To join in that unearthly rapt'rous song
The angels sung for thee just as the tide
Of Jordan swept thy dying couch beside,
And bore thee from me to a better land—
I long to join the shining spirit-band
That came an escort for thee, while I rise
With them, as thou didst, to the op'ning skies.
How sweetly both my parents ever strove
To lead me in the path of heav'nly love—
O God ! I thank Thee for their precious worth ;
Who pointed out a home beyond this earth,
And taught me what I owed to them and Thee :
I e'er shall thank Thee through eternity !
The mem'ry of such sainted souls as they

Shall bless me, guide me through each coming
day

And I can walk with firmer tread than e'er
A path which can but lead to those so dear ;
Their lives a beacon-light shall shine for me
Where'er I go upon life's stormy sea ;
Their refuge shall be mine when death is nigh,
Their home my haven in yon radiant sky.

Angels sing :

We are weeping ! We are weeping !
With thee now beside thy dead ;
We have cheered his happy spirit
Till it from thy presence sped :
We have borne it all triumphant
To its glorious home above,
We have seen it greet thy mother's,
In the realms of deathless love.

We have heard it raising anthems
To the God who bore it on,
Through each earthly tribulation,
Till that heav'nly home was won ;
And we joined the wondrous music
That seraphic choir loud sung
When the echo of his coming
Through the heav'nly portals rung.

We are weeping ! We are weeping !
Sympathizing with thy heart,
Till with strength renewed thou'rt willing
On again through life to start ;
For we know that duties wait thee
God Himself hath to thee giv'n,
Ere thy feet shall reach the haven
Of thy parents' home in heav'n.

SCENE V.—*Faith's Reflections on Theodore's Portrait.*

Faith alone, looking at Theodore's portrait :

How nat'ral that dear face and features all !
How like he looked that sweet remember'd day
He told me what I had not thought, and which
Has shed such halo since upon my way.
How calm he spoke : like one who weighed each
word

In heav'nly balance, would no accent breathe
He would not willing meet on that great day,
When earth and earthly things shall pass away :
His eyes so soft aglow with fondest love,
His brow so high, his hair uplifted there,
His slightly-burning cheek so smooth and fair,
His voice so low, so tender, yet so strong,
His loving accents flowing warm along,
Yet with a sadness such as doth belong

To lonely turtle-dove in sweetest song,
I did not dream a mortal e'er could wake
In this fond heart a joy like that it knew
When I first found his own so warm and true.
Ah ! little recked I when I wrote those lines,
The radiance of whose glory ever shines
Reflected from his life into my own,
Of half of what I gladly since have known :
How little dreamed I that his noble heart,
But waiting, then on duty's path to start,
Would list with such respect to school-girl's
word,

Or by her best endeavors thus be stirred.
Ah, love ! thou art a mystery to me !
I scarcely know what 'twas that he could see
To prize so much, so much admire in me :
Although I e'er have tried to faithful be
In all life's duties : but he is so grand
In moral worth, and gifted so in mind,
I ne'er had hoped one like to him to find
Who'd ever care for me. The memory
Of love like his is like the breath of flowers
That comes on evening's wing from vernal bowers;
Or like the echoed music of some song
That high in courts above must sure belong ;
Or like our dreams of heav'n when calm we sleep,

And angel-guards their vigil o'er us keep,
And bid us know the rustling of their wings
By all the joys our slumbering vision brings.
I loved my parents with a deathless love ;
My love for them shall e'er a comfort prove
To me through life—but O ! this love for him
Makes that beside it seem so faint and dim.
When I was mourning for my mother gone,
It cheered with sweetest solace in each tone ;
And when my father left me for the skies,
I felt my heart could never more arise
To life, and strength, and hope had I not known
That brave, true, manly heart was all my own.
What's presidential office, what a throne,
With all the pomp of royalty thereon,
Compared to such a kingdom as his heart ?
What honor equal to the fate so grand,
To be belov'd by noblest in the land ?
Without this love my life were now a waste,
A barren waste, without one single tree
Or sweet oasis e'er to gladden me.
I still might live ; but I would daily pray
For God to haste and take my soul away.
With him to love me I can wait and stay
Here willing, howsoever late the day
That brings him to my waiting, loving side,

And crowns my life by making me his bride.
I can revere next to my God the man
Who doth so grandly rise in every plan
And feeling far above earth's loftiest schemes,
He more like angel than a mortal seems ;
He is the angel of my brightest dreams,
The model of my waking hours, the joy
Of every deed in which I life employ ;
Nor time nor change this pleasure can alloy.
And then to think when earth shall pass away,
And all its citizens appear that day
To reap reward of weal or woe, that he,
Whom my young heart so joyed its own to be,
Shall shine, a star through all eternity.
No earthly honors grand enough for him ;
His merits would its every off'ring dim ;
'Tis heav'n alone can place a crown upon
The brave, true, lofty being I have won—
O! blest possession ! manhood's noblest heart,
Sufficient kingdom for my life thou art ;
To reign a queen in realm so bright as this
Is sure enough of honor and of bliss.

(She plays and sings.)

Thou art not with me ; yet thy love can cheer
As sweetest balm this sorely wounded heart,

That love thou ne'er didst tell to woman dear
Before, because to love so true thou art.

Thou art not with me ; yet thy mem'ry brings
A solace for each sad and earthly woe,
Like that we know when passing angel brings
A song from Paradise to earth below.

Thou art not with me ; yet thy spirit taught
The highest science e'er my life hath known,
In that blest hour it some reflection caught
Of all the glory beaming in thine own.

Thou art not with me—yet, O yet ! thou art ;
Thy spirit-presence ever breathes around,
As notes from soft æolian strings will start
Whene'er the slightest breeze is passing found :

Or as the spray from ocean's tossing wave,
Will rise to meet the sunshine every day,
So thoughts of thee so faithful and so brave
Ascending e'er must glad my life away.

I may not see that noble, manly face,
I may not hear that soft, melodious voice,
But in my heart thou hast a dwelling-place,
And nestling there canst bid my life rejoice.

SCENE VI.—*Theodoric's love for Fidelia.*

Theodoric:

'Tis very pleasant thus to be away,
For few short hours on bright and vernal day,
From care and business ; all the birds, and trees,
And flowers, and e'en the softly whispering
breeze
Seem sympathizing with one's gladness. I
Have long desired to make this call to thee :
But public office is a master stern ;
Its duties must be well and promptly done,
Or true constituents mourn the faithless one
They've trusted with their honors, yet who dares
To test the confidence each voter shares
When raising him with all their suffrage grand
To high and noble office in the land.
I've ever tried to prove my worthiness
In this respect. The ladies seldom bless
My pathway : all my days are much the same ;
They come and go, each with its busy hours
To those who faithful serve their country while
A respite's rarely known for culling flowers
That bud and blossom 'neath fair woman's smile.
I felt much complimented when I heard
That you, and your young friend, Miss Faith,
esteemed

So highly all the burning thoughts that stirred
My heart that night when danger threaten'd nigh
Our Country's grandest interests ; and I
But deemed it right to raise a warning cry
Against the evil, ere it grew so great
That patriots all combined would find too late
Their best endeavors then to save the State.
But statesmanship is not my business here ;
I'd have far sweeter thoughts my spirit cheer
While nature blooms so fresh and fragrant near.
To those as old as I there's sure no need
To long delay their protestations when
They soon to business cares must haste again :
You'll hear politely what I have to say
E'en though it should be told in business way ?

Fidelia :

Assuredly : it would require a mind
More rude than I to utter word unkind
To one so highly honored as yourself,
However much his business forced its way
To everything that he might chance to say.

Theodoric :

I have not found ambition satisfied
To bring the joys for which my spirit burns :
'Tis true my name is honored far and wide,

But thinking statesman something each day
learns ;

And every hour convinces me the more
That love hath higher, holier pleasures far
Than those that follow on behind the car
Of earthly eminence, that roars and whirs,
With never-ceasing clamor in one's ears,
Until we long for some sweet, quiet place
Away from all its noise, some gentle face
That will be lit with smiles whene'er we come,
And when we're absent guard our waiting home.
I have been thinking of this long and well ;
And came to-day to say if you will be
The guardian angel of my home for me,
That I will strive to be as firm and true
In all the duties then I'll owe to you,
While both shall live, as to my Country. I
Could not be in your presence ever nigh ;
For duty still would claim full many an hour ;
Yet I would strive with all my manhood's pow'r
To make that home a happy one for thee,
E'en when from out its portals I might be.
I can not say I ne'er before have loved ;
Existence sad indeed to me had proved,
Had I in love's domains as yet ne'er roved.
In manhood's earliest prime I wooed a girl,

From whose soft locks I now preserve a curl,
As dear to me as life. She loved me too :
On such a day as this I proudly drew
Her arm in mine, and breathed those holy vows
That crowned my life with bliss. One fleeting
year

Was all that I could claim her : she was laid
In youthful bloom beneath the cypress-shade ;
And years, and years went slowly circling by
Before my heart e'er ceased its bitter cry
For her whom angels loved and bore away.
And even now, though I am old and gray,
Remembrance of her sweet and sunny face
A flash of glory on my heart can trace
That thrills me through and through. You will
not spurn

My love because it e'er shall faithful burn
To other love? You will not prize me less,
Shouldst thou be mine, because I once did press
Another to my heart, and her did bless
With all that heart's best treasures? Thou
canst see

How I may cherish first love's memory,
And still be true and faithful unto thee.

Fidelia :

I could not love a man who'd lightly speak

Of one for whom he once professed fond love ;
I would be fearful lest my heart should break,
Because to me he too might faithless prove.
I would not wed a man and love him less
Because another's life he once did bless
With fond affection such as gilded mine ;
I'm sure the tendrils of my heart would twine
More closely 'round him, speaking thus of her,
Than if he talked of former love with sneer,
Or jesting word. The heart that's true to one
May be as true again, when that hath run
Its course on earth. And yet, I can not be
The chosen one of life and love for thee.
Thou surely hast not heard my history :
The man who won my love, my life, my hand
Is dwelling now perchance in some far land ;
Long years have passed since last I saw his form.
I've battled hard in life's disastrous storm.
Had I been colder-hearted, not so free
To yield back love to lovers seeking me,
Perhaps I had been luckier : but my soul
Allows no other feeling to control
Its subtle nature. I can't learn to hate [came,
E'en those who've wronged me ; and when lovers
In youth's glad morn professing fondest flame,
My heart would thrill with portion of the same ;

You thence may know what zeal in love I found
When by blest marriage-vows my heart was
bound.

To lay one's love beneath the cypress-tree,
And have kind friends to go and mourn with thee
Beside that mound were sweeter fate by far
Than not to know, where'er in life you are,
Where your companion may be. I have wept
Far bitterer tears, than had my Eric slept
Within his grave. You can not prize the heart
Which in this life hath borne such dreadful part.
Nor could I love another while he lives :
My lonely spirit still forever gives
Its thoughts to him next to my faithful God,
Who sheds some light on all the path I've trod,
And says, How know'st thou but some future day
He still may come, though now so far away.

Theodoric :

I would not let him dwell within my heart ;
The faithless one in mine should have no part ;
I'd tear his mem'ry from its former home,
And bid another love most welcome come
To cheer existence with a brighter ray
Than could be known by loving him alway ?
You owe no duties to the one who'd prove
Ungrateful thus to your fond spirit's love :

Nay ! rather trust the man who once was true !
Who with thee now that trust would glad renew,
And love thee for thy suff'rings ; who would try
To banish former griefs from memory,
As years of wedded pleasure swiftly passed.
Thou mayst be happy yet—at last—at last ;
When life is all declining thou mayst find
A soul congenial to thy faithful mind,
And stay remembrance of thy former woes
With one who for thee dearest fondness knows.
Why live but wedded to a skeleton,
That clanks around thee with its frozen chain,
And will not let thy heart be glad again ?
If thou wert mine this skeleton would flee,
With all its mocking weight of agony,
And there instead would be a living form
That glad would shield thee from each earthly
storm.

That cold, dead plant should be uprooted, and
A living flow'r would spring forth there, so grand,
The world would seem another earth to thee !
My own deep woe seems nothing now to thine ;
Let thy fond love around this true heart twine,
And thou shalt be as happy as of yore,
When first thy life with love was gilded o'er.

Fidelia :

I am not free to love : they bind me still,
Though shadow of their woe my life doth fill,
The vows I pledged to Eric, though he come
No more while I on earth may have a home.
I still am his, wherever he may be—
In distant land, or sailing on the sea ;
If life is his, I can not now be free.
To hear thee talk of love as thine would be,
Is like to seeing fragrant viands spread
Before one's eyes who would not dare to taste ;
They only make my life's drear and barren waste
Seem lonelier still : I thank thee for thy love,
I know if wedded thou wouldst faithful prove —
(*Much moved.*)

But O ! my God ! I am not free to rove
To that bright home thy presence so would bless,
And cheer me in my bitter loneliness.

Theodoric, earnestly :

Fidelia ! it is suicide to clasp
The chains that crush thee in their cruel grasp.
I could not love a woman who could prove
E'er faithless to another husband's love ;
I'd scorn to wed one who had brought disgrace
On other's life in happy dwelling-place :
But thou hast been so faithful and so true

'Tis not thy fault he would not likewise do ;
Thou couldst not mould again that treach'rous
heart,

Or thou hadst done it, constant as thou art,
And he had been here still. Thou couldst not
make

A demon e'er a man for woman's sake ;
That soul of his was never like thine own,
Thy heart's deep truth to his was never known,
Or he had never thus deserted thee.

By all the laws of earth and heav'n thou'rt free !

'Tis dread to know that others all may share
A life which now to thee would seem more fair
And blest than e'er before ; and yet that thou
Must all alone 'neath thy great burden bow.

The world shall never dare to breathe thy name,
If thou wilt link it with my well-earned fame,
Except in words of praise. I'd take the life,
As gallant Jackson had done, of the foe

Who'd dare to whisper aught against my wife.
The world, with all its grandeur, still should
know,

Thy goodly name was dearer than my life !—
Which I would risk, in any deadly strife,
Before the taint of slander e'er should breathe
Upon the name of one I proudly wreath

With all my honors, and then die beside,
Before aught ill of earth should her betide.
It is not every man who'd love thee thus :
Full many hearts would quail before they'd make
Such vow as this for any woman's sake.
But I have never learned to gauge my life
By that of others in this mortal strife ;
I see the right, and seeing love to do,
Should friends thereby be many or be few.
Thou ne'er shouldst wed aught save the noblest
heart ;
No other kind could prize thee as thou art,
Beyond all others in thy loving trust :
'Twas this that on thy life such sorrow thrust.
Hadst thou been like to other beings here
He still might now thy sunny pathway cheer :
He could not realize thy noble worth,
He could not rise enough beyond the earth,
And earthly things, to breathe such atmosphere
As to thy inmost soul is ever dear.
Thy highest virtues, in his worldly eyes,
Were traits of character to scorn, depise ;
And should he live a thousand years or more,
He never could attain such moral store
As e'er to grasp the meaning of thine own :
'Twas fatal error thou hadst ever known

A being such as he ;—wilt thou not come
And let me cheer thee in my splendid home ?
I know that splendors now are naught to thee,
But this fond heart with all its garnered worth,
In that bright home should thy true mansion be,
To shield thee from each threaten'd harm of
earth ;

Thou wouldst not prize me for my splendors'
sake, [take.
But for this warm, true heart my name wouldst
Fidelia, weeping :

Through these long, lonely, mocking, bitter
years,
With all their weight of sorrow and of tears,
There has been naught to cheer me save the
thought

That I was faithful still to heav'n's own laws :
I still had some sweet comfort e'er, because
I felt that God and angels loved me still.
Thy noble love can my fond heart-strings fill
With sweetest melody that earth may bring :
And yet that love could ne'er extract the sting
That would be mine were I to gain such love
By canceling my claim to heav'n above.
If he were dead ; and I but knew it now,
would be free to love, to pledge a vow

That could but bring me happiness. But He
Who came on earth, to teach the world to "flee
The wrath to come," doth bind a wedded heart
Unto its vows so long as both may live;
And gives no true divorce except the grave.
Theodoric! thou canst not bid me break
His laws, before whose presence angels quake?
With all thy learning, thou 'lt not dare to say
That thou canst teach a surer, happier way
To heav'n than Christ Himself had long since
taught?

My soul with deepest gratitude is fraught,
For love such as few men might hope to give;
And yet for thee this bleeding heart can't live;
It must be true to vows to Eric giv'n,
Or lose all hope to win yon long-sought heav'n.
Thou must respect the motive of my heart,
Rejecting thee all noble as thou art;
And still befriend me with a brother's love
So long as true to God my life doth prove?
Theodoric:

O! what dread mischief one bad man may do!
Thy life despoiled, my own o'ershadow'd too,
Because he would not be to honor true.
Yes, I believe thy Bible! I believe
That men who woo, who flatter and deceive,

And win fond hearts to bid them ever grieve,
Must sink beneath God's wrath on that dread day
When He shall gather, bear the "wheat" away,
And leave the "chaff" to fires that e'er must burn
With flames unquenchable. I now may turn
To hope again, yet thinking still of thee;
But O! how dark thy own life-path must be!
I will not render greater gloom thine own,
By proud pretense this love I ne'er have known
For thy seared life: the world is free to know
That I have loved, have tried to win thee so;
That thou hast stood by duty like a rock
That feels fore'er the ocean's boist'rous shock,
And yet stands firm beside the threaten'd shore,
To beat back waves encroaching evermore.
I will assist thy every plan in life,
If thou wilt let me aid thee in its strife;
A love like mine springs not in one short day,
Nor can it very quickly pass away.
As mistletoe will crown a dying tree,
And bid it bright in vernal beauty be,
So love like mine will bid fond heart-buds bloom,
When hope that called it forth sleeps in the
tomb.
'Twill be my pleasure e'er to serve thee here
With kindly deeds, remembrances most dear;

And when this life is o'er to meet again
Where loving hath no touch of earthly pain.

Fidelia :

I thank thee from my inmost soul ; and hope
With every scene of life thou 'lt grandly cope,
Till all shall see Theodoric's blest fame
In well-won honors of a deathless name.
And now we part : we leave this home to-day ;
So lonely here we can not longer stay ;
For Hubert and fair Lilian soon will come
To bear dear Faith and me to their bright home.
We surely are most blest : he's her true friend ;
Now you unto my path kind Heav'n doth send :
May glory's brightest beams thy pathway twine,
With this true heart's best prayers for thee and
thine. [*Exit Theodoric.*

Angels sing :

O the healing ! O the healing !
Jesus brings the broken heart,
When the bitter drops of anguish
From its inmost nature start :
With His words of wondrous kindness
He can bid that anguish cease ;
With His voice so soft and tender
He can sweetly whisper "Peace" !

O the beauty ! O the beauty !
Of a life that clings to God
' Mid the saddest desolation
Of affliction's direst rod.
He who "scourgeth whom He loveth,"
Is a precious "Father" still,
And the heart so tired and tortured
With the sweetest joy can fill.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Hubert's Love for Faith Again.*

Hubert, at home alone :

Yes, all I ever hoped for now is mine ;
Except one boon ! To-morrow's dawn shall bring
"Inaug'ral" morn ; and I shall stand before
This mighty nation, and the gifted band
Of foreign ministers as chosen chief
Of great Republic. O ! how true the words
She told me, once when pleading for her love,
"A will but makes a way" for grandest fate
Of earth ! And yet I feel so sad to-day :
It seems to me my heart will surely break,
With all its weight of love for her dear sake.
I've struggled hard for grandest gift of state,
And yet, not half so hard as I have tried
To win that peerless woman's heart of hers.

I little dreamed how difficult 'twould be
To see her every day, and yet not love :
I thought the pledge I gave his dying form
For this dear child, would bless me with the
pow'r

To love and cheer her each succeeding hour,
As brother should. And when we brought her
here,

I never knew a day so bright and clear !
I drank its rapture with no ling'ring fear
'Twould ever tell of pain—and then resolved
To prove to her how true my brother-love
For one I proudly claimed as sister. How
My heart responded to that manly vow !
But 'tis impossible to know her worth,
Excelling all the others of the earth,
And yet refuse my fondest manhood's love.
I fear to wed a being who might prove
But choosing me for earthly station, who
Might not reflect sweet radiance on it too.
How blest 'twould be to see the wife of him,
Who highest stands in all America,
But setting such example that the world
Would love to rev'rence her as well as him ;
One who from fashion's follies all was free,
And ever striving some sweet good to do.

How proudly could I point her out to eyes
With European splendors sated, till
The empty pomp of royalty would seem
But mockery, beside simplicity
Of rule republican—O ! I must see,
And tell her once again of all this love !
For years have past ; and this must surely prove
How true I am to all I once have said.

*(He calls for Faith, and
she enters.)*

(To Faith :)

You know, dear Faith ! to-morrow is the morn
When my bright day-dream shall be realized :
When I shall stand before my God and men
And swear allegiance to my country's laws.
I told you long ago some woman's path
Should one day grow resplendent in my fame,
Should find it hon'rab!e to bear my name.
How blest it is to thus be able now
To verify your youthful lover's vow :
You must remember all my love for you !
It can not be forgotten since it drew
Such sweet encomiums from your lips that day .
You turned my steps from Paradise away !
I am not changed by all my warring strife
In love for thee, or in best views of life :

I've tried to be a "brother"; but I find
Another hope has never been resigned.
'Tis this has nerved me in each trying hour,
'Tis this has partly blessed me with the pow'r
Of reaching wished-for height of earthly fame—
And wilt thou not now deign to bear my name?
How bright would rise to-morrow morning's sun,
Were but my dearest dream of life begun;
The dream of knowing that some future day
Such love as thine would gild my radiant way!
What double joy would spring up in my heart
In nobly bearing through my lofty part
Of all to-morrow's scenes, could I but know
The heart was mine I long have cherished so!
How, when I swore allegiance to the land,
I'd think of sweeter pledge for thy dear hand
And life, than Congress e'er could hope to give,
Were I the Nation's choice fore'er to live!
I know that I can marry whom I will
Of other women—but I love thee still!
Such love as mine blooms not in every heart;
The love I proffered once is but a part
Of what I've since experienced. Will you be
The best belov'd of all the world to me?
Wilt take my hand and pledge me here to-day,
To cheer me with thy love through life alway?

Wilt bid me gladly hope to win the hand
Of noblest woman in this mighty land ?
Wilt share with me the honors of my life,
Without its toils—wilt be my dearest wife ?
List to my song ; and Faith, believe me true,
While thus my early love I would renew :

(He plays and sings.)

And can it be my darling one !
Thou canst not smile for me,
When faithfulness had surely won
All other hearts but thee ?

Canst prize my presence as a friend,
Yet wilt not be my love,
When every moment I but send
Some prayer for thee above ?

Canst let me linger at thy side,
When I am loath to go,
And yet refuse to be the bride
Of him who loves thee so ?

A “ brother’s ” love I can not give ;
I strive—but all in vain—
As “ brother ” for my love to live ;
It gives me naught but pain.

But when I hope to win thy heart
That pain as quickly flies,
And brightest dreams to being start,
As flow'rs 'neath vernal skies.

I love thee still ! I love thee still !
For O ! where'er thou art,
Each throbbing life-pulse thou dost fill
Of this fond, faithful heart.

*(Resuming his seat beside her,
he says earnestly :)*

You will not tell me once again to go ?
You sure can love the one who loves you so ?
You can not doubt my youth's, my manhood's
vow ?

And canst thou not respond unto it now ?
Remember, I have been a faithful friend,
Such as this life may seldom ever send ;
And know by this, if thou wilt be mine own,
What deep devotion to thee will be shown—
O Faith ! believe me ! trust me ! bless me now
With more than laurel-wreath for aching brow ;
My heart is thrilling with its love for thee—
Thou must consent its chosen one to be !

Faith, earnestly :

Dear Hubert ! you have been so kind to me,
It seems ungrateful I could cruel be

Enough, to tell you that I can not love
You who so cheered my lonely bleeding heart,
When called from fondest father-love to part ;
You who have gladden'd with your manhood's
worth

The darken'd path I long have trod of earth ;
You who have taught me what I ne'er had
known,

Sweet sister-love for merit all thine own ;
You whom I prize, shall prize forevermore,
Of all men, next to darling Theodore :
And yet I can't so false and faithless prove
To him, as now to give you fondest love.
E'er since the day you told me first of this,
My heart hath known a high, exalted bliss,
And comfort in your friendship : I have tried
To loyal prove in everything beside
In giving thee the love I once have given
To dearest one to me beneath yon heav'n.
I prize you and your sister as the friends
That Heaven in sweetest mercy sometimes sends
To those bereft as I : and yet my heart
Can't learn in thy bright fate to take a part,
As in another's : I rejoice with thee
That thou shalt now thy life-dream real see,
Of place and pride : I hail the happy hour

That raises thee so high in earthly pow'r,
And fondly hope that place thou wilt adorn
With all thy manhood's worth in life's bright
morn ;

And that some lovely woman too may share
Thy throne of honor, and thy fondness there.
Such woman sure were blest to win a man
Who never stooped to low, ignoble plan
To thus arise to this great nation's head,
One who along his path hath honor shed
Since first he started in the arduous race :
Such woman too will hold exalted place
In what's far more, a noble, faithful heart :
Sure some would gladly welcome such bright part
In life as this. But O ! my faithful friend !
My spirit o'er the waters e'er must send
Its sweetest homage to the one afar,
Who follows only Duty's guiding-star,
With none to cheer his pathway save his God,
Pursuing path that Christ Himself hath trod.

(*Warmly.*)

O ! 'tis so grand to love a man like this !
No other love could bring me half the bliss
That this hath done : I see him in my dreams ;
And e'er the same heroic one he seems.
Sometimes he tells me of his precious love,

And then how blest the fleeting moments prove ;
Sometimes he whispers of his lonely fate,
And then my love for him doth grow so great
My heart seems bursting with its precious weight
Of pure affection ; while his loving smile
Repays my spirit's fondness all the while.
Sometimes I see him stand and read the Word
That bade him go forth with the "Spirit's
sword"

To battle for his Maker, and his voice
Bids every fibre of my frame rejoice.
Sometimes I see him kneel in distant land
To beg God's blessings ; then I see him stand
With hands uplifted o'er some dusky head
That Spirit-teaching to his side hath led ;
Then hear the heathen bless him as he goes
To seek afar his business or repose.
O, Hubert ! you can never, never know
How strong 's the tie that binds my spirit so
To that blest being ! He is scarce a man
At all ; he's built on more exalted plan
Than men are wont to be : his very eye
Is lit with sweet expression from the sky ;
And when he speaks an angel seems to breathe
Around the spot, and brightest visions wreath.
He's coming, too ! I've heard the gladsome news ;

And now my heart could never dare refuse
To give him all its homage. He will come
Erelong to bless my path—thy sunny home—
With all his lofty manhood's precious worth—
(*Pleadingly.*)

O, Hubert! love the noblest one of earth!
For sake of her whose love you now would woo,
O! let him know thy fond affection, too!
For 'twas so brave to go forth thus alone,
And prove the worth my heart's so gladly known;
So grand to trust his Maker thus and try
To do His sacred will before he die.
I love you as a sister should: Wilt love
My darling as a brother; thus still prove
The best of earthly friends to him and me?
Remember, it is Faith who pleads with thee,
Ere thou dost grace the Presidential chair,
To grant one boon to her ere seated there:
That thou wilt welcome to thy splendid home
The one she loves, whenever he may come?
Thou hast been all so noble heretofore,
Thou canst be noble still a little more;
Canst grace thy triumph with a deed like this;
Which to my loving heart can bring such bliss:
Remember all my lonely, lonely life
Since first he left me, with such sorrow rife

Since both my parents went to yon bright heav'n,
And sure the precious boon I ask is giv'n ?

Hubert, tenderly :

O, Faith, if you had ever, ever been
Like other women, I would deem it sin
Unto myself to grant the wish you ask :
To bid me willing see your spirits bask
In love mine is denied. And yet, I feel
A sympathy, for all your sorrows steal
Across my heart, and know that I will be
Both kind and true to him who's dear to thee.
I honor, too, his manhood's lofty worth,
I think myself, such deeds are not of earth ;
And when he comes you need not ever fear
That Hubert's frown shall chill his presence here ;
For I shall wed Honora : she is kind,
And to my faults and foibles e'er was blind ;
She's next to thee in lofty spirit mould,
Nor wealth nor honors e'er her heart controlled ;
She's noble, too ; will make a loving wife ;
And she shall be my chosen one through life.
Her eye will brighten when I tell her this,
Her heart will quaff a deeper cup of bliss
Than e'er before, when Hubert tells his love,
And to her faithful heart I'll faithful prove.
But come to-morrow : see me when I swear

Allegiance to duties waiting there [prayer
So grand and great; and raise one heartfelt
That Hubert ne'er may soil escutcheon fair,
By one foul deed to State or human soul,
So long as this great land he doth control.
And ask in faith that I may ever be
True to my God, my country, and to thee;
That I may bless that noble woman's path
With joy such as in life she never hath
Essayed before; that in her loving heart
My own may find at least some counterpart
Of all the joy it might have found in thine;
That 'round each other both our hearts may
twine

With love eternal as the heav'ns above;
That each may e'er rejoice in that bright love
As sweeter boon than all of earthly state,
However grand it may be, or how great;
That we may live as noblest ones should live,
That each some blessing to the world may give
In kindly deeds—and when the hour shall come,
To leave this earth to find a brighter home.

Faith:

I will be there: before the sun shall rise
My heartfelt prayers shall seek the beauteous
skies

For blessings on thy faithful spirit. And
When all are waiting 'round the scene so grand,
Know I am praying for thyself and her,
That heav'n's best love your paths may ever
cheer

With brightest beams of purest happiness,
And fondest joy your spirits e'er may bless ;
That earth may shower down its honors vast,
While love around you brighter beams shall cast,
And both your hearts may find in each its all
Until you go unto your Father's call.

[*Exit Hubert*

Faith, plays and sings :

Dark clouds have lowered all day long,
And heaviest raindrops poured,
Still high above the torrent's song
My happy heart hath soared.

And why? The day is hast'ning on,
O! would that it were here!
When he who fond affection won
Again this heart shall cheer.

For he is coming o'er the main,
With all his manly worth,
And he will soothe me here again,
The dearest one of earth.

Those eyes shall glow as once before
When of his love he told,
And higher then my heart shall soar,
As in the days of old ;

For I can trust my God and live
Without fond parents' love,
If but my faithful one He'll give
To lead me on above.

O! speed ye waves, the coming craft
That bears him to his home,
And sweetest sonnets to him waft,
Ye winds, until he come ;

Shine bright ye stars, above the way
He passes o'er the main,
And gild, thou sun, with brightest ray
That path each morn again ;

And shine, thou shore of Native Land,
A beacon-light to cheer
The heart of noblest one so grand
Until he's safely here :

Then let this spirit warble forth
Its sweetest welcome-song
To whom of East, West, South or North
Its dearest hopes belong.

SCENE II.—*Theodore's Return.*—(On board Steamer
nearing America, at night.)

Theodore, sings:

Dark night is stretching now its wings
Across the wat'ry blue,
And crested waves as living things
Are chasing fast from view ;
While far beyond their boist'rous swell
I catch a glimpse of shore,
A gleam from land I loved so well
In sunny days of yore.

And yet that shore were not so dear,
Though native land it be,
Did not the thoughts my spirit cheer
That whisper now of thee :
Within that home's a mansion bright
Where peerless one doth dwell,
And all above, around, in sight,
Of only her doth tell.

I left thee in my youthful prime,
And years have passed away ;
O ! art thou as in olden time,
On that remembered day ?

I've kept my heart's best jewels bright
In thinking oft of thee—
O! dost thou hail the thought to-night
I'm coming love to thee?

Or hast thou learned the bitter task
To trust another's love,
When he who once thy heart did ask
Can all so faithful prove?
I look into the depths beneath
And think thy love must be
As bright as ocean's pearly wreath
That glows within the sea;

I upward gaze to stars above,
And feel the matchless worth
Of all thy spirit's youthful love
Is high as these o'er earth;
And as the breeze sweeps softly by
And towards thy home doth flee,
I murmur prayers to yon bright sky
My dearest one for thee!

No lapse of time can ever tear
Remembrance from my heart
Of her I deemed so true and fair,
Of my own soul a part;

For O! my darling one so dear,
While far beyond the sea,
I felt my heart was nestling here,
Forever here with thee.

I have not placed thee on the throne
That God alone should fill,
Yet ever since thy worth I've known
The sweetest joy would thrill
My being at the thoughts of thee,
Or mention of thy name,
And whether on the land or sea
This joy is all the same.

As luscious grapes yield brightest wine
But once unto the press,
So doth this youthful love of mine
Maturest manhood bless.
The vessel slowly nears the shore,
Fond hope but grows more bright ;
I'll clasp thee soon to part no more—
My precious one, Good-night !

(He kneels and prays.)

O God! I thank Thee, thank Thee for the
strength
That Thou didst give me in the long ago ;

That by Thy precious Spirit I was led
To do Thy will while fondly loving so
The being dearest to this faithful heart
Of all the world ! I scarce can realize
How it was possible I then could go
Across the deep—But O ! what joy I know
This moment basking in my Saviour's smile,
And soon, ah soon ! to greet my love the while.
I thank Thee, thank Thee for the precious pow'r,
Vouchsafed me through each dark and trying
hour,

To trust Thee still, my Maker and my God !
I praise Thee now for discipline's stern rod ;
For I have learned the highest joy of earth,
The joy of knowing Christian manhood's worth.
And I would pray Thee, gracious Father, now
Renew within my heart the precious vow
That e'er hath made me true to Thee and her :
Let its bright radiance on my heart confer
Still sweetest joy as long as I may live—
And now unto my darling, Father ! give
Such spirit as Thou knowest she may need
To follow path where Duty yet may lead.
O ! may her loving heart respond to mine
In all pertaining to blest will of Thine ;
May we be welded in a heav'nly faith

That naught of earth, except the chill of death,
Can e'er unbind ! May all our wishes prove
According to Thy holy will and love !
May we be useful ever here for Thee ;
And when we go to vast Eternity,
O ! take us Saviour ! through Thy deathless love
To dwell fore'er with Thee in heav'n above.

SCENE III.—*Theodore Visits Faith—Strange News for
Fidelia.*

Theodore, entering and warmly greeting her :

My darling ! don't you know me ? Have I grown
So old and ugly that I am not known ?
Is heathen land reflected in my face ?
Can I no longer hold the honored place
In that fond heart you gave me once of yore ?
Must I behold my darling's face no more ?
I've come across the stormy waves to see
My precious one—am I not dear to thee ?

Faith, tenderly :

Yes, Theodore ! the dearest one of earth !
Long years have only proven all your worth :
I was so happy that I could not speak
When first I saw your love-lit countenance break
Upon my vision. I have longed to see
Your form, if possible, more dear to me

Since those I loved, my parents, both are gone ;
I've been so weary here, so sad alone,
Except my dear Fidelia's kindly care, [there :
And Hubert's, Lilian's friendship blooming
But all is well since he I love has come
To gladden life again within my home.

Theodore :

Yes, darling ! I have heard of your great cross,
To me it seemed so sad, your parents' loss ;
And earliest moment that my heart could find,
My post of duty there I quick resigned,
And hasten'd to thee once again to tell
Of fondest love that I have kept so well
Through all these weary, weary, toilsome years,
With weight of loneliness and frequent tears,
For heart I prized in days of long ago,
And e'er have found such joy in loving so.
O Faith ! could you have been there but one day,
And realized the cares that blocked my way,
Your tender heart had but rejoiced to know
That its blest love could e'er such aid bestow.
When I was wearied in the arduous strife,
And almost thought I cared not for my life ;
Then thoughts of thee would whisper in my
 breast,
And bring my sadden'd spirit sweetest rest.

When toiling through the feverish tropic day,
My heart across the waves would oft-times stray,
And then return but laden with love's flowers
To shed their sweet perfume through all the
hours.

When I would strive to do my Maker's will,
And some blest joy my soul would gladly fill,
I'd find my heart with rapture quickly thrill
At thought like this: dear Faith will prize me
For all my labors on this heathen shore; [more
And when I'd sink in weary sleep, I'd see
Thy smile of welcome now so blessing me;
I'd hear thy own dear voice in sweetest tone
Repeating o'er our converse ere I'd gone; [song
And then I'd hear thee breathe some precious
That in my heart would linger all day long;
I'd tell thee of my love again, again, [pain
And thou wouldst soothe each throb of bitter
By telling me of precious word that's giv'n
To cheer our varied path from earth to heav'n.
O! I have learned the worth of thy blest love!
I prize it next to that of God above;
And while I live I trust no carking care
Shall e'er invade its throne so radiant there
In this fond heart. How hast thou passed the
years?

Have they been mocked by any darksome fears
That I could e'er forget thy youthful love,
That I could e'er a faithless lover prove ?

Faith :

No, never ! 'Mid the darkest storms of life,
When every scene around with grief was rife,
The thoughts of thy dear love would come to
cheer

As rainbow spans the cloud that erst was drear,
And rouse me to a sense of precious hope
That with earth's griefs I still might dare to cope.
When mother died she mentioned thy blest love,
Just ere her spirit sought its home above ;
When father by a treach'rous hand was laid
Beside her, ere he passed the darksome shade
Dividing life from death, he spoke of thee
As one who could but true to honor be,
And God's own will. But when your portrait
came,

For Humphrey was restored to former fame,
And cleared of crime, how blest it was to me
Thine own dear features ever thus to see !
In darkest hours I'd to their presence flee,
And pray God's blessings there on thee and me ;
And when I was not sad I loved to gaze
Upon them till my soul would seem to raise

Itself above the earth, and thou and I
Together thus would seek the radiant sky.

Theodore :

I'm surely, surely blest! I've leave to stay
A year or more, from that far field away ;
For it has tried my health to dwell so long
In distant clime where tropic fumes belong.
But dearest ! you will wed your lover now ?
Though darker shade has crossed his once fair
brow,
And deeper thought has settled in his eye,
Yet you can there the same fond love descrie
As erst of yore ? You will not bid me wait
To link for aye your own unto my fate ;
You will not give to worldly pomp and show
In preparations hours I'd cherish so ;
You will not mock my faithful, loving heart,
All tender and devoted as thou art,
Because the world says never wed in haste ;
You will not bid me weeks and long month
waste
When I so wish that joyous day to speed
That makes us one ; you'll wed your lover now
Whose spirit yearns to consecrate blest vow
That makes him ever thine : say, will you, love ?
You know this heart can but most faithful prove.

Faith :

I will not mock your noble, manly worth
By needless lapse of time for wedding mirth ;
I would not give thy converse for one hour
For all the pomp in royalty's high pow'r,
Nor yield the homage of a heart like thine
One moment for the treasures of a mine ;
No grand parade could half the radiance throw
Upon our lives as that we gladly know,
Because true love hath sweetly gemm'd them so.
A few short weeks and I will be thine own :
It surely can't be hasting, when we've known
This precious love for years, to lay aside
The rules that worldly unions oft-times guide.

Theodore :

I knew you would, my darling ! be as e'er
The same this waiting heart and life to cheer
With all that thou couldst do to make it blest.
One only thought now mars my spirit's rest,
One thought I dread to speak, and yet must say,
Before our lives can mingling flow alway :
And, darling ! I would have you think of it
Before I bind you to the pledge you've made ;
And pray our God He'll give you strength to see
In this, as in all else, my love for thee,
And Him whom I must ever daily serve,

Nor from that life-long homage dare to swerve.
You'll be as other women ; you will be
The mother of sweet children : I would see
Each of those children consecrated young
Unto the Mission-cause ; I'd proudly give
A line of long succession to that land,
Of ministers such as the Apostles were :
Their lives—our children's lives—would be as
ours,

All to be spent in their Redeemer's cause ;
Their lives like ours, would find but one true joy,
That joy, obedience to their Maker's laws.
I'd have you think of it ; and you shall be,
If you desire it, from engagement free :
But should you still decide to marry me,
I'll love you as no mortal e'er hath loved ;
I'll press you to my heart with all the zeal
That angels for their kindred angels feel,
And prize you as no mortal e'er can prize,
Next to my God who dwells in yon bright skies.
I beg your pardon, love, to speak of this ;
But rather that than ever there should be
One thought to mar our future harmony.

Faith :

O Theodore ! I've lived so lonely here,
I can't relinquish him to me most dear ;

My woman's heart is true unto its love,
However hard that love's great task may prove :
I can not give you up for any thought,
This love so long hath been so closely wrought
With all my hopes and dreams of future bliss,
I can not yield you up in hour like this :
When I am thine I must contented be,
Yea, happy, too, in being led by thee.

Theodore :

O Father ! God ! now guide us both aright,
Until we meet Thee in Thy mansions bright ;
Thy will alone we'd follow on this earth,
And prove, O God ! Thy Spirit's precious worth.
I am repaid for all my lonely toil,
For all my sorrow, all my sad turmoil
Of every scene in distant heathen land ;
I realize my mission now more grand
Than e'er before. Then cheer thee up, my love !
I will not ask thee soon from hence to rove
To that far land : when we've been wedded here,
And dwelt in our blest home one happy year,
Or more, thy Theodore will then essay
To bear thee with him to that land away.
Our time for weeping's past ! the winter's gone—
Drear winter of the heart ; and o'er the lawn—

Our present lives—there spring forth vernal
flowers,

To cheer us with their fragrance all the hours.

One token more of this blest love I'd have

Thee wear henceforth through life unto the grave ;

(He hands her a ring with

THEODORE *inscribed*

therein.)

'Tis this : may single word that there appears

Soothe all thy sorrows, banish all thy fears

Through life : 'tis "*Theodore*" ; and may he be

In truest sense "*the Gift of God*" to thee ;

For thou hast been so faithful unto me.

'Tis solemn vow we've pledged this happy day,

And may its radiance never pass away ;

In storm, in sunshine, on the sea, the land,

May we e'er true to all its duties stand,

While hearts united throb as only one

Until our mission here is nobly done.

You spoke of one, "*Fidelia*" : I have borne

Strange news for her across the stormy wave.

Some time ago a dying stranger gave

Me sad account of all his wicked life ;

How he'd deserted loving, faithful wife

In this far land, and then to China gone

To win vast wealth, enjoy it there alone.

And he succeeded ; for the finest teas
That e'er were sent across the raging seas,
He gather'd in that distant Eastern land,
And thus amassed a fortune vastly grand.
But ere he could enjoy one-half its worth
The summons came for him to leave the earth ;
He sent for me, had sometimes heard me preach,
And begged the way of life to him I'd teach :
He told me all—then wept ; and prayed ; and
 sung ;

His heart with deepest anguish sore was wrung,
And begged me pray for him. He seemed to
 grow

Some calmer ere he died ; and told me go,
And beg his wife his cruelty forgive ;
Said he would gladly now desire to live
To prove to her that he could still be kind,
Although before he'd been so harsh and blind.

(Handing her a package of papers.)

I wrote directions that he told me then
That I must give unto her keeping when
I reached this land : they show her where to find
The stores of wealth for which he all resigned
Of manhood's honor and its highest worth—
O ! not for all the kingdoms grand of earth
Would I consent to die as he did there—

Yet stranger still! another heard his prayer
Who had been waiting for a day more fair
To start to far America. He came
Soon afterwards, and told me too his name—
'Twas "Hugh"—and said he'd loved that
woman too,

And fond affection from her heart once drew;
But that a fiend had sadden'd all his life,
Forbidding that he e'er should take a wife,
By foul pretense he was a nat'ral child;
That he was stricken by such anguish wild,
He vowed he ne'er would see her face again
Until his heart was freed from that dread pain;
That he would never drag a woman down
To wed a man so 'neath the world's cold frown,
And started forth to find the bitter truth;
If false report, renew the love of youth
So soon as foulest slander was disproved;
How all through life this woman he had loved,
And late had found the clew to his deep woe
In "Eric's" schemes, who yet could wrong
her so [me

When she was sought and won. He came with
Almost across the howling, surging sea
That oft-times boiled along our stormy path
As though a fiend would clutch us in its wrath,

And toss to pieces in its wicked play.
His health was broken ; and one stormy day
He whispered suddenly : “ I go away !
Tell her I’ve loved her dearly all through life,
And ever hoped to claim her as my wife ;
Give her my blessing and my fondest love,
And bid her meet me in the realms above.”
He said no more, but seemed to fall asleep ;
We buried him beneath the wailing deep,
And ever and anon as breakers came,
Before we landed, I would seem to hear
His voice repeating his “ Fidelia’s ” name,
And softly murmuring of “ the one so dear.”
He was a noble-hearted man : we found

(Handing her a locket)

His picture in a locket clasped around,
And I have brought it here to give to her—
O ! strive, my darling ! that lone heart to cheer ;
For she has had a sadd’ning, bitter life,
And ne’er deserved such sorrow’s deadly strife.

Faith :

She’s noble woman too : Theodoric
Once offered his fond love and honored life
To her would she consent to be his wife ;
But firm in strong temptation—for her heart
Has tend’rer grown from all life’s bitter part,

And she would prize a love like that great man's,
Yet long ago she'd traced out duty's plans
For future days ; she would not dare to love
Another while she could not surely prove
Her husband dead. 'Tis better he is gone ;
The tempest will be stilled in heart so long
That came and went on dread suspense's wing,
To make her life a sadly with'ring thing.
God's promises alone were all her stay :
To these she clung through every darkest day
With faith like Jacob's when the angel came,
And wrestled with him ; or like Abraham's
When placing Isaac on the funeral pile,
His breaking heart clung to his God the while.
Celestine now is proud Theodoric's wife :
He said he wished above all other things
To wed a woman whom he knew was good
In heart, and true in soul ; and deemed
The Bishop's " heav'nly " daughter sure must be
Such one as dear Fidelia erst had been
Before her life was mocked by Eric's sin.

Theodore :

And Hubert has been truest friend to thee :
He's told me all, my precious one ! and said,
No other man should ever hope to wed
The one he loved while he was still alive ;

But that if there was aught he now could do
To gladden lives of those so fond and true
As we, that he would ever gladly be
A friend and brother still to thee and me.
I'll see dear Doctor Ev'rard ; he must be
The man performing sacred marriage-rites
That make us one, my darling ! thee and me :
His heart will throb with pleasure now to know
Our lives together hence through time shall flow.
I'll come again to-morrow : you will be
More ready then with words to welcome me
Than first to-day, when you could scarcely speak
Because with joy your heart was like to break.
Until to-morrow only will I go ;
I can not leave you long I cherish so ;

(*Smiling.*)

Make haste my darling with that wedding-dress,
Lest thou shouldst have to soothe too my distress.

[*Exit Theodore.*]

Angels sing :

O ! how joyous ! O ! how joyous !

Does the path of duty prove
To the hearts that trust His promise,
To the souls that know His love :

Long ago in midnight sadness
He had torn himself away,
But in brightest morning gladness
He is well repaid to-day.

Long ago the tear-drops falling
From her lonely, weeping eyes,
Ofttimes dimmed the heav'nly radiance
Of the brightest vernal skies ;
But how changed is love's dominion,
How her glances sparkle now,
How the look of sad dejection
Flees from off her sunny brow.

O ! ye have been doubly faithful
To your spirit's only love,
And how rich the cup of blessing
For your faithfulness doth prove—
Precious Spirit ! gild their pathway
With the light to angels giv'n,
Till this earth grows so effulgent
It shall seem almost a heav'n.

SCENE IV.—*Reginald's Miserable Death.*

Reginald :

Yes, sister ! I am sinking ! I had hoped
To yet regain my usual health : I've lost

The precious moments God vouchsafed me here
That I might strive to see His face in peace,
In thinking of my many worldly joys [cease
When dread disease should flee, and I should
To be an invalid. I was so blind,

To ne'er behold God's goodness unto me,
Till now a "flaming sword" it seems to be
Forbidding every hope to enter heav'n.
How many thousand benefits were giv'n
From his all-bounteous hand to win me back
To paths of rectitude and safety : I
Have dared to scorn them all—and now must die !

My life, my wicked life, now sweeps before
My painful vision—I can hope no more !
He gave me all that God Himself could give ;
A thousand sacred wooings bade me live
As men should live to meet the judgment day ;
But led by Satan I have thrown away [doom ;
Each chance to 'scape the sinner's dreadful
A life of woe is mine beyond the tomb.

I am Leander's murd'rer ! For I knew
The blow must still the heart so fond and true ;
I gloated in my spirit o'er his fall ;
A thousand demons to me gladly call,
And tell me they are waiting now for me
Where rages e'er a surging, molten sea,

And I shall deepest in its vortex be.
I murdered Rosalind ! She were alive
Had I but bid one of her heart-buds thrive
By kindly deed. She did not hope to wed ;
But still could happy be for life, she said,
If I would only change my wicked life,
Become the husband of a Christian wife,
And strive to enter heav'n : I only laughed
At joy her soul forgiven then had quaffed,
And told her " I would hear no preacher's lies ;
How could they know of life beyond the skies,
Or that there was a hell ? " She paler grew ;
I never knew a soul more fond and true,
Or worthier of the noblest manhood's trust,
Had I been half as pure as she. " But love, "
I said, " must ever hellish snare but prove " ;
I cursed the hour I saw her beauteous face,
And taunted her with all her deep disgrace :
And then her eyes grew radiant with a glow
I knew would lead some time to rest below
The " lilies of the valley. " O ! I've been
The deepest-dyed of every wretch in sin !
I thought a woman's heart a trifling toy
That men might break at will for wicked joy ;
I did not know it e'er could prove so strong
From fortitude and heav'nly faith within :

My father always said that "women were
The weaker vessels"; and I ne'er was taught
To deem them worthy of a serious thought.
I see it now! I would I'd ne'er been born!
The treach'rous wiles by which her heart was
torn,

Sprang from same principle that bade me seek
Leander's ruin, and vengeance on him wreak,
Because I could not win his peerless child.
God's Spirit wooed me: but I deemed it wild
And foolish e'er to list to Spirit-call;
And now I'm sinking to that dreadful doom
Awaiting sinners when they pass the tomb.

(To Theodore.)

I called you, Theodore! because I thought
Some pity might in Deity be wrought [Power
By your blest pleadings: but I've dared the
That only could sustain me in this hour;
And now I feel that were all earth to plead,
God's Spirit grieved would never deign to heed
That pleading for a wretch as vile as I—
There is no hope! In my despair I cry:
O! had my sister only once e'er told
Her brother, true to her, to look, behold
God's goodness in the universe around,
My soul, perhaps, salvation might have found.

No word like this e'er came to me from her ;
In worldly schemes she would my spirit cheer,
But never once in all my married life
Did she desire me to join the Christian strife
That leads from earth to heav'n. I never knew
Her breathe a prayer ! I never saw her draw
Her footsteps nearer any minister, [God,
When he would plead with streaming eyes for
And tell of all the path the Saviour trod
While here on earth : she'd only laugh and say,
" It might be well to hear of such some day ;
But she would dance and sing while she was
young ;

And when the pall of age was o'er her flung,
And pleasure could not thrill her heart as now,
Perhaps before her God she'd learn to bow."

(*To Ophelia.*)

O sister ! couldst thou know the woe that springs
In this doomed soul at thought of all these
things,

Thou sure wouldst fly to God and beg Him spare
Thy life awhile to spend it all in prayer.—

(*Wildly.*)

I feel the flames of hell caressing me !
I see dark spirits lost encompass me !
I hear a voice break o'er the flaming sea :

*" You scorned in health to hearken unto Me :
 And now I'm deaf to bitter cries from thee "—*
 The earth recedes from out my struggling grasp,
 And fiends are clutching me with burning clasp !
 I feel their hissing breath upon my brow—
 I strive to flee—but sink—where am I now ?

Angels sing :

O God ! Thy precious Word declares
 Thy Spirit will not strive
 Forever with the wicked hearts
 Where naught of good doth thrive ;
 That while Thou art "long-suffering,"
 The sinner yet may dare
*To cross the line of all Thy grace
 And find perdition there."*

Christ did not come to bid the earth
 Without some effort rise
 To sense of spirit's purest worth,
 And home beyond the skies :
 He bids us "*seek and we may find,*"
 Us "*knock, the door will ope*"
 To grace by which "with world, and flesh,
 And devils" we may cope.

But should we dare to scorn His Word,
That erst had brought us life,
Should we essay another path
To guide us through the strife;
That gracious Spirit is withdrawn
Which once had bid us come,
*And we are left of God forlorn
Without a Heav'nly Home.*

SCENE V.—*Lawrence's Love for Fidelia.*

Lawrence, entering:

I thought I heard a low and sweet, sad song
Just as I entered : will you sing for me ?
'Twould seem so like the olden time to hear
Your voice again ; I wish to hear the song
You just were finishing when I came in.

Fidelia :

'Tis very sad : I seldom ever sing
It for myself ; and never for the ears
Of others, save once, twice, perhaps, for Faith,
Who seems to like it much. It was composed
One summer eve when I had late received
A note of invitation from a friend
To visit him and wife, and see, he said,
“How happy they were in their quiet home.”
My life's been far too sad for me to go

On journey such as that ; and thinking o'er
Their happiness, I penned that little song.

Lawrence :

Then play it now for me : I'm sure I can
Appreciate a song from any one ; [sing.
And more a sad, sweet strain that you would

Fidelia plays and sings :

When Eve was sent from Paradise
An exile o'er the earth to roam,
Dost think her heart had borne the sight
To look upon her formèr home ?

' Twas then in mercy "angels stood
With flaming swords" to guard the way,
Lest by some chance her luckless steps
Had heedless turned again that way :

So I, bereft of joys that once
An earthly Eden made for me,
Would fain forego the madd'ning sight
Thy lovely, happy home to see.

Then cherish with the fondest love
The heart that blossoms there for thee ;
But O ! forbear to ask that I
Those heav'nly flow'rets e'er should see.

I scent their fragrance from afar,
I feel their perfume on the air,
And this shall guide my weary soul
To clime more bright, and home more fair.

Lawrence :

I've listened well to every note of thine,
And now I beg thee listen well to mine :

(He plays and sings.)

I loved in days of long ago,
When both of us were young,
When he who prized "Fidelia" so
Her constant praises sung.

Then why not now, when both our brows
Are frosted o'er with snow,
Renew the tenderness of vows
That blessed me long ago ?

They say that hearts can never love
But once in this sad life ;
But who can truth of this e'er prove
That battles in its strife ?

The earth would be a dreary world,
If spring but once could come,
In all its loveliness unfurled
To bless our waiting home :

So would existence oft be drear,
A wintry state indeed,
If only once fond love could cheer
The faithful hearts that bleed.

Then let us pledge those vows again
That sceptics can't believe ;
For love will soothe the heart's deep pain,
When souls its truth receive.

(Taking a seat beside her.)

I have not sung by chance ; this song was made
To sing for thee ; though I'd not thought so soon
To tell thee of my love. But 'tis as well : [too,
Oft when we've planned our words, and actions,
An overruling Providence doth come,
And make it best we otherwise should do.
Thus your sweet song but opened up the way
For me to tell what I had come to say
Before I left. You can not doubt my love ?
I heard of all your trials ; wept with you,
Although those faithful tears you never knew ;
And would not yield my heart to other love
While life to thee did all so darksome prove.
I've heard too, lately, news that thou art free :
Thou wilt not, as Theodoric, banish me
Because another tie's now binding thee ?

Thou canst not deem I've acted hasty here,
When for long years thou e'er hast been so dear?
I knew you far too well to hope to win
The heart I felt would deem it but a sin
To love another while her husband lived—
But dearest! long enough—too long you've
grieved

O'er what misfortune was, but not your fault.
You ever have been dear to me through years
All dimmed with thine, and oft with my own
tears :

The highest, sweetest songs I've ever sung
Were echoed notes that through my bosom rung
In those old days when we were both so young,
And I attuned my harp to sing for thee.
Thou hast not lived in vain! For thou hast
stirred

The warbling cadence of full many a word
That shall perhaps endure when I am gone.
And I?—My heart has not been all alone :
For mem'ries oft would come of those blest hours
Like wafted essence of undying flowers
From reminiscence of the olden days,
When all my gladness was to sing thy praise.
Thou didst not chide ; but listened to the song,
However rude its measures flowed along ;

And thus encouraged, I have lived to see
A proud, true laurel wreath ennobling me.
Thou hast not lived in vain ! My grateful heart
Shall ever bless thee wheresoe'er thou art !
The world perhaps had never heard those lays
Which now it loves to honor and to praise,
Hadst thou not listed to my boyish songs
With kindness which to noblest souls belongs ;
And I, it may be, ne'er had seen thee more,
How sad so'er thy life were darken'd o'er.
Love is the natural state of hearts, and is
Essential to them as the laws that bind
The planet-worlds unto their central sun.
Some people are like weather-gauges ; when
They smile we know we are esteemed full well
Both far and near ; and when they darkly frown
We know we are not popular just then :
They have not stamina enough to be
A friend in weal or woe still true to thee.
My love is like the arbor-vitæ tree,
That fresh all wintertime delights to be ;
Or like magnolia-grandiflora which
So proudly in thick forest raises up
Its leaves of evergreen, while fragrant buds
Perfume both far and near adjacent woods ;

Whose leaves when winter comes unchanged still
stand

In fadeless foliage ' midst the forest-land.
As Sappho strung her sweet melodious lyre
To one blest love, and breathed her spirit's fire
Into those notes till Greece revered her name,
So I, from boyhood to an age of fame,
In all my songs have loved to tell a flame
But kindled by thy virtues in my youth,
And strung for aye for cause of love and truth.
The mem'ry of those hours has cheered each
strife,

The hope to win thee yet has gladden'd life
' Mid all its struggles ; and I've come to-day
To tell thee of the sweetly cherished sway,
Unconscious, thou hast wielded o'er my heart
Through life ; shalt wield till I from earth depart
To realms above where shines a brighter day,
And where perhaps I'll tune a loftier lay
In token of my love for God and thee.
And now, at last, wilt be my darling bride ?
Of youth my love, of life's bright noon my star,
I'd have the self-same beams to cheer me far
Adown decline of life till I shall sleep
With thee beside me, where the willows weep,
And birds and breeze shall sweetly linger too

To tell, when we are gone, of love so true.
You will not longer clasp a life thus drear
When I am waiting for the one so dear,
As flow'rs but wait the earliest breath of spring
Their brightest beauties o'er the earth to fling,
And bid its bloss'ning bosom cease to know
The howling wintry storms that grieved it so?
You will not say your heart can never love,
Because misfortune did its fondness prove?
I could not prize you half so well did I
Not know you, for blest love can live or die :
We yet may see the happiest days of life ;
Wilt thou not be my own, my faithful wife ?

Fidelia :

Perhaps you have not heard of all my life ?
I've other hist'ry, too, besides the strife
Of Eric's sad desertion—Here's a face

(Showing him Hugh's picture.)

That tells of one who won a lofty place
In my young heart in days of long ago :
I loved him well ; he was so noble, true ;
And now he sleeps beneath the ocean blue ;
He died asserting love for only me :
You might dislike sometimes, perhaps, to see
This locket in your home ? And yet if I

Were dwelling there I could but take it too,
And love to keep it ever near my view.

Lawrence :

Can I believe that one who faithful proved
To other love could faithless be to me ?
You were “Fidelia” in the olden days
When listing to your youthful lover’s praise,
And well I know thou hast the same fond heart
As erst before ; for “faithful” still thou art.
I could not jealous prove of dead man’s face
In whom I once sweet confidence did place ;
His love should be a link between us there,
For ne’er I knew a friend more true or fair
Than Hugh : I wept his lonely, bitter fate
When late I heard of his dread sorrow great—
(*Smiling.*)

What more wilt thou now ask before thou’lt say
That thou wilt be thy Lawrence’s alway ?

Fidelia :

But once again I’ll task thy patience here :
Thou know’st the friend of earth to me most dear ?
’Tis Faith. I could not go to live with thee
Unless I too her much-loved form could see :
We’ve pledged eternal friendship, and you know
She’ll soon wed Theodore ; some day will go
With him to China ; and if so, I must

Fulfill my vow to her of solemn trust :
 You would not go to distant heathen-land
 When honors here are thine so great and grand ?

Lawrence, smiling :

Indeed ! Indeed ! I've loved a woman long,
 Have given her the praise of all my song,
 Have kept my love for her fresh in my heart,
 While in her own a *woman* hath a part
 Along with me—Ah ! this is poetry,
 E'en more than poet's heart itself can stand

(*Seriously.*)

Yes, dearest ! when they leave their native land,
 If ' tis thy pledge, we'll go along with them :
 Our President, dear Hubert, has a heart
 As warm and true as thine own woman's is ;
 And, if I ask it, he will give to me
 The post of foreign Consul there to be.

Fidelia :

You are a noble lover ! How I prize
 The light that sparkles in those radiant eyes !
 How all the precious, manly, loving truth
 That gemmed your earliest songs in gladsome
 youth ! [snow
 You sure have kept your heart from winter's
 If now its frost doth sprinkle temples so.

Lawrence :

Ah, yes ! my heart I've guarded with fond care,
Lest thy bright image should escape from there :
'Tis this has bid my sonnets ever prove
So redolent of hope, and truth, and love ;
'Tis this has bid me mountain-tops oft scale,
And ne'er allowed me speak or think of "fail" ;
'Tis this has cheered me so in lonely life ;
I dreamed sweet dreams fore'er of spirit-wife,
And tuned my harp afresh to her each day,
Though she should be long leagues and leagues
I never once believed that I would die [away.
Until your own loved form was dwelling nigh ;
A something seemed to whisper : " Wait ! believe !
Her heart thine own did never yet deceive ;
And sometime, when God's will is served thereby,
Your life with hers the fates will surely tie."'
Some would have called it wildest poet-dream ;
And yet it always did so pleasant seem
To think that after lapse of weary years,
When your sad life was surfeited with tears,
And mine was honored far and near, I'd lay
My laurels all beside your darken'd way,
And bid your heart rejoice as once of yore,
When with love's brightest hopes 'twas gilded
o'er.

I would not handle your vast property :
Its income e'en could not belong to me ;
I never could consent to meddle there :
My own inheritance is proud and fair,
That song hath given me ; and I would be
From cares of money-dealers ever free.
Our lives will soon be o'er : I mine shall spend
In proving e'er I'm your most loyal friend,
And true devoted husband. We will dwell
In joy and gladness where we've loved so well ;
And when they go across the stormy main,
We will renew our vows of love again,
And speed unto that distant land to find
Our gladsome lives to holiest joys resigned.
We'll wed when they do : when their prayers
arise

For blessings on them from the sunny skies,
Our hearts will throb with self-same pleasure too,
Our love as radiant, tender, fond, and true.

(Handing her a ring)

Here is a ring, to me of priceless worth,
Not for its diamonds which most brilliant are,
And thousands represent ; but for the fact
A monarch o'er the seas once sent it me.
He'll not object to know my gladden'd heart—
For his in sweet home-joys oft takes a part—

Intrusted to my love his jewels bright :
He'll not esteem me less ; for he's a man,
And will remember how fond love began
In his proud heart, though then upon a throne ;
He'll estimate my feelings by his own,
And dream again of all the rapt'rous bliss
That's typified in emblem like to this.
He's nature's nobleman as well as king,
And by degrees o'erruling Heav'n shall bring
Such monarch as himself to love God's laws,
So well they will espouse great Freedom's cause
Some day ; and all the world shall rise from
tomb

Of serfdom, as the glad millennial bloom
Of Freedom cries : *Thy earthly Kingdom's come !*
O ! who can live in this great western world,
With all its blessings 'round him so unfurled,
And not believe the oracles of God ?
We are not told in sacred Book He trod
This continent—But O ! its mighty power
Loomed on the prophet's eye in gifted hour,
When he foretold to earth stupendous dower
Of weal and woe awaiting the “last days” :
Its mighty natural wonders join the praise
Of suns and systems as they wheel around
His throne, to which the universe is bound

By spirit-ties more subtle than the law
That guided Newton's apple ; and which draw
All things created 'round that Glory-throne,
While earth, hell, heav'n proclaim them all His
own.

One song I'll sing thee more to glad thy heart
With love's own melody before we part :

(He plays and sings.)

Come ! O come with me my darling !
Where the water-lilies grow,
Where the wavelets sweet are rippling
In their quiet, sparkling flow ;
And I'll bind a wreath of flow'rets
For thy waving, sunny hair
That shall glow like gleams of morning,
And which only thou shouldst wear.

Come ! O come with me my darling !
Where the birds are singing now,
They will warble in their gladness
Sweetest echoes of our vow ;
And while we are listening to them
In their melody and glee,
They will breathe a bridal sonnet
Softly there for thee and me.

Come! O come with me my darling!

Where the stars are shining bright,
With their gorgeous diamond clusters
Lighting up the brow of night;
And while we are gladly gazing
Upward through the radiant blue,
Sweetest dreams of our blest union
Shall be flashing on our view.

Come! O come with me my darling!

Where our own bright home shall be,
It is waiting with its portal
Now stretched wide for thee and me;
And while we are passing through it
Angel-forms shall 'round us glide,
Breathing sweetest benedictions
For my darling new-made bride.

[*Exit Lawrence.*]

Angels sing:

O! the joy, the joy of knowing
All the love the Father sends
To the hearts that do His bidding,
And are still the dearest friends;
Like the sun in arctic regions
Which dispels the long, drear night,
How this love gilds all existence
With its wondrous flood of light.

O ! the bliss, the bliss of loving
 Hearts that ne'er have been but true,
 Through each varied phase of being
 Keeping love forever new
 With a trust that knows no failing,
 With a zeal that ne'er can die,
 And a fondness that shall blossom
 Still more sweetly in the sky.

Then forever ! yes, forever !
 Let that love its blessings throw
 ' Round the paths that ne'er can sever
 While they linger here below ;
 And when we shall sweetly bear them
 To congenial sphere above,
 Brighter still shall grow the radiance
 Of that blest unearthly love.

SCENE VI.—*The Double Wedding.*—(*Theodore and Faith, and Lawrence and Fidelia present themselves in the Church for the performance of the marriage ceremony.—Dr. Evarard officiating.*)

Theodore to Faith, who tremblingly enters the vestibule :

A little courage, love ! 'twill soon be o'er
 And we'll be one, and blest forever more.

(The two couples take their places in front of the minister.)

Dr. Evarard :

Beloved ones, we stand together here
In sight of God and witnesses, to join
These men and women in the blest estate
Of matrimony ; which is hon'rablè,
And instituted by our God Himself
In time of man's first innocency. thus
Portraying union mystical that binds
To Christ His Church ; and His blest presence
Adorned and beautified the marriage-rite
In Galilee with His first miracle,
Which is commended by St. Paul to be
Among all men most honorable ; and
Is therefore never to be enterprised,
Nor tak'n in hand unthoughtfully, *but e'er*
Advisedly, discreetly, rev'rently,
And in the fear of God. In which estate
These persons present come now to be joined.
If any therefore can show any cause
Why they may not be joined together here,
Let him now speak, or else forever hold
His peace hereafter.

(Silence for a few moments.)

(To the two couples :)

I require and charge
 You all, as you will answer at the day
 Of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts
 Shall be disclosed, if any of you know
 Aught why together you may not be joined
 In matrimony, you do now confess ;
 For be assured, those who are coupled here
 Together otherwise than as God's Word
 Allows, are not together joined by God,
 Nor can their matrimony lawful be.

(Silence for a few moments.)

To Theodore :

Wilt have this woman for thy wedded wife,
 To live together after God's decree
 In holy state of matrimony? *Wilt*
Thou love her, comfort, honor her, and keep
Her e'er in sickness and in health ; and all
Beside forsaking, keep thee only her,
So long as both of you shall live ?

Theodore :

I will.

To Faith :

And wilt thou have this man to ever be
 Thy wedded husband, here fore'er to live
 Together after God's own ordinance, —

In holy state of matrimony? *Wilt*
Obeys him e'er in all things reas'nable
And serve him, love him, honor him and keep
Him e'er in sickness and in health, and all
Besides forsaking, keep thee unto him,
So long as both of you shall live?

Faith:

I will.

Theodore, placing a ring on her finger :

With this I wed thee, and with all my goods
 Of worldly kind I thee endow : in name
 Of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

*(The same ceremony is performed for
 Lawrence and Fidelia.)*

Dr. Evarard prays :

Our Father who in heaven art,
 O! hallowed be Thy name ;
 Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done
 On earth as ' tis in heav'n ;
 Give us this day our daily bread :
 And O! forgive our debts,
 As debtors we forgive ; into
 Temptation lead us not,
 From evil O! deliver us ;
 For Thine's the kingdom, Lord,
 And Thine the pow'r, and glory, too,
 Forever, Lord. *Amen.*

O God ! Creator and Preserver, too,
Of all mankind, and Giver of all grace,
The Author of eternal life, now send
Thy blessing on these men and women here,
Thy servants, whom we bless too in Thy name ;
As Isaac and Rebecca faithful lived
Together, so may they perform and keep
The vows and covenants between them made,
And e'er remain in perfect love and peace
Together, living as thy laws direct,
Through Jesus Christ, our Saviour, Lord. *Amen.*

(Joining Theodore's and Faith's right hands.)

Those whom God together joins,
Let no man asunder put.
Forasmuch as Theodore
And as Faith together plight
Holy wedlock's sacred bonds,
And have witnessed here the same,
In the presence of their God
And this company, have pledged
To each other lifelong faith,
And declare the self-same thing
Joining hands together here,
I pronounce them husband, wife,
In the name of Father, Son,
And of Holy Ghost. Amen.

(The same ceremony is performed for Lawrence and Fidelia.)

He prays for Theodore and Faith :

And now, O God ! we beg Thee mercies pour
From Thy exhaustless fullness on these hearts
That long have loved, and striv'n to do Thy will.
May he go forth a stronger, better man
In Thy great vineyard, for her woman's trust ;
May she the handmaid of the Lord e'er prove
In aiding him to accomplish much of good. [in
Thou knowest them ! And Thou hast tried them
The furnace of affliction ; now we pray
Thy gracious presence in their lives alway :
May earth grow better for their precious faith ;
May souls be won to Thee as years go by
To shout Thy praises through Eternity ;
Until all earth below and heav'n above
Shall join in one grand hymn of matchless Love.

For Lawrence and Fidelia :

And grant, O God ! these long dissevered lives
May be as one the short time which survives
Between their marriage-service and their graves :
And when they die, as sunset radiance leaves
In all the west, O ! may their parting be
As lovely when their spirits go to Thee,

And leave behind a glow of mellow light
 To lead true hearts to Thine own mansions
 bright.

He blesses both couples :

*May God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 Preserve, and bless, and keep you all ;
 The Lord with favor look
 Upon you ; and so fill your hearts
 With benediction, grace,
 That you may live together here
 In this short life, that in
 The world to come you may have life
 Forever more. AMEN.*

(They receive congratulations.)

Dr. Evarard to Theodore and Faith :

God bless you both ! This is a happy hour
 To one who loves you well, and e'er desired
 To see you consecrate the noble gifts [hearts
 That heav'n bestowed on both your heads and
 Entirely to your Great Redeemer's cause.

Bishop Elmer :

I can go forth on arduous journeys now

With greater strength since these young people
pledge
Their lives to mission-cause.

Honora to Faith:

Accept, dear Faith !

These bridal flowers : they are my husband's gift,
As well as mine ; and emblematic are
Of our pure love for you ; and of your life
So spotless in its blest integrity.

Hubert to Theodore and Faith :

We ever shall feel honored in the thought
That we have known a pair so fond and true
Unto each other, and to Duty's call.

Lilian :

Yes, brother ! I'm a better woman now
Than had dear Faith ne'er dwelt beneath our roof ;
From her I learned the follies of my youth,
From her to love the cause of God and truth—

(*To Faith.*)

My love shall go with thee across the wave,
Shall bless thee living, or within the grave.

*Celestine to Fidelia, handing her a bridal
bouquet :*

Accept our gift : the heart that loved thee once
Could find no sweeter token of esteem

For one who taught him, long ago, the right ;
Who blesses now my path with purest light
Of love reflected from thy spirit bright.

Theodoric to Fidelia :

Yea ! I have found the joy to only love
According to God's will ; shall ever prove,
By faithfulness unto my own dear wife,
The lesson that I learned from thy pure life.

Theodoric to Lawrence :

We shall expect a sweeter sonnet now
Than ever decked with laurel-wreath thy brow :
If love expectant chanted forth such lays
As roused the nation to a poet's praise,
How high his muse her plumage now must raise.

Humphrey to Theodore :

If ever there was mortal man on earth
Who almost equaled angel in his worth,
'Tis thou ! May all a gracious God can do
To bless a soul so faithful and so true
Be ever thine ! This heart can never tell
Its debt to him who loved my soul so well ;

(*He weeps.*)

But when we meet in yon blest home above
Perhaps I'll able be to tell my love.

[*Exeunt all.*

Angels sing as they leave the Church :

We have left the courts of heav'n
To be present to-day,
Where a sweet foretaste is giv'n
Of a joy that shall alway
Ripple through the righteous bosoms,
With a never-ceasing flow,
Of the beings who communing
With their God shall Eden know.

We have listened to their wooing,
We have heard them tell their love,
Like the soft and tender cooing
Of a sweet, unmated dove,
Which doth linger in the forest
With its low and plaintive tone,
Seeking for its absent lover
Till the day is almost gone.

Now at last, at last, we hear them
Plighting holy marriage-vows,
While each heart with thrilling fullness
To its God most humbly bows ;
And we bring them, on our pinions,
Essence of that Love divine
Which beyond this world's dominions
Ever 'round their hearts shall twine.

Guide and Guard them blest Redeemer
With thine own especial care,
May they never cease to praise Thee
For their lives so fond and fair:
And when we are bid to take them
From the bliss they now enjoy,
May this self-same pure affection
Oft their heav'nly song employ.

SCENE VII.—*Theodore and Faith at Home.*

Theodore to Faith:

How blest this hour! Creation seems to
breathe
The sweetest benediction on our lives:
The hum of birds, the rustle of green leaves,
The flash of sunbeams, and the evening light
Receding westward all attest in glow
Appreciable to spirit-ken the joy
Of loving and of being loved! I think
Of lonely, dreary years beyond the sea,
When all my joy was hope of winning thee,
And wonder that I lived: I could not go
Back there again without my other self.
'Twas faithful, gen'rous, true to never wed
When noble, gifted lover warmly plead
To win thy heart: thou wouldst not be the wife

Of President, with splendors 'round thy life,
But chose a Missionary's love to be,
Who'd bear thee far across the surging sea.
I would not be idolater—but O !
I bless the hour when first I learned to know
The half of all thy worth ! I can but prize
This last, best gift of God from out the skies.
As mountain-streams that rise from out the earth,
And wander onward o'er a thousand miles,
Or more, to seek the sea, but ne'er return
To find their source again ; so love to me
A mighty river bears my spirit on
Towards boundless ocean of Eternity.
It flows along 'mid valleys of sweet bloom,
While ever and anon high mountain-peak
Of joy supernal o'er its breast doth break
With bliss which mortal tongue may never speak ;
Its music thy loved voice, its rippling flow
The accents dear I long have cherished so,
Its sunshine smiles from out thy sparkling eyes,
Thy quiet brow its tender evening skies ; '
Thy loving tone the soft melodious flow
Of spirit music which the angels know,
And which my life shall henceforth gladden so ;
Its morn the splendor of the sweet surprise
That lights and lingers in thy radiant eyes,

When with love's sweet caress I call thee mine,
And with my hungry arms thy form entwine.
I know that Adam never could have known
A joy more pure, more heav'nly than my own
In Eden, when he clasped his maiden-wife
Who crowned with bliss his lonely manhood's life :
I know the angels could not love him more,
' Mid all the bloom of Paradise, before
He fell to sin and earth, than now they love
The being who can all so faithful prove
To fond affection as my Faith to me.
There's not a breeze that softly wanders by
But brings some precious message from the sky ;
There's not a sound that falls upon my ear
But is reminder of the form so dear ;
There's not a scene in all the earth abroad
But tells of thee, and lifts my soul to God.
There's not a throb of this fond, loving heart
But longs to clasp thee, faithful as thou art,
Unto itself in one warm life-embrace,
And from existence every sorrow chase :
There's not a breath that greets me from yon
 heav'n
But to thy lips with gladness could be giv'n,
As with one never-ending sweet caress
A ceaseless nectar-draught my soul would bless.

While o'er it all—this precious newborn joy—
An angel-tongue seems ever to employ
Its song in whisp'ring of the coming day
When we shall loving, willing haste away
To that far land where God will surely bless
Our spirits with the purest happiness
In foll'wing Duty's call. One more embrace
Before I leave thee in our dwelling-place
To spend an hour with Lawrence : love will bring
Me swiftly back upon his waiting wing,
And then again we will the vows renew
That bind us e'er through life so fond and true.

[*Exit Theodore.*]

Faith, alone :

It is so strange that he should love me so !
That I on earth such heav'nly bliss should know !
I, who have waited through long, weary years
So fraught with sadness and with bitter tears,
Should see, at last, a day supremely blest
Wherein my long-tried heart secure may rest.
To list unto my Theodore's soft tone
Caressing me and calling me " his own " ;
To know the rapture of his burning kiss
Which thrills my heart with strange unearthly
 bliss ;
To tremble in his arms as frighten'd child

That can not realize a joy so wild
And new as this unto my maiden-heart ;
To list his words, and then to quickly start
As though 'twere wrong to know such wondrous
love

As that which fills my heart and bids it move
Responsive to his every tender tone ;
To feel the glow from off his manly cheek
In warmest ripples on my forehead break.
To clasp his hand and know that he is mine
Is joy that for the world I'd ne'er resign.
As father in his noble, thoughtful prayer,
As mother in his ever loving care,
As best of brothers with his ready smile,
As sister sweetly winning all the while,
As fondest lover in his tenderness ;
As *all of these* he doth my spirit bless.
I ne'er shall want for fond affection more :
With heav'n's own light earth now is gilded o'er.
O ye! who in this life have oft-times need,
To drink at some blest fount, refreshed to go,
Again to mingle in the scenes below ;
If you can find a faithful, loving heart
Wherein foul demon, Mammon, holds no part,
Which Glory's self can ne'er entice away
From strictest path of Duty grand to stray,

A soul which linked to yours shall bid you climb
To heights of thought and feeling most sublime ;
Then cast about you 'mongst the forms you know
For one like him, who can such joy bestow
Upon your lives, they'll seem as fresh and new
As though your breath from Eden's bow'rs you
drew.

(She plays and sings.)

O ! would you bring an off'ring
For trusting woman's heart
More regal in its splendor
Than gems of Eastern mart ;
Wouldst fill her spirit's measure
With bliss like that above ?—
Give her the priceless treasure
Of a faithful husband's love.

O ! would you waft a sonnet
Unto a woman's ear
That e'er would linger on it
With melody most dear,
Through every scene of sadness
A blessing e'er to prove ?—
Give her the magic gladness
Of a faithful husband's love.

O! would you breathe a message
 Within that woman's soul,
 That e'er can wake blest echoes
 Beyond the world's control ;
 That with its sweet caressing
 Will lead her on above ?—
 Give her the spirit-blessing
 Of a faithful husband's love.

SCENE VIII.—*Lawrence and Fidelia at Home.*

Lawrence, smiling :

“ You do not think me old at all,” you say,
 “ Because I sung so sweetly yesterday
 Of youth and love ?” No ! I shall ne'er be old,
 Unless, perchance, my heart should grow more
 As benedict than when a bachelor ; [cold
 And this, I know, is sure impossible,
 When I e'er kept it warm for thee afar ;
 It now must burn and glow as gladdened star
 When beams from its bright central sun soft fall,
 And wake to vernal bloom its flow'rets all.
 Do you remember, once when we were young,
 I walked beside you one bright summer's eve
 When sun was setting, and I stayed my steps
 To make the moments longer ; how you spoke
 Of coming night if we delayed much more,

And how I sighed and dared to say no more ;
Yet lingered still ? I'll ne'er forget that hour !
'Twas with the utmost strength of boyhood's
pow'r

And will I then controlled my pleading heart,
Until I homeward should again depart :
I longed to tell you all ! My soul was full
To overflowing with its weight of love :
And yet I feared to test your friendship ; for
I knew if then rejected I'd withdraw
Forever from you ; and I could not bring
My heart to risk such bitter suffering
As that had been. I felt, to linger near
Sometimes within thy presence all so dear,
Were bliss enough for me ; and dared to hope
No other man would with my wishes cope,
Until kind fortune deigned to show a way
For me to win you mine, and love alway.
But Hugh and Eric came ; and then I knew
There was no chance for me. The song you drew
Forth yesterday is echo of the strain
That swept my heart that eve, and comes again
Whene'er I turn to that sweet glowing page
Of mem'ry's sacred volume. But 'tis well :
My faith is now rewarded ! I've the prize
For which I loved to soar towards sunny skies,

And downward waft a song to some kind ear
Who'd drink its music for the one so dear :
I'm recompensed for all my lonely life ;
My first, my only love is now my wife.
" You wish to hear that song again ? " O Love !
How sweet a master doth thy lordship prove ;
We are not young ; and yet our spirits bound
With self-same joy as when thou first wast found.

(He plays and sings.)

He never told her of his love,
Although his heart would beat,
Whene'er her footsteps wander'd by,
With throb so loud and fleet ;
'Twas bliss enough for him to know
That she was passing near,
'Twas joy supreme for her lov'd tones
To greet his list'ning ear.

'Twas like the dawn of springtime hours
To gaze into her eye,
Her cheek was brighter than the flow'rs
That bloomed in beauty nigh ;
Her voice seemed sweeter than the bird's
Unto his loving heart,
And soon within his inmost soul
Her image found a part.

He never told her of his love,
Yet ever hoped some day
His life would brighter grow beneath
Her spirit's genial ray :
But while he tarried thus, there came
A lover fond and new
Who won her heart with tender flame,
And to his dwelling drew.

He never told her of his love,
And yet in after years
He found its gushing tenderness
In floods of bitter tears ;
And then he knew the secret deep
Of all his being when
He lingered near, but could not tell
His homage to her then.

There came an hour he saw again
The form he loved of yore,
And then his heart was free of pain,
With joy was brimming o'er—
He told her all : she heard his words ;
And then they pledged that love
That gilds his evening sky with glow
Like that of heav'n above.

And shall I sing another song for thee ?
It may not seem so full of melody
As other was ; and yet I love to tune
November's harp as though it were but June,
And have thee think that "Paradise hath come"
Again to bless thee in an earthly home ;
For love can clothe my locks so thin and gray
With self-same hue they were in life's blest May.

(He plays and sings.)

When fond life is fast receding
Towards the sunset shore of death,
And the spirit still is pleading
For the boon of love's sweet breath ;
When the Summer all is ended,
And the Winter draweth nigh,
Shall a vernal hue be blended
With a cold autumnal sky ?

When the birds are all preparing
For their southward yearly flight,
And the leaves a glow are sharing,
Telling Winter's coming blight
Shall the sun forget his mission
Towards the cold solstitial heav'n,
And the heart reap sweet fruition
That to Spring alone is giv'n ?

Yea, it may be ! When October
Fast is fleeing from the earth,
And November all so sober
Checks the ling'ring summer's mirth ;
Nature pauses for reflection,
Ere the Winter's pall, she'll bring,
Calms her own deep sad dejection
With the balmy breath of Spring.

Who hath wander'd in the valley
In this holy Autumn time,
And not felt his spirit rally
Unto nature's vernal chime ?
Who hath gazed on all the splendor
"Indian-summer" e'er must bring,
And forgot to sweetly render
Homage for another spring ?

Thus would I, ere life be ended,
Tune my harp to sing thy love,
Which within my heart hath blended
Joys like those of heav'n above ;
Thus while vernal air is breathing
Sweetly 'round my path below,
Would I song for thee be wreathing
Ere shall come the Winter's snow.

Fidelia :

O! could I tell you half the love I bear
For one who can such lofty being share
As only angels know, thy heart would beat
Like music to my own's blest rhythm so sweet
That comes with words of thine! My lonely life
Ere heav'n vouchsafed the doubly precious boon
Of being such a noble songster's wife,
Appears before me like some blacken'd cloud
That earth and time with somber hue can shroud
Until they seem a vast funereal pile,
And heav'n itself can only weep the while.
But ah! how changed since I have known thy
love!

In one blest moment all that darkness fled,
And brightest sunshine o'er my path was shed.
'Twas like magician's wand had changed the sky
Of bleak December to an April one,
While birds and flow'rs and breeze came wafting
by

Their praises for the boon I late had won;
Or like the glow that lights the mountain-peak
Erst wrapped in darkness and in chilling snow,
Till sunrise bids each icicle bespeak
The glory of the Godhead beaming so;
Or like the flow of some vast, unknown stream

That through the thickest jungles finds its way,
Till in one moment all its waves but seem
Rejoicing as they catch the ocean's spray,
And mingle with its fullness there alway.
I heard thy songs in those dark, sadden'd days,
As night will hearken to the whippoorwill,
And half forget it knows not solar rays
In all the music of his gushing thrill ;
Or as the flowers when drooping 'neath the rain
But sparkle if the sun shall shine again,
So I, when weeping in my bitter woe,
Some joy would find in listing to the flow
That bore thy spirit on forever so.
The love of one like thee in oldest age
Is more than youth-time bloom of other lives,
It can the tend'rest thoughts and hopes engage
So long as mortal life itself survives :
Yea ! when we sleep within the silent tomb
Methinks this love can never wholly die,
'Twill be transported but to brighter bloom
In sphere congenial far beyond the sky.
I can not hope to sing as thou dost sing ;
And yet I would my humble tribute bring
For one so gifted, yet so fond and true :

(She plays and sings.)

I saw a storm-tossed vessel once
Upon a darken'd sea,
And winds and waves were lashing it
In direst mockery ;
And many a craft was sailing near,
And many a look was cast
Towards that poor weather-beaten thing
That bowed before the blast.

And yet no help from mortal hand
Towards struggling ship dared go,
It might perhaps reach far-off land,
But ne'er again could know
The joy of walking o'er the waves
As other vessels do :
And darker and yet darker still
The storm around it grew.

I saw a noble sailor then,
A chart within his hand,
And heav'nly light within his eye,
Launch forth from distant land
To reach that struggling vessel's helm
Before all hope was gone.
I saw him draw her into port
When broke the early dawn.

That vessel O! my husband, dear!
Was thy Fidelia's heart,
That 'mid the storm and breakers there
Had almost lost its chart;
That sailor is my Lawrence brave
Who stemmed the raging sea
Of worldly scorn and prejudice
To give his love to me.

As long as earth shall gladden 'neath
The gleam of solar hours,
As long as spring shall blossom with
Bright sunlight and with flow'rs,
So long my grateful spirit shall
Attune its hymns to thee,
Who rescued thy Fidelia from
Such sorrow's surging sea.

Lawrence:

One other song I'll sing; and it shall flow
Just as my spirit now may bid it go;
For I believe the sweet impromptu song
Is that to which the dearest joys belong.

(He plays and sings.)

I saw a noble vessel sail
From out a royal port,

I saw her streaming banner fair
 With passing zephyrs sport ;
And as she sped so swift away
 Towards far-off sunny sea
All who beheld her said, could aught
 More proud or gallant be ?

I saw that vessel reach the waves
 Of ocean's billowy breast,
While he who stood to guide her way
 Grew careless with the rest :
A storm came on ; his eye had failed
 To note its gath'ring there,
And all upon that vessel paled
 With signs of deep despair.

Afar upon the ocean's breast
 Another steamer lay,
Whose helmsman marked that beauteous
 craft
 When sailing out that day :
He knew her rigging all was right,
 Her make was faultless, too,
And swift across the raging sea
 His vessel nearer drew.

The struggling ship was well-nigh lost,
He'd almost been too late,
Her helmsman had the life-boat seized,
And left her to her fate :
When O ! with Heav'n's own helping hand,
And heart all filled with love,
He lashed that steamer to his own,
From out the storm to rove :

The waves but scoffed to see his faith,
And thought to wreck him, too—
But Heav'n vouchsafed to hear the prayers
Of hearts so fond and true ;
And now with softest summer gales
They're sailing side by side,
Secure from all the bitter woes
That ocean's depths betide.

He knows that vessel is the best
That ever stemmed the sea,
He knows with perfect build she's blest,
And Heav'n's own symmetry :
And while the world talks of the storm
That almost wrecked her there,
He thanks his God for wind and wave
That brought him gift so fair.

[*Exeunt both.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Little Theodore's Welcome.*

Theodore :

O Faith ! I love this child as my own soul ;
And love you too, far more than e'er before,
Because you are the mother of my child.
As Christ loves more His church whose members
But martyrs, if it needs be, thus to prove [are
Their love, fidelity to Him ; so will
A thinking man esteem the woman who
For his dear sake can such dread suff'rings bear.
You understand now better than you did
The meaning grand of all he nobly said
That beaut'ous day I felt my heart was yours.
O ! ' tis exalted privilege to be
The mother of a Christian's children, Faith ;
For she has precious promises, to cheer,
The worldling ne'er can claim ; while gratitude
Of faithful husband can assuage her woes.
I ne'er before could realize the half
Of beauty in those Scripture passages [babes ;
Which tell of Christ's sweet love for earthly
But now they're clear as clearest noonday sun—
Ah ! surely life, true life had just begun
When I essayed to win thee and to go

To mission-field. 'Twill be so sweet to bear
Our darling with us when we go forth there,
To stay perhaps until our lives are o'er.
He'll grow up dear "celestial" in a home
From which perchance he ne'er may wish to roam ;
And they will list to him with keener zest
Because their land with his sweet childhood's
blest :

They will not steel their hearts with prejudice
'Gainst him as 'gainst a stranger ; they will see
His zeal for God for their own good must be,
And he can lead them with a gentle hand
To aid him teach the millions of their land
The way of blest salvation—O ! 'tis grand
Inaugurating plan like this ! My heart
O'erflows with love for its high destined part
In this design—My Saviour, O ! I praise
The love that hallows with unearthly rays
The blest fruition of my latter days.

What shall we call him, dearest ? He's so fair,
And looks so sweet and cunning nestling there,
We must select some name with meaning high
To give this little wand'rer from the sky.

Faith :

[name—

Let's name him Theodore—your own dear
His call in life you know must be the same

As yours ; and he will surely love to be
 The bearer of the name ennobling thee ;
 No other truly e'er could signify
 A meaning grander, one more sweet and high
 Than "Theodore"—our little "gift of God" ;
 Let's hope when life is o'er he will have trod
 The same bright path thy duteous footsteps press,
 A path that God and angels love to bless.

(He takes the babe in his arms and sings.)

A father welcomes darling boy
 With fond paternal care,
 A mother's heart throbs with new joy
 For stranger nestling there ;
 I gaze within his peering eyes
 That look so strange around,
 As though he missed his native skies
 On this low earthly ground.

I lift his tiny, rosy hand,
 And clasp it in my own,
 And feel a thrill from heav'nly land
 I ne'er before have known ;
 I press his little velvet cheek
 With proudest earthly kiss, [speak
 While quiv'ring heart-strings quick be-
 A strange and rapt'rous bliss.

O Father! bless this precious child
With Heav'n's own gifts divine,
Upon whose birth the angels smiled,
And longed to seal him Thine :
May his whole life here dwelling, be
A hymn of sweetest love,
Whose notes, when comes eternity,
Shall join the song above.

Angels sing :

We have searched among the treasures
That are sparkling near God's throne,
We have numbered all the blessings
That unto His Grace are known ;
And from out the Godhead's fullness
There's no purer earthly joy
Than the Father gives the creature
In the first-born baby-boy.

'Tis a joy that He hath nurtured
In His own benignant breast,
When the Son, Incarnate Being,
Earthly footsteps sweetly pressed ;
And He prizeth all the gladness
Of that faithful father's heart,
Who rejoiceth thus to aid Him
In so grand and good a part.

O ! may they fore'er remember
That sweet child is only giv'n
That themselves and he may enter
Sometime in the courts of Heav'n :
Brightest jewel He hath loaned them
From the treasures of His Love ;
Grant, O God ! they keep it burnished
Till it shines again above.

SCENE II.—*Little Theodore's Baptism.*

(*Theodore with little Theodore, and Faith take their places in front of the minister in the church, Dr. Evarard officiating.*)

Dr. Evarard :

Well beloved, forasmuch
As all men conceived and born
Are in sin, and that our blest
Saviour saith Except a man
Shall be born of water, and
Of the Spirit, he can not
Into God's blest kingdom come :
I beseech you that you call
Now on God the Father, through
Jesus Christ, that of His grace
He will grant unto this child

That by nature he hath not :
That baptized he may be with
Water and the Holy Ghost,
And accepted into Christ's
Holy Church, and now be made
Lively member of the same.

(He prays.)

Almighty God, we now beseech Thee for
Thy mercies infinite, that Thou wilt look
Upon this child: wash him and sanctify
Him with the Holy Ghost; that he may be
Delivered from Thy wrath, received into
The ark of Christ's great Church, and being
made

Secure in faith, in hope, in love, may pass
The waves of this sad world, that finally
He'll come to land of everlasting life,
To reign with Thee, world without end, in joy,
Through Jesus Christ, our Saviour, Lord. *Amen.*

O Gracious God ! grant now that in this child
Old Adam may be buried so, that the
New man may be raised up in him. *Amen.*

Grant that all carnal thoughts may die in him,
And that all things which may belong unto
The Spirit live and grow in him. *Amen.*

Grant he may have the gracious pow'r and
strength

To have the victory, and triumph 'gainst
The devil, world, and flesh fore'er. *Amen.*

Grant whosoe'er is dedicated by
Our ministry and office unto Thee
May be endued with heav'nly virtues, and
Fore'er rewarded through Thy grace, O God !
Our blessed-Lord, who livest, and who too
Dost govern all, world without end. *Amen.*

Almighty, ever-living God, whose Son,
For blest forgiveness of our sins, did shed
From precious side both water, blood, and gave
Commandment to disciples that they go
Teach nations all, baptizing them in name
Of Father, Son and Holy Ghost : regard,
We beg Thee, prayers of congregation here ;
And grant, this child, to be baptized now may
Receive the fullness of Thy grace, and e'er
Remain in number of Thy faithful and
Thy chosen children through the bounteous
grace
Of Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord. *Amen.*

(The congregation stand and he reads.)

They brought young children unto Christ, that He

Should teach them. And his followers rebuked
Those bringing them ; but when Christ saw it, He
Was much displeased, and unto those around
Said, *Suffer little ones to come to me,*
Forbid them not, of such God's kingdom is,
Whoe'er of all the earth shall not receive
God's kingdom as a little child, shall not
E'er come therein. And then He took them up
Within His loving arms, and placed His hands
Upon their little forms, and blessed them there.

(*To Theodore and Faith.*)

In bringing this dear child into the Church
Of Christ by baptism, ' *tis your duty to*
Teach him renounce the devil, all his works,
Vain pomp and glory of the world: with all
The covetous wishes of the same, and all
Desires of flesh, that he may not be led
By them, nor follow them : teach him believe
All articles of Christian faith, and to
Obediently keep God's holy will,
Commandments all the days that he shall live.

(*Taking the babe in his arms.*)

Now name this child.

Theodore :

We call him Theodore.

(Pouring water upon him.)

Dear Theodore! baptize I thee, in name
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

(The congregation kneel in prayer.)

He prays :

O God ! may life of little Theodore
With brightest love for Thee be gilded o'er ;
May he be reared in all Thy blest commands
To teach Thy truth in distant heathen lands,
While Spirit of the blessed Saviour e'er
His righteous soul and life shall deign to cheer.
Wilt be with those who guide his childhood's
hours,

And bless them e'er with highest spirit-powers
To lead him sweetly in the blessed path
Which in both worlds the highest honor hath.

May he grow up as Samuel, from a child
Devoted to thy service ! May he be
From every earthly crime forever free ;
May grace anoint his tender, youthful heart,
Preparatory to exalted part

Thou hast perhaps designed that he should fill—
Forbid O God ! that we should place our will
As Thine : and yet if 'tis Thy blest design
That he as Missionary preach Thy Word,
O ! give him blessing of the " Spirit's sword,"

'The "helmet of salvation," and the "shield
Of faith" to quench the darts of wicked one :
May "truth his loins well gird," and "breastplate
'Thy righteousness" his sure defense e'er be : [of
And ere he goes forth in this weary world,
May his young feet be shod full early with
'The "preparation of Thy Gospel peace,"
'To tell Thy Word, and bid earth's sorrows cease.
As ocean's waves forever tossing grand
Are bearing laden vessels to far land,
So may his efforts in Thy righteous cause,
E'er aiding men to keep Thy holy laws,
Be means of sure transition for their souls
Beyond where earthly circumstance controls,
'To that blest haven in yon radiant sky
Where heav'n begins, and joys shall never die ;
Where we shall learn more perfectly Thy will,
And love far more to do Thy service still,
Than e'er on earth—while ceaseless ages roll
To bless with endless bliss each happy soul,
And all Creation joins the wondrous lay
'To praise the Trinne Godhead there alway.

Our Father who in heav'n art,
O hallowed be Thy name ;
'Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done
On earth as 'tis in heav'n ;

Give us this day our daily bread ;
 And O, forgive our debts,
 As debtors we forgive ; into
 Temptation lead us not,
 From evil, O ! deliver us ;
 For Thine's the kingdom, Lord,
 And Thine the pow'r and glory too
 Forever, Lord. *Amen.*

[*Exeunt all.*

Angels sing as they disperse :

Ye have made a holy compact
 In the presence of your God,
That as far as ye are able
Duty's path shall e'er be trod
By that precious infant's footsteps
As he journeys on below ;
 While bright beings all celestial
 Joy this sacred vow to know.

Ever guard him ! Ever guide him,
 As ye'll wish that ye had done
 When the sands of life are wasted,
 And its journey brief is run ;
 For a time is surely coming
 When earth's dwellers all shall stand
 In the presence of their Saviour
 For a reck'ning great and grand.

Who shall bear those awful summons,
When the graves shall yield their dead,
With a quiet, calm composure,
Save those only who have led
Lives of holy, blest obedience
To His ever righteous will,
While Creation's wreck with terror
Wicked spirits all shall fill?

Blest Redeemer! Blest Redeemer!
Grant that in that trying hour [ing,"
Their bright "lamps be trimmed and burn-
That they be endued with pow'r
To escape the conflagration
Which shall wrap the world with flame,
While Thy rescued congregation
Shouts the praises of Thy name.

SCENE III.—*Embarking for China.*

(*Theodore, Faith and little Theodore, and Lawrence and Fidelity embark for China. Bishop Elmer, Celestine and Theodoric, and Hubert, Honora and Lillian, Dr. Evarard and Humphrey accompany them on board the ship. They partake of the Lord's Supper before the vessel sails.*)

Bishop Elmer, rising:

Assembled friends! On this dear, solemn day

I call attention loving to the words
Of Christ's beloved disciple, John : "*I will
Not leave you comfortless : I'll come to you.*"
Of all the scenes and incidents wherewith
Our Saviour's stay on earth recorded is, [glad,
There's none more sweetly sad, more grandly
Except the matchless scene of Calvary,
Than this, wherein He promises the gift
Of Paraclete and Patron to their souls
When He should leave. Methinks John's loving
heart

Must e'er have welcomed with uncommon zest
All passages pertaining to Christ's love :
His must have been a nature somewhat like
His Master's in its fullness of blest love
And sympathy for others. E'er he seems
Forgetful, as it were, of sterner themes
In dwelling on God's goodness unto men.
And it is meet that he who welcome "leaned
Upon his Saviour's breast," recipient was
Of charge such as no other mortal hath
Been honored with since time began, the care
Of Christ's blest mother ; and who lived to see
Fulfillment of that precious prophecy
Which puzzled Peter's brain : "*If I should will
He tarry till I come, what's that to thee?*"

When on the isle of Patmos he beheld
Christ come again, and heard His precious voice
Speak words that bade his prison'd heart rejoice,
Should deeply realize and ofttimes tell
That Saviour's matchless love he knew so well.
Christ felt the cross approaching ; and He would
Prepare His lov'd disciples with the means
To bear its bitterness without despair : [cheer
He'd gird their hearts with words of sweetest
And prayer most heav'nly in its meaning dear,
For that dread ordeal ; that when He was gone
They might not feel so utterly alone ; [bear
Would bless them with the strength to bravely
Suspense of time between His tragic death
And Pentecostal day, when Paraclete [sweet
Should fill their souls with blessings far more
Than e'er before they'd known. 'Twas thus He
gave [bear
This precious promise which should aid them
Whate'er of woe He knew awaiting there.

(Earnestly.)

And thus to-day when some of us shall leave
Our native land ; and all shall sadly grieve,
We would remember meaning of His word
Which long ago His dear disciples cheered,
And bade them look beyond His coming death

To joys which Holy Ghost should sure bequeath.
These have been called by that same Spirit now
To consecrate their lives to mission-vow ;

(*Warmly.*)

And O ! may He who came upon this earth,
First Missionary, in His Godhood's worth,
In their true souls pour floods of bliss to-day
That shall forever cheer their toilsome way :
May love supernal fill their trusting hearts
With joy which ne'er through any scene departs,
To bear them on most gladly in the way
Of Duty, till shall come the final day [rise
Of earth to them ; when their true souls shall
To reap love's sweet fruition in the skies.
May those accompanying assist them, too,
In all the mighty work Thou giv'st to do,
And thus their youth and happiness renew
In serving God, who hath such mercy shown
Upon their hearts and lives that erst were lone.
And O, dear Saviour ! on this tender babe
Who goes with them, Thy precious Spirit pour,
That he may grow on far-off heathen shore
A "bright and burning light" for life to be
That shines as beacon on a stormy sea
To win earth's weary souls to worship Thee,

And find Thy love sufficient 'mid all strife
To guide them to the port of endless life.

(*Very warmly.*)

May we, O Lord ! remaining in this land
Forget not those who can so bravely stand
On Christian outpost ! *May we "raise their
hand"* [e'er giv'n,

*For conflict sure through prayers and means
That souls be won to love of God and heav'n.*

We must assist them, or they work in vain :
Throughout this mighty land may love of Gain
Subside beneath the love of Christ as snow
Melts quick away beneath bright sunshine's
glow,

And soon is lifted in the upper air
To bless the waiting world with dewy worth,
And show'rs to irrigate the parching earth,
And make it ripen with blest fruitage there.
"*Leave us not comfortless !*" O ! may we share
Thy precious promises, Thy ceaseless care,
Until this life is o'er, and we shall raise
Throughout Eternity's unending days
A matchless hymn to tell our Maker's praise.

(*He reads the invitation.*)

Ye who do truly, earnestly repent
Of sins, and are in love and charity

With neighbors, and intend to lead new lives,
As God commands, and walk in holy ways,
Draw near with faith and take this sacrament
Unto your comfort, thereby making, too,
Confession humble to Almighty God,
While meekly kneeling here upon your knees.

We do not make distinctions 'mongst the hosts
Of Christ's glad foll'wers ; all are welcome here :
The Saviour's, not our table we have spread,
And all His children are invited as
Partakers of this precious wine and bread.

(He prays.)

Almighty God ! our Saviour's Father, too,
And Maker of all things, Judge of all men,
Acknowledge we, bewail we many sins,
Much wickedness which we from time to time
Most grievously have done by thought and word,
And deed 'gainst Thy Great Majesty Divine,
Provoking Thy just wrath and ire against
Us. We do earnestly repent of these
Offenses : and remembrance of them is
Most grievous unto us. Have mercy on
Us Father, for Thy Son, our Saviour's sake.
Forgive us what is past, and grant that we

May e'er hereafter serve and please Thee in
New life, to honor and to glory of [Amen.
Thy name, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

*Almighty God ! who of Thy mercy hast
Forgiveness promised of their sins to all
That with repentance hearty, and true faith
Return to Thee : have mercy on us now ;
And pardon and deliver us from all
Our sins ; confirm and strengthen us in all
That's good, and bring us to eternal life,
Through Jesus Christ, our Saviour, Lord. Amen.*

Almighty God ! by whom all hearts are seen,
Desires all known, from whom no secret's hid :
Cleanse thoughts of all our hearts by breathings
Thy Holy Spirit, that we perfectly [of
May love Thee, worthily may magnify
Thy holy name, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

'Tis meet and right, our bounden duty that
We should at all times, in all places give
Thanks unto Thee, O Lord ! our Father, and
Almighty, everlasting God. Therefore,
With angels and archangels, and with all
Heav'n's company we laud and magnify

Thy glorious name, forever praising Thee,
And saying, Holy, Holy God of hosts,
Thy glory fills the realms of heaven and earth !
To Thee most high, be glory e'er. *Amen.*

We don't presume to approach this table, Lord
In our own goodness trusting, but in Thy
Great mercies numerous. We don't deserve
To gather up the crumbs beneath Thy board.
But Thou art God, whose property it is
To mercy have always : Grant us, therefore,
Good Lord ! to eat the flesh of Thy dear Son,
And drink His blood, that all our sinful souls
And bodies may be cleansed by His blest death,
And washed through His most precious blood,
that we
May dwell in Him, and He in us. *Amen.*

Almighty God ! our Heav'nly Father, who
Of tender mercy didst once give Thy Son,
Thine only Son to suffer on the cross
For our redemption ; who Himself thus made
A perfect, full, sufficient, sacrifice,
And satisfaction for all sins ; and who
Established, and commanded that we keep
Perpetual mem'ry of His precious death

Until He come again : Hear us O Lord !
 We humbly beg, and grant that we receive,
 These creatures, bread and wine, according to
 Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ's command,
 In mem'ry of His death and passion, and
 May be partakers of His body, blood : [thanks,
 Who when He was betrayed took bread ; gave
 Brake it, and giving His disciples, said,
*" Take, eat, this is my body given for you :
 Do this in fond remembrance e'er of me.*
 Likewise He took the cup ; and giving thanks,
 Gave it to them, and said, "*Drink ye of this :
 For 'tis my blood of the New Testament,
 For you, for many it is shed, and for
 Remission of all sins : do this oft-times
 In sweet remembrance, too, of me.*" Amen.

*(Bishop Elmer and Dr. Enarard receive
 the communion, and all pray.)*

Our Father who in Heav'n art,
 O-hallow'd be Thy name ;
 Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done
 On earth as 'tis in Heav'n ;
 Give us this day our daily bread ;
 And O ! forgive our debts,
 As debtors we forgive ; into

Temptation lead us not,
From evil, O deliver us ;
For Thine's the kingdom, Lord,
And Thine the pow'r, and glory too
Forever, Lord. *Amen.*

(They rise and sing.)

O Thou ! who long ago on earth
This table didst ordain,
In all Thy precious Spirit-worth
Meet with us here again.

To loved ones we must bid adieu,
Who to Thy vineyard go—
O ! let us now the vows renew
That can such strength bestow.

Thy precious body we would taste,
Thy precious blood would quaff
Before they start o'er ocean's waste—
Be Thou their ready staff :

Give them the grace that Thou didst have
When hanging on the tree ;
Aid them earth's dying souls to save,
And bring them back to Thee.

In all their wanderings, O Lord,
Be Thou their constant Friend !
And through Thine own unfailing Word
The sweetest comfort send.

They go ; we stay ; and yet our hearts
May undivided be ;
The ocean our frail bodies parts—
But spirit leaps the sea.

And thus when far antipodes
They seem unto their home,
Through spirit-strength all distance flees :
Together still we come.

And thus through life, though ocean rolls
Between our sever'd forms,
Thy love can bind our kindred souls
Secure from earthly storms.

Grant us, dear Lord ! when death shall come
And all shall seek our rest—
O ! may we meet in one bright Home,
And be forever blest.

*(Communicants proceed to the table and
receive the sacred emblems.)*

Bishop Elmer hands the bread :

*The body of our Saviour, Christ,
Which once was giv'n for thee,
Preserve thy soul and body till
Eternal life thou'lt see.*

*Eat it in mem'ry of the truth
That Jesus died for thee,
And let thy heart, replenish'd now
With faith, thanksgiving be.*

Dr. Evarard hands the cup :

*The blood of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Which once was shed for thee,
Preserve thy soul and body till
Eternal life thou'lt see.*

*Drink it in fond remembrance of
The fact Christ died for thee,
And dare not to forget through life
To ever thankful be.*

Bishop Elmer proceeds :

O Lord ! our Heav'nly Father, we desire
That Thou'lt accept our sacrifice of praise,
Thanksgiving, and we humbly beg, grant that

By death of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, through faith
In Him, we, Thy whole Church, remission may
Obtain of sins, and other benefits
Of His blest passion. Here we offer Thee
Our souls and bodies as a sacrifice ;
Beseeching Thee that all who here partake
Of this communion may be filled with grace
And heav'nly benediction. And although
We be unworthy, through our many sins,
To offer sacrifice, yet we beseech
Thee now accept our bounden service ; and
Weigh not our merits, but forgive our sins,
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord ; by whom, with
In unity of Holy Ghost, be all [whom,
The honor, glory unto Thee, O Lord !
Almighty Father, evermore. *Amen.*

- To God on high be glory, and
On earth good will toward men.
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee,
Give thanks to Thee also
For Thy great glory, heav'nly King,
Our Father and our God.
O Lord ! the one begotten Son :
O Lamb of God ! that tak'st
Away the sins of all the world,

Have mercy on us now.

Thou that removest all earth's sins
Receive our prayer. Thou who
Now sittest high on God's right hand,
Have mercy on us too.

Thou only holy art : alone
Art Lord : Thou only Christ,
With Holy Ghost, art highest in
God's glory e'er. *Amen.*

*May God's own peace keep all your hearts
And minds in knowledge, love of God,
And of His Son, our Saviour, Lord ;
The blessing of Almighty God :
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Be 'mongst you now, and e'er remain
With you forevermore. Amen.*

*(The Captain of Steamer announces
his readiness to sail.)*

*Bishop Elmer to Theodore and Faith, bidding
them adieu :* [spire

May softest winds and smoothest waves con-
To bear you to your far-off destined home ;
May your warm hearts e'er burn with heav'nly
fire, [come !"
Your lives be one fond prayer : "Thy kingdom

Celestine:

There is no joy on earth like that you know
In following Duty's pathway here below ;
But when you reach blest harbor of yon Heav'n,
May full fruition of your trust be given.

Theodoric :

How insignificant to thinking mind
The joys of earth you willing have resigned :
My dreams of glory seem to fade away
Before the splendors of eternal day.

Hubert to Theodore :

My hopes of youth, fruition of late hours
Appear as only fragrance of sweet flow'rs
That bud, that bloom, that soon shall fade and die ;
But joy like yours shall blossom in the sky.

To Faith :

Ah ! I remember what you told me when.
I once essayed to win your love again—
Remember Hubert in your daily prayers,
That he may not forget amid the cares
Of state, and blessings fond of earthly love
To seek, and find a Home more bright above.
My friend, good Lawrence, will assist you all
That he can do, as Consul, in the call

Of God and love upon that distant shore—
 God bless you e'er—and save us evermore.

(*He weeps.*)

Honora to Theodore and Faith :

How much of good two faithful hearts may do!
 God called *thee* first ; *thou* wast so fond and true
 No earthly sacrifice did seem too great
 For thee to make when linked to his thy fate.

To Lawrence and Fidelia :

And now two friends besides shall cross the sea,
 A heav'nly impulse guides their destiny,
 They, too, shall labor in their Master's cause,
 Obedient to his will and holy laws.

Lawrence :

Yea ! I have thought I knew a bliss divine,
 Because with song my Maker chose to twine
 My heart-strings here. But now I'll learn to
 know

A purer joy than that on earth below :
 The joy to point the weary, broken heart
 Of ignorant heathen to a nobler art
 Than rhyme or rhythm ever brought to me :
 The joy of loving God with conscience free.
 In this sweet task Fidelia e'er shall be
 The faithful sharer of my ecstasy ;
 We'll gladly serve Him for the precious rays

Of love with which he gilds our latter days,
And pray for grace to prize Him far above
The gift of earth's best friendship and best love.

Humphrey to Theodore :

But stand by Duty as you stood by me,
And God and angels e'er shall strengthen thee.

To Faith :

Be true to God as to thy Theodore,
And He will surely bless thee evermore.

Lilian to Faith, as they both weep : [love

Farewell, my dearest friend! May Heav'n's own
E'er guide thy footsteps whereso'er they rove.

Dr. Evarard to Theodore and Faith :

My children in the faith ! I can not tell
You half my throbbing heart now yearns to say,
Its bursting fullness stifles fond farewell,
And weeping bitterly I turn away—
But O ! may God his choicest blessings send
On him I ever proudly called a friend ;
And on his wife, my school-girl in past days,
Until we meet above to sing his praise !
May angel-vigils guard their little one
Till life of usefulness below is done,
And we shall meet beside the " crystal sea,"
To live and love through all Eternity.

(The vessel sails.)

Angels sing around the steamer's pathway:

Calm, O calm ! the stormy measure
Ocean of thy boist'rous waves,
Spread thy brightest gems and treasure
All abroad from out thy caves ;
For a vessel's sailing o'er thee
Laden with a richer freight
Than was ever cast before thee
When there passed the proud and great.

Softly bring, ye winds, a blessing
As she speeds so swift along,
Lift her sails with sweet caressing
While ye breathe a tender song :
Four true hearts are fondly beating
In her kind embrace to-day,
While the moments fast are fleeting
Bearing them from home away.

Wouldst thou know, O treach'rous ocean !
Why we beg thy peace this hour,
Why we ask stay thy commotion,
Why restrain thy wicked pow'r ?
'Tis because brave hearts go willing
In their Maker's field to sow,
While their souls are gladly thrilling
Blest Redeemer's love to know.

SCENE IV.—*Evening Devotions at Sea. (Theodore and Faith worship, while little Theodore sleeps in their berth.)*

They sing :

We come this evening to Thee, Lord !
To stay our hearts with prayer,
To lift our souls to Heav'n above,
And fix them firmly there.

Though home and country we resign
For sake of Jesus' love,
A fairer land and brighter clime
Shall welcome us above.

And while we strive to teach Thy Word
To heathen hearts below,
O ! grant that through Thy sov'reign grace
Thou 'lt constant strength bestow.

We feel that time and circumstance
But bear us on to Thee—
O ! let Thy love illumine our hearts
As morning gilds the sea.

May every thought, and every hope
To Thy blest will be giv'n,
That we may reap a harvest sweet
In endless joys of Heav'n :

And there with saints and angels, too,
We'll bless the path we've trod,
And sing the triumphs of that grace
That leads us on to God.

Theodore prays :

O Lord ! Omnipotent, Omniscient, and
Forever Omnipresent, give us now
The fullness of that precious grace divine
That "will not let Thee go" until we climb
To Heav'n above ! We know Thy boundless love !
In all our wand'rings we but daily prove
Our sure dependence on Thee, and that Thou
Canst sanctify with strength each spirit-vow.
Be with us as we journey : calm the seas,
That we may live Thy gracious will to please,
And gather harvest in that far-off land
Which on that dreadful day shall safely stand
Creation's dying throes. We come to Thee
As children to a parent : let us be
Forever mindful that Thy strong right arm
Can shield us from all earthly woe or harm ;
That blest unstinted fullness of Thy grace
Can lead us on through life to see Thy face,
Not "darkly as through a glass" as now we do,
But "face to face" as Thou dost see us too.

We offer him, our darling first-born child,
A precious sacrifice unto Thy love :
O ! gird him with the strength that angels know
To aid him in his march towards Thee above.
Let Thy blest Spirit hover o'er that land,
May heathen learn the meaning all so grand
Of Thy Salvation ; while an ocean rolls
Of love eternal to the distant poles
Of earth's most frozen zones, and wind and wave
Shall bear forever as their shores they lave
The story of Redemption ! May it go
Where'er tall mountain-tops are capped with
snow ;
Where'er the blooming valleys lie below ;
Where'er great rivers run, where'er vast plain
Its arms extend to grasp the sky again ;
Where'er bright tropic beams their lustre shed,
Where polar clime whence life hath almost fled ;
Where'er on earth a speck of land is known,
Or drop of water spreads its journey lone ;
Wherever space or time their being claim—
O ! breathe the precious sound of Jesus' name !
Until all earth shall hear the gladsome news,
That heathen hearts no longer can refuse,
And which, at last, shall rouse the slumb'ring
Jews ;

While all the world shall join the seraph-song
 That through its utmost bound'ries rolls along,
 E'er lifting souls as they shall chant His praise
 But higher still in ecstasy always ;
 Till time shall cease—Eternity shall come
 And earth's redeemed shall find their heav'nly
 home.

Forever, Lord ! forever we are thine !
 Let Thy blest promises our hearts entwine
 Through life—when death our ready souls shall
 call

O ! may we in Thy waiting arms but “ fall
 Asleep ” —to wake upon that radiant shore,
 To sing Thy love and praise for evermore.

*A vast concourse of angels sweep over the ocean ;
 then hover 'round the ship and sing :*

O ! the River of Salvation !
 Sweeping through a sin-struck world,
 Who shall estimate its grandeur
 Till its glories are unfurled ?
 From a scarcely noticed streamlet
 ' Mid Judea's far-off hills,
 With a motive power unearthly
 Soon a continent it fills.

On its broad, majestic bosom
Nations come and go in peace,
Where its tranquil waves are flowing
Superstition's horrors cease ;
And as ages rolling onward
Bear it with them in their flow,
It is sweeping spirit-errors
From the hearts of men below.

Long ago it crossed the ocean
In its never-ceasing stride,
Passed Atlantic's roaring billows
With its great, resistless tide :
Savages have grown exultant
In beholding its blest flow,
Indian hearts revere " Great Spirit "
With the zeal that Christians know.

It is seeking now an outlet
On the far Southwestern shore,
Mexico has caught the ripple
Of a sound ne'er heard before ;
While its waters strive to gather
Force again to cross the sea,
And in far Pacific Islands
Join the wave that there may be.

Allegro Moderato.

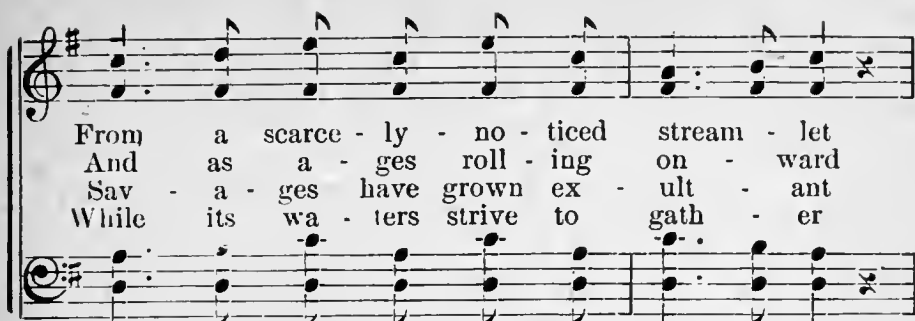
Music by CHAS. T. KIMBALL.

1. O! the Riv - er of Sal - va - tion!
 2. On its broad, ma - jes - tic bos - om,
 3. Long a - go it crossed the o - cean
 4. It is seek - ing now an out - let

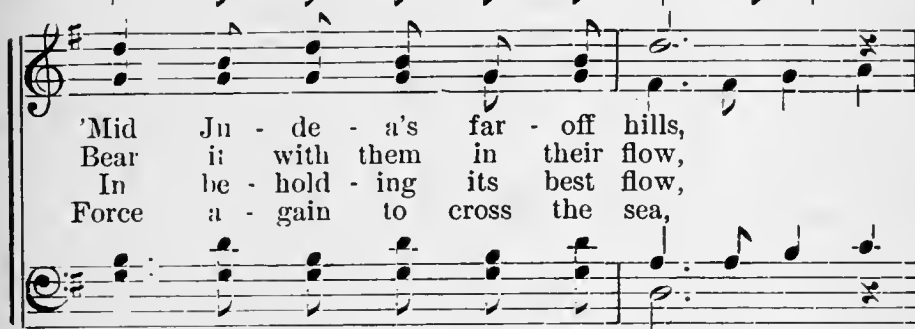
Sweep - ing thro' a sin - struck world,
 Na - tions come and go in peace,
 In its nev - er - ceas - ing stride,
 On the far South - west - ern shore,

Who shall es ti - mate its gran - deur
 Where its tran - quil waves are flow - ing
 Passed At - lan - tic's roar - ing bil - lows
 Mex - i - co has caught the rip - ple

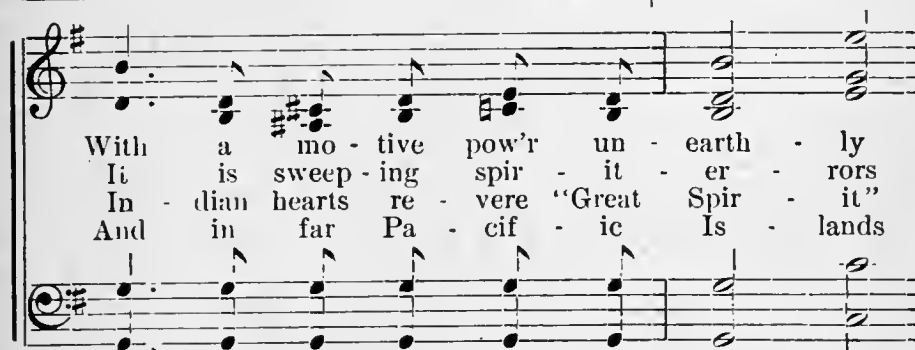
'Till its glo - ries are un - furled?
 Su - per - sti - tion's hor - rors cease;
 With its great, re - sist - less tide;
 Of a sound ne'er heard be - fore;



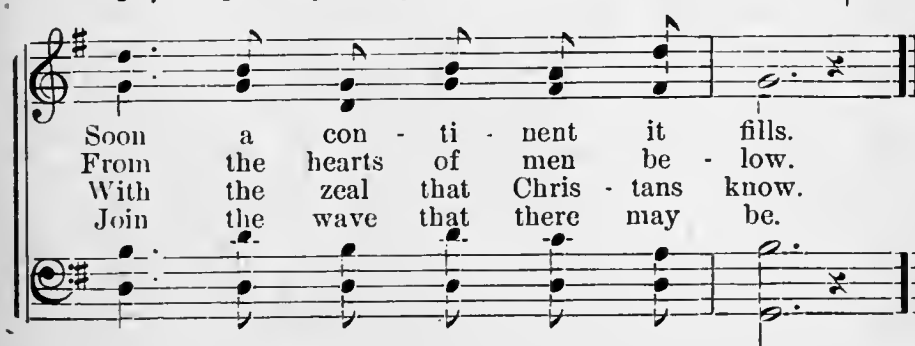
From a scarce - ly - no - ticed stream - let
 And as a - ges roll - ing on - ward
 Sav - a - ges have grown ex - ult - ant
 While its wa - ters strive to gath - er



'Mid Ju - de - a's far - off hills,
 Bear it with them in their flow,
 In be - hold - ing its best flow,
 Force a - gain to cross the sea,



With a mo - tive pow'r un - earth - ly
 It is sweep - ing spir - it - er - rors
 In - dian hearts re - vere "Great Spir - it"
 And in far Pa - cif - ic Is - lands



Soon a con - ti - nent it fills.
 From the hearts of men be - low.
 With the zeal that Chris - tians know.
 Join the wave that there may be.

It is surging on through India,
Sparkling 'neath Japan's bright sun,
It is heard on Chinese bound'ry
With an echo scarce begun :
While amid the distant regions
Of a frozen Arctic zone,
It is chanting sweetest anthems
With a music all its own.

It has pierced the tangled jungles
Of parch'd Africa's domain ;
It has cheered the burning Desert
With its soft and sweet refrain ;
And while mighty kings are glad'ning
As it flows their realms along,
See poor Afric's sons are listing
To its strange, unearthly song.

It shall compass every nation,
It shall float on every sea,
It shall charm earth's list'ning millions
With its angel-minstrelsy ;
Till the world shall learn to echo
From its every hill and dome
Sweet response unto its ripple,
As it sings: "*Thy Kingdom Come!*"

O! the River of Salvation!

As it flows the earth along,
Waking e'en the courts of heav'n
With its sweet, sonorous song;
It shall onward sweep increasing
In its march through space and time,
Till it circles heav'n and mingles
In Eternity's great chime.

*Who are these who're sailing with it,
With their pennants to the breeze,
As it glides forever onward
Through the land, and o'er the seas?
They are chanting sweetest sonnets,
They are breathing softest prayer,
While the river swiftly bears them
On its bosom all so fair.*

*They are those who do His bidding,
They are those who hear His voice,
And who yield up worldly pleasures,
While their spirits e'er rejoice
That the Master deems them worthy
Thus to wander with the waves
Of His own resplendent river.
While earth's every land it laves.*

They shall nestle in His bosom
When eternity shall come,
Crowns shall glitter with bright "jewels"
For them in that heav'nly home;
And while all the nations gather
For great judgment 'round the throne,
Their glad hearts shall thrill with rapture
That they ne'er before have known ;

For the mighty Judge, ascending,
Thus unto the world shall call :
O! ye missionaries faithful
Unto Me now come ye all !
Ye have labored in My "vineyard,"
For "My sheep" have willing died,
While ye strove to reap the "harvest"
Ever rip'ning far and wide :

Angels ! bring your brightest star-gems
To adorn their shining brows,
Seraphs ! string your sweetest harp-strings
To reverberate their vows ;
For as long as endless ages
Shall repeat the joys of Heav'n,
Just so long shall highest places
To their faithful souls be given.

Other Poems.

SELF-DENIAL AND CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

(MARK 8: 34.; GAL. 6: 2.)

This world is full of cross-laden souls
Who bear their woes along,
Some with the murmur of sad complaint,
And some with a blithesome song.
Some think it braver to let the cross
Show through probation hours;
While others bear it with better grace
When weaving it o'er with flowers.

Some who are blest in their daily life
With little or naught of care,
Find a skeleton-cross when they go abroad
To cruelly mock them there:
While others who feel its deadliest weight
In the home-circle day by day,
When removed from this for a time, surprise
By their wonderful spirit-play.

But all along the pathway of life

We may mark where the cross has been ;

We may trace where 'twas borne aloft in the strife,

Or dragged in the conflict with sin.

Some feel it in want of wealth or fame ;

Some feel it from lack of power ;

Some writhe because of a slandered name ;

And some crave beauty's dower.

While some who would give all these to know

The throb of one faithful heart,

Who for truest affection from all below

Save honor would willingly part,

Must stand aside from the magic scene

Where earth's favored ones may go, [been,"

And, in mocking dreams of what "might have

Bury their own deep woe.

O ! the countless crosses we daily meet !

Then let us kindly share,

At home and abroad, in hall or street,

The burdens we may not bear.

For the bitterest cross of all is to know,

While staggering 'neath our load,

That a fellow-mortal can scorn our woe,

And jostle us on the road.

One night when moon and stars were darkly
blent [winds
With threatening clouds, and wailing winter-
Swept by my home and rattled o'er the roof,
Till Nature's self seemed grieving that she lived,
And spirit-forms were gliding 'round my couch,
I slept and dreamed :—

A fair-haired, bright eyed boy
Beside his mother prattled of the time
When he should be a man ! I saw her smile
As one entranced may see the angels smile,
Then kiss and kiss her darling, gifted child
Till his face too was radiant with heaven.
Then as they knelt and through the stilly air,
Such as in Sicily is sometimes known—
(The angels bated breath till it was done--)
I heard that mother's prayer : " O God ! I bring
The dearest gift Thou ever gavest me
An offering back to Thee ! His soul is pure
as Isaac's when his father laid him on
The seeming funeral-pile. Do with him, Lord !

* Dedicated to all persons who are trying to rescue any of the human race from temptation, sin, and sorrow.

As seemeth best in Thine all-seeing sight ;
 And give me grace to rear my child aright.”
 And then the angels burst into such song
 Of melody, and harmony, and rhythm,
 That rapt in that my soul seemed borne away
 Whither God dwells and angels love to stay.

* * * * * *

The scene was changed : Again I saw the boy ;
 And while I live the memory of that sight
 Can never be effaced ; for he had grown
 Almost to manhood. On his lofty brow,
 And in the language of his matchless eyes,
 I saw the promise of blest future years,
 As one will read in ruddy eastern sky
 Foretoken of the dawn. He stood within
 A splendid mansion where the lights and shades
 Were sweetly blent to please his artist-eye,
 And tones akin to heaven's own minstrelsy
 Breathed in his music-ear. His poet-heart
 Caught inspiration from the magic scene ;
 His gifted soul was lifted from the earth
 In ecstasy to genius only known, [heaven.
 And basked midway between this world and
 JUST THEN THE TEMPTER CAME : “ Drink but this
 ‘ health,’
 The pledge of deathless friendship while we live,

I'll ask no more"—The subtle poison stole
Into the inmost recess of his brain,
And fired it all afresh with dreams intense
Of glory and of bliss: until he learned
To long for its recurrence as the flower
Longs for the dew to freshen up its bloom,
And vivify its verdure. She who loved
That noble boy as only mothers love,
And joyed to think of all his future worth
As bruised and gifted spirits only think,
Slowly began to lose her hold on life,
And thence to glide into eternity.

As brightest vernal morn may lose its light
In blackest thunder-clouds, and balmiest air
May grow death-laden with electric flash,
While "heaven's artillery" roars with deafening
crash,
Such the confusion that the wine-cup brought
To his God-gifted spirit. Madly wrecked,
And madd'ning more from knowledge of the
wreck,
He plunged from one excess into another, till
Like star loosed from its orbit, on he flew
Whither himself nor any mortal knew;
And all was lost! His lofty nature fell

Below that of the brutes, or only lived
 To shoot forth glaring, wand'ring, meteor-beams,
 As burning vessels light the mocking waves
 With their cold, ghastly splendor: then he sunk
 To an untimely grave. *But he who gave*
The tempting draught by which a soul was lost,
And lengthened life of usefulness to man,
Grew rich; and men and women prized him
well;
 While on the drunkard's grave but curses fell.

* * * * *

A cold, dread tremor seized my sleeping frame;
 I heard a trumpet-tone call forth my name,
 As though 'twould rouse in that one word all
 heaven,
 While to my waiting ear this sound was given:
 " *They who would lure a mortal man to drink,*
To deepest depths of hell must surely sink;
Though crowns were theirs with all their glitter-
ing worth,
They win perdition by their course on earth:
 ' *Touch not, taste not,*'—that you yourselves may
 live,
 And ' *handle not*'—hence to no other give."

SOUTHLAND'S LEGACY.

I was opposed to the war at the outset. I wept when I heard of the bombardment of Fort Sumter! I sought retirement so that I might not hear or see any of the political leaders, the great end and aim of whose statesmanship was to precipitate the havoc that subsequently swept their fields and cities. But when Virginia, my native state, seceded, there was only one course for me to pursue, namely, to follow her fortunes.—*Robert E. Lee.*

O grandly brave!—sublimely gifted man!
Upon thy country's four years' funeral-pile
To calmly immolate thyself when thou
Didst feel such sacrifice were useless!
For wealth, for love, for empire, patriot-zeal;
Men oft-times risk their lives; yet these all hope
Success will crown their efforts. Thou alone
Didst see defeat inevitable: yet
Believing *duty* called thee, stood as firm
As Sparta's band when firmness brought success,
And fame for all the ages! Manhood hath
No higher phase than this; it almost comes
Within the precincts of a higher range
Of being; and we call thee great
Beyond comparison! O! blest for aye
A life from which such lessons we may draw!

As truest, noblest motherhood will watch
With care intensified an idiot child,

Almost neglecting others, bearing all
Its vagaries with patience, aiding still
Whene'er its worse than helplessness would soon
Precipitate self-murder—then with calm,
Yet breaking heart, will shroud it for the tomb ;
So thou, O Chieftain, Christian, Patriot grand !
Without a parallel in all the world !
Didst nurse thy maniac country when to arms
She wildly sprung and courted her deep woes ;
Joyed with her joys and comforted her griefs
Until the dread *finale*—then, O Lee !
Thy grand reserve of character shone forth
IN SILENCE MORE THAN GOLDEN ! Every man,
And woman, every child in all the South
Might well have learned a lesson of thee here
That shall be practiced in eternity.
We'll not forget on that celestial shore
Our earthly sorrows ; but our happy songs
Will never tell of these : they'll only be [claim
The sounding-board from whence our loud ac-
Of joy and praise will, sometimes, softly spring
A minor key to beautify the song.

* * * * *

O politicians ! heed his noble words,
And weep your country's peril ! Yet again
Shed bitterer tears that *such heroic hearts*

Must bear the burden of your misdeeds
And sink, as he, to graves so immature—
(Methinks the angels weep when good men die,
While others, causing this may linger on)—
Yet should you, reckless still of all save self,
Precipitate this glorious God-blest land
To woes yet deeper still, and kindle fires
Only extinguished with a nation's ruin;
Should weeds and brambles cover all the South,
And Famine, War, and Pestilence combine
To seal the triple curse of Heaven thereon:
Yet in some future age will travelers stand,
And view the desolation of this land
With pensive mood and sadly throbbing heart,
And almost weep when o'er *his* dust they bend—
Such was our fate—then tell to all the earth,
“ *We've seen the land immortal in its worth
Which to a Washington and Lee gave birth!* ”

SONG FOR THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Knights of Pythias! Can it be
Truest friendship here we see?
Is the vow so sacred, kind,
That doth mingle mind with mind,
That each Knight would dare to die
Damon-like for this sweet tie?

Would you cheer your suffering brother,
Though deserted by his mother?
Would you comfort his distress
In this earthly wilderness,
Though his kindred all combined
To estrange him from your mind?
Would you lift him from disgrace,
Teach him sins to thus efface ;
First confess and then forsake,
Thus a new, true life to make?
Would you sorrow in his woes?
Would you aid him 'gainst his foes?
Would you shield his tarnished name?
Would you glory in his fame?

Would you love him, rich or poor?
Is your friendship still secure
When the waves of slander roll,
And misfortune sears the soul?
When earth's deadliest sorrows come
Would you take him to your home,
And there help him build again
Faith in God and faith in man ;
Thence to go forth fresh in life
Veriest hero in the strife?

O ! if this can be your creed
 It is what the world doth need !
 It has sprung from Judah's line, *
 Ah ! it is a flower divine,
 Nurtured in the realms of bliss,
 Only lent awhile to this !

I have dreamed of golden climes
 Echoing Eden's angel-chimes,
 I have watched the sunset die
 In the far-off western sky,
 Almost lifted by its cheer
 From this wicked mundane sphere ;
 And 'twas bliss awhile to soar
 Where no grief could reach me more !

But if purest friendship dwell
 On the earth I love so well,
 With its own God-given bowers
 Bright with blest celestial flowers,
 A new era springs to birth :
 Ye have brought down heaven to earth !

* A Jewish Rabbi once told a Christian minister, " I have the highest respect for Christianity ; *for it is the daughter of Judaism.*" See John 4: 21, 22.

THE WIDOW'S VESPER HYMN.

I know of a magical Garden
That blooms on a River so bright
The crests of its waves far outsparkle.
The sunbeams that flood it with light;
And oft when my spirits are saddened
I list to the River's sweet song,
And wander 'mid walks overarching
That follow its windings along.

Great Babylon's famed "hanging gardens"
Were scarcely as lovely as mine;
'Tis bordered and trellised with flow'rets
Like Adam and Eve loved to twine,
When first in their innocent gladness
They dwelt 'mid the glories of God,
And dreamed not a moment of sadness
Could darken the path that they trod.

When Winter is howling around me,
And storms are distracting the sky;
When Spring is so sweetly unfolding,
When Summer's soft breathings are nigh;
When Fall comes I wander 'mid blossoms
That mind me of heaven above—
For the Past is my magical garden
That blooms by the River of Love!

CHRISTIAN FRATERNITY.

(JOHN 17 : 20, 21.)

High on earth's outpost grand,
Near by the Promised Land,
I see a veteran stand
With lofty eye and hand,
Pointing just over where
High rises fresh and fair
An Eden landscape rare
That blooms forever there.

Far 'neath his shining feet,
With dark waves cold and fleet
That on its bosom beat
With Death's sad rhythm meet,
A surging river flows,
That on forever goes,
Beyond this world of woes,
Whither no mortal knows.

Calling to those below,
While towers celestial throw
Their highest noontide glow
To gild his eyrie so ;
A dazzling banner streams,
All lit with golden gleams,

Which in its lustre seems
As bright as heaven's own beams :

“O! ye who love the Lord—
His name be e'er adored!—
Who'd wield the Spirit's sword
Along with His blest Word ;
Behold engraven high
In letters near the sky,
And dear to angel-eye,
The word 'FRATERNITY' !”

He sinks within the tide
That sweeps the mount beside,
While o'er it far and wide
A troop of angels glide ;
Who bear the ensign grand,
With him, beyond the strand
Where saints rejoicing stand,
Within the Promised Land.

MY BIRTHDAY.

Sweep on ! Sweep on ye years !
Though short has been your stay
Since my last natal day,
And oftentimes I've known deep sorrow's
tears,

I would not call you back
From grand, celestial track;
Nor mar your march with my poor hopes
nor fears.

Ye are God's angels bright !
Sent from around the throne
Where joy is ever known,
To soften and subdue the souls of men ;
That through the cycles grand
Of far-off Better Land
We may be likened to Himself again.

Ye've been most kind to me !—
When earth in vernal bloom
Was laden with perfume,
And Love and Mercy breathing everywhere,
Ye brought me being*—now,
With furrows on my brow,
My spirit bounds to breathe its natal air.

Refined and purified
By woes, I stand beside
Old Time's resistless tide,
Nor fear his utmost power that bears me on

*March, 30th.

Whither ye hasten well,
Whither the angels dwell ;
And where my brightest dreams and hopes
have gone.

O ! grand, immortal years !
Ye that beyond the dirge
Of Jordan's wave and surge
Shall mingle with Eternity your chime,
How blest shall be my song
As ye shall sweep along,
And endless ages all are sweet Springtime !

HYMN FOR EASTER.

(LUKE, 24 : 50, 51.)

Joy ! joy ! joy !
The hour is come
When He who died for man
Again goes home !
Legions of angels speed,
An escort from the sky,
To guard their precious charge,
Our Saviour, back on high.

Joy ! joy ! joy !
The gates of heav'n swing
Wide open. while seraphic hosts
Their loudest welcome ring !
He blest them as He rose
From out their sight above ;
He'll bless us evermore
With never-dying love.

Joy ! joy ! joy !
Jesus again shall come,
To bear His followers all
Unto His heavenly home :
There shall our spirits be
Forever sanctified ;
While heaven shall ring with endless
praise
That ever Jesus died !

THE EVENING RIDE.

At that happy hour
Ere Sol sinks to rest in the gold-flooded west,
And songster is calling his mate to her nest ;
When answering these comes the mild evening
breeze,
Soft playing and sighing in tops of the trees,

And Nature, so sweet, calls each mortal to greet
The voice of his Maker with offering meet ;
Then Billy* and I in our gladness pass by,
And join our loved vespers to those of the sky.

He bears him so proud !
With neck arching grand as though then he might
stand

The steed of the mightiest of all in the land ;
His ears pointing right as if quickly in sight
Some monster were coming his steps to affright ;
His long-flowing mane caressing the rein,
Then sweeping far down from bridle again ;
His step light as air, while swift-moving there,
He seems but rejoicing his burden to bear.

I know him too well
To fear any harm that my care could disarm ;
And thus I can yield me to Nature's sweet charm,
And drink in the bliss of a scene like to this,
With joy to which rapture is name not amiss.
I answer the bird with a soft music-word,
And welcome the breeze that our coming hath
stirred ;
Then sing a sweet song as he's gliding along,
Disturbed by no meeting nor passing of throng.

*A favorite pony whose good and noble traits are not here overdrawn.

No wonder we read

How hero of old, with his millions of gold,*
His steed with such gladness could ever behold;
How warrior reveres the brave charger that
 cheers

His marches and battles, and sheds bitter tears
To lose him, when I such kind feelings descry
Towards Billy when thus I commune with the
 sky—

How quickly then he in obedience to me,
But canters the faster as homeward we flee;
While from the far west a sweet orison blest
Is breathed from the sunset to gladden my rest!

SERENADE.

Do you ask why I love you?—Go ask the bright
 star,

That glows with such splendor in ether afar,
Why it twinkles and sparkles at each passing
 face

That loves to behold it in far dwelling-place.

Do you ask why I love you?—Go ask the light
 breeze

That sighs as it passes among the green trees,

* Alexander the Great.

Why it kisses so sweetly the cheek of repose,
And lingers so softly on tips of the rose.

Do you ask why I love you?—Go ask the fair
 flower,
That blooms in such splendor in beauty's blest
 bower,
Why it lifts its soft petals to catch the sun's
 beam,
And bows to the music of zephyr and stream.

Do you ask why I love you?—Go ask the cold
 wire,
That gladdens and trembles with quick 'lectric
 fire,
Why it flashes the lightning at mortal's request,
To link with its accents the East and the West.

Do you ask why I love you?—Go ask the bright
 bow,
As it clasps yonder heav'n with earth far below,
Why it weaves from the storm-cloud such exquisite
 hues,
To paint a sweet message no heart can refuse.

Do you ask why I love you?—Go ask blazing sun,
That floods the far planets with light as they run,

Why they turn, as they journey to greet his loved
face,
And quicken when near him, their speed in the
race.

Do you ask why I love you?—Go ask the pole-
star,
As it guides the poor seaman on billows afar,
Why needle magnetic e'er trembles and turns
To one point of the heavens alone — *where it
burns!*

When all these have answered your queries, and
given
The reasons they follow the laws of yon heaven ;
Then, in the same accents of earth and of sky,
Of Love's subtle essence I'll tell you *the why*.

THE PESTILENCE—VICKSBURG IN 1878.

By a grandly sweeping river,
With broad, majestic waves,
Whose ceaseless music-murmurs
Beguile the land it laves ;
Where "floating-palace" steamers
Go bounding to the sea,
There stands a stately city
Well known to you and me.

When war had flashed its banners
This Southern land all o'er,
And foeman's mighty cannon
Were belching from each shore ;
Begirt with loyal heroes
That city nobly stood
With bulwarks firm which still defied
All woes of fire or flood.

But in an hour unguarded
A foeman crept within
Whose haggard, stony visage
Rose o'er the city's din,
Till men forgot their business,
And women fled to prayer,
To 'scape the deadly monster
So swiftly rising there.

One single note of warning
From a far-off, inland town,*
Whose dwellers all from old to young
Beneath his wrath go down,
Had scarcely reached your sentinels
Before that form is seen.
To quickly rise within your midst
With Death's terrific men !

* Grenada, Miss.

O! then your faithful body-guard,
Fair city near the sea,
Your bravest, noblest, truest, best,
Still true were found to be !
While panic-stricken thousands fled
From out the monster's grasp,
YOUR MORAL HEROES snatch his prey
From out his stony clasp !

Your churches may be silent
While your clergy stricken lie,
Your business-marts deserted be
While workmen "do or die" ;
Physicians may be weary
In their heaven-appointed task,
And " Brothers," " Sisters," nurses, all
For rest may vainly ask ;

But a host of pitying angels
Are camped around the town,
Their busy wings are flitting by
When daylight goeth down ;
On thousand mercy-errands,
All through the lonely night,
To sick and weary still they go
Upon their mission bright.

O! ye who tend the afflicted
With your doubly grateful care;
O! ye who cheer the dying
With your ministry of prayer;
O! ye who stand beside them
With patient, willing hand—
*Ye all shall be rewarded
In the far-off Better Land!*

There's a crown of brightest glory
For each fainting, care-worn brow
That is throbbing true to Duty
In the time of trial now;
There's a palm of richest verdure
For each weary, toiling hand—
Cheer up heroes! Ye shall find them
In the far-off Better Land!

THE FROST.

Thank God for the beautiful frost!
In deepest of woe our dear Southland is draped,
Every house mourns its loved ones entombed;
The Cypress is all that is left to us now
Where so lately the Summer hath bloomed.

We have wept, we have prayed for the dying who
sleep [deep ;
Where love can not rouse them from slumbers so
But our hearts late so sad must, one moment, be
glad—

Thank God! O! thank God for the frost!

Thank God for the long-prayed-for frost!—
Once we sought to be free from the ties of the
North,

Once we dreamed we could prosper alone ;
We knew not *how near* in the hour of deep woe,
Nor *how dear* the far North could be known.

Her CHARITY flows in a stream all so wide
It hath welded a nation, whatever betide : [air,
 And we welcome the breath of her health-giving
 For it lifts from our Southland the pall of despair,

Thank God! O! thank God for the frost!

THE NUN'S MESSAGE.*

Away in a far-off land there sat

A woman crowned with a queenly crown ;

For the hearts of thousands trust in her

As she draws the blessings of heaven down.

* When Miss Frances E. Willard spoke at Santa Fe, New Mexico, the Mother Superior of the convent there sent her word, "Tell that Protestant Nun we are not allowed to go to hear her—but, when the convent bell strikes for the *Angelus*, we will pray that all the saints in heaven will bless the woman who has come so far to speak to us."

Another woman had come from afar—

“The land of the free and the home of the
brave”—

To carry a message of Christian love

To the hearts of those she'd die to save.

The “Mother Superior” felt in her soul

The tide of that love our Saviour knew

When He said His disciples “as one” should
be,

And thus as “His followers” e'er be true.

But her convent-home she could not leave ;

Its rules were relentless ; she could not yield
To the throb of her heart which bade her hear

The voice that such wondrous power could
wield.

So she sent a message so sweet and blest

That the angels paused to list its tone

And carry its meaning back to heaven

Ere the saintly stranger away had gone :

“Tell that Protestant Nun we can not leave

Our convent-home her words to hear,

But when the *Angelus* rings at eve,

Each heart in this building we hold so dear

*“ Will pray that all the saints in heaven
Will bless the woman who came so far
To speak to us ! ”* And thus was given

New strength for her hands in the holy war.
And methinks that eve when the Vespers rang,
A troop of angels in bright array
Were poised around the virgin-form
Of the woman who spoke at Santa Fe ;

And that when she rose in that audience vast,
Th' aroma of all their presence meant
Was around her head like a halo cast—

And straight to each heart her message went !
And in the years that are yet to come
Sweet flowers around her path shall bloom,
The embryo-spark of whose life was lit
When those sweet nuns prayed in their convent-tomb.

And as from the grave our Saviour rose
To bless the woman who loved him so,
And scatter the radiance of that love

Where'er on earth their footsteps go,
So women's hearts shall girdle the world

With network of prayer and praise so sweet
The “ New Jerusalem ” shall come down
Some glorious day those prayers to meet.

VASHTI'S LAMENT.

(ESTHER I: 19.)

And must I leave thee Shushan ? Can I go
Where ne'er again thy beauty I shall know ?
Must stranger-hands thy Eden-flow'rets twine,
And stranger-heart annul all trace of mine ?
Shall minstrel wake the sweet, poetic strain
For those who ne'er will think of me again ?
Shall souls all rapt in their own bliss divine
Forget the agony that now is mine ?

Fain would I linger 'mid thy sunny bowers
Where Love so long hath woven happy hours ;
I fain would wake, as comes the earliest dawn,
At song of birds that herald every morn ;
And lay me down at night to dream of bliss
That once was mine 'mid magic scene like this.

Yet I must go : the solemn mandate's come !
A queen dethroned I evermore must roam ;
A wife unwed I must my path pursue
While other hearts shall my fond vows renew ;
And other lips shall breathe in tenderest tone
To listening ears that once were all my own.

My woman's soul must stoop to bear its cross ;
My woman's heart must never tell its loss ;
My woman's happiness, so pure and bright,
Must sink fore'er in deepest, darkest night ;
While not one star, save memory, shall shed
Its hallowed rays o'er joys forever fled.

O wine ! thou mocker of the human race !
Without *thy* spell ne'er had known disgrace ; *
Without *thy* coil, *thy* serpent sting, his heart
Could ne'er have thought from Vashti e'er to part ;
Without *thy* madness he had never known
My truest wifeness ever to disown :
Not love, but lust dwells in thy fatal snare ;
And Vashti's every hope lies shrouded there.

And yet, methinks, I am not all bereft,
Since noblest, purest womanhood is left.
The " Magi " say there'll come a glorious morn
When a " new star " will usher in the dawn ;
Adown the ages far they glimpse its ray,
To weary woman pointing out the way
To win back Eden ! For that hour I'll wait,
And waiting thus in hope shall conquer fate ;

* Esther, i: 10-12.

For strong, true hearts know neither time nor
space ;
They're blest for aye : will find their destined
place.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

SCENE, HEAVEN.—*The Holy Trinity in Consultation
over the fall of Adam and Eve.*

God the Father :

Man has fallen ! Woman's bound
With a chain no power may break ;
Sin has coiled its shackles 'round,
Earth is cursed for its dread sake.
Ne'er again shall Eden bloom
In yon sphere I made so fair ;
Paradise itself's a tomb,
Death shall stalk forever there.

God the Son :

Father ! Father ! Say not so !
Holy Father ! I will go
In that sphere to live and die
If thou'lt but reverse that cry.

God the Holy Ghost :

If thou'lt change it I will lend
Messenger to that sad world

That shall be the Saviour's friend
Wheresoe'er His truth's unfurled.
There's a spirit dwells in Heaven,
Which, to that lost orb once given,
In conjunction with His love,
Yet shall raise it high above
All it ever could have known,
With fair Eden still its own.

God the Father :

I'll recall the direful word
That with tears all heaven hath heard.

Chorus of Angels :

[light !

Life springs from death ! from darkness
Yon sin-cursed earth shall grow more bright ;
In the long ages yet to come
That world shall be a Saviour's home,
While all its lands and seas shall thrill
In echo to God's mercy still !
A Saviour's form shall bless its bowers ;
A Saviour's hand shall cull its flowers ;
A Saviour's footsteps come and go
Where sin hath lately ravaged so ;
A Saviour's loving accents bless
The haunts of even the wilderness ;
A Saviour's Heaven-sent presence cheer

Its every nook, both far and near,
Till men and beasts shall learn to know
That God is with them here below.

A Saviour's great, strong heart shall bleed
In drops of woe for earth's deep need ;
A Saviour's spirit harrowed be
By sorrows of Gethsemane.

A Saviour's throes when life hath fled
Shall rouse from out their graves the dead ;
The stilling of a Saviour's heart
Shall rend the solid rocks apart ;
And midnight darkness clothe the sun
When that blest Saviour's race is run.

A Saviour's wondrous gift of Love
Upon the cross shall deathless prove !
A Saviour's form shall burst the tomb ;
A Saviour's cheer dispel the gloom ;
A Saviour's Truth, preached far and wide,
Shall heal all woes that now betide ;
A Saviour's messengers shall go,
'Neath tropic sun, o'er arctic snow,
Till every race of living men
Shall hear that Saviour's voice again.

And following sound of that sweet word
Another spirit's voice is heard

Which shall go forth to East and West.
To North and South at His behest,
To bear His wondrous story on
Wherever land or sea is known ;
Wherever life glads this bright earth
That spirit shall attest its worth.
The king shall hear it on his throne,
And laws shall breathe a milder tone ;
The peasant's ear shall catch the note
That o'er his humble cot shall float,
While in his heart a chord shall sing
To tell of joy that sound doth bring !
The prisoner's soul shall bound with hope
When it begins with wrong to cope ;
And every phase of woman's woes,
Throughout the world, where'er she goes,
Shall learn to brighten 'neath the ray
This power shall shed upon her way,
Till she shall grasp its lightning speed,
And bid the hearts of millions read
The story of her every wrong,
In high-wrought tale or soulful song ;
Till true men's hearts shall grow so great
They'll crown with flowers her every fate,
And bid her ransomed spirit rise
With it and them towards yon bright skies !

E'en lisping babes shall learn to know
The power that cheers their mothers so ;
While earth's exultant throngs shall bless
THE HEAVEN-SENT SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

(LUKE 20 : 34-36.)

Away "in the spirit" I flew
To a mountain grand and high,
Its base was the central spot of earth,
Its dome reached to the sky ;
And while the blest shimmering light,
All fresh from the gates of heaven,
Like diamonds bright flashed o'er that height.
A "vision" to me was given—

It seemed that an angel's wand
Waved o'er the magic scene,
While the souls of men and women passed
Along the Elysian green.
I saw the faithful priest
Bereft of his saintly gown,
And without his robe of black and white,
The rector of town.

The Quaker too was there
Without his broad-brimmed hat,
And Churchmen, Methodists, were not known
By prayer-book nor cravat.
No fount nor stream was near
The spot where the Baptist stood ;
And the Presbyterian seemed to think
To do is not *all* of good.

A queen from the royal line
Passed 'mid the mighty throng,
While near, an orphan seamstress raised
A sweet, unearthly song.
Fine ladies thronged the spot,
And washerwomen heard
With a pealing shout of ecstasy
The songstress' gladsome word ;
While little children joined,
Clapping their hands in glee,

The mystic notes of the "newborn song,"
Whatever that song may be.
Each soul took up its part,
And sung with a hearty zest,
As though its own peculiar strain
Was the one it loved the best.

Yet no discordant note
Fell on my raptured ear,
The harmony was all complete,
The rhythm loud and clear.

Before the angel's form
I knelt in glad surprise,
And asked what could the meaning be
Of that song from out the skies,
With the look of a deathless eye,
And the wave of a deathless hand,
He pointed to the ramparts high
Of the far-off Better Land :

“ *The e* ye can never die,
There ne'er again can fall ;
There ye are children of the sky
FOR JESUS DIED FOR ALL.”

REMORSE. *

The gaslights gleam with dazzling ray within the
gilded halls
Of city dwelling which arose with grand, impos-
ing walls,

* Written in reply to “ *Fallen*,” a poem which appeared during the war.

And all that wealth and art could bring beneath
that splendid dome,
Was gathered there to beautify the millionaire's
proud home.
Physicians and attendants moved with careful,
noiseless tread,
Lest they should 'rouse him from short sleep
whose soul had almost fled ;
So deep the silence and profound, one's quickened
ear might hear
The stealthy sound of the Reaper's wings so sadly
rustling near.
But now he wakes ! A tortured look is in his
blazing eye,
His death-damp locks are wildly thrown back
from his forehead high,
His hands are clenched as though his strength
might stay the stroke of death,
While words of deepest agony come with each
gasping breath :
“ *I'm dying now !* The utmost skill of man is
all in vain ;
My princely means have lavished been to woo
health back again,
And yet within my sinking frame I feel the
symptoms sure

Which tell me sad existence here no longer can
endure.

O! could I die without one thought of what my
life has been,

Could I from out these heart-strings tear remem-
brance of my sin,

How glad my soul would flee away from this
grief-laden breast,

And seek the starry mansions where 'the weary
are at rest.'

But no! it comes to haunt me now! that dread-
ful, wicked deed

Which, long ago, bade heart so young and all so
loving bleed;

I hear them now—the broken tones of her deep
agony,

When on her bended knees she prayed that I
would faithful be.

O God! my heart must then have been a heart of
hardest stone,

To trample on devotion that my treachery had
won,

To curse the love I dared to seek with every
earthly wile,

And spurn her from my presence then; *she*
pleading all the while.

The world was glad to welcome me with its cold,
 drear embrace,
And scoffed the girl my lust betrayed from her
 accustomed place,
And women smiled when I approached, as though
 my blood-stained hand
Were worthy of the loveliest that e'er might
 grace the land.
My comrades praised the manly (?) skill with
 which I hid my shame,
And bandied on their wanton lips my victim's
 beauteous name,
And told of how her kindred sneered and drove
 her from her home,
A home to which an honored guest I still might
 dare to come ;
For she was all too true to tell her base betrayer's
 name,
And cherished with a woman's heart my proud
 and lofty fame,
Except in death, and then alone to her dear, dar-
 ling boy,
She spoke of him—the midnight fiend—who
 sought her to destroy.
They told me how our child had grown to look so
 much like me—

Their wicked smiles, but half-concealed, I could
so plainly see
Because my heart, for once, beat true to duty
and to right,
And longed so much to bury all my boy's deep
shame from sight.
O crushing grief! to love a child that may not
even dare
His father's smiles, his fond caress, nor even his
name to share ;
But deadlier still to know his heart must throb
in manhood's years
Responsive to the piercing cause of his dead
mother's tears,
And hate the very name of him who called him
into life—
O God! I die! I can not live with all this dread-
ful strife
Within my soul: I feel the pangs begun of end-
less death,
I hear the scorpion's hissing tongue, I feel his
burning breath ;
The 'worm that never dies' has come to mock
me in my woe,—
She died forgiven—but, my God! I dare not
hope to go

Where blood-washed throngs of mortals and un-
fallen angels dwell—
*I'm lost to mercy! lost to Heaven! O earth! O
God! Farewell!"*

THE BLEST SURPRISE.

(JOHN 4 : 5-26.)

Softly the mild winds are blowing
O'er far-famed Samaria's mount,
Slowly a lone woman's going,
To drink at its crystalline fount ;

When lo ! there a stranger is sitting,
All dressed in the garb of a Jew ;
With courtesy Godhead befitting
He telleth her what she must do.

“ But why dost thou ask of *me* water ?
For *thy* people deal not with mine.”

“ If thou hadst but asked of me, daughter,
Blest draughts that are living were thine.

“All they who shall drink at this mountain
Full often shall wish for it o'er ;
But they who partake of Life's fountain
Shall thirst not again evermore.”

“O! give me, I pray thee, this portion—
This drink, that I never may roam,
Sad, seeking forever new lotion—
O! give me to drink in my home!

“I see thou'rt a prophet, O stranger!
And teach me the place I must know”—
“Our God is a Spirit, fair ranger ;
In spirit and truth thou must go.”

“I know that Messiah is coming,
And he will tell all things to me”—
Blest words through the long ages roaming—
“EVEN I THAT AM SPEAKING AM HE!”

Thus oft 'mid life's trials and duties,
While far from the crowd we would flee,
May we hear on Prayer's mount 'mid its
beauties,
“*It is I that am speaking to thee!*”

MY DREAM.*

I once had a beautiful dream :
In the morning of life when my spirit was glad,
And the world was a scene of bright bliss,
I dreamed that I dwelt in a far-away sphere
That was happier and lovelier than this ;
There were angels with pinions that shone like
the sun
As they flitted on missions of love,
And the tones that they breathed were but echoes
of strains
That they chant in the mansions above.

As I gazed, all delight, one sweet minstrel discerned
My form, ' mid her carols so blest,
And she bore me aloft to a beautiful mount
That the angels call *Mountain of Rest*.
It rose from a sea all so lovely and calm
That its ripple was music's own flow,
While the clouds that were hovering about it so
grand
Were capped with bright sunshine and snow.

*When Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, an eminent lawyer, applied to the United States Senate for proper authority to practice before the Supreme Court of the U. S., Senator L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, replied: "O Madam, you shall have my support: I am in favor of woman's doing anything she can." Mrs. Lockwood's request was granted.

There were birds and sweet flow'rets — and O!
best of all!

There were mortals I knew in disguise;
For they seemed to be sprites, but I felt they were
friends

By the look of their soft beaming eyes.
Each told of her hopes, of her joys, of her aims
As though no intruder were nigh;
And I thought that the tone of their converse so
sweet

Must be borrowed from that of the sky.

I listened:—"We've built us a home on this
mount

Where the world's deepest sorrows are past;
We've struggled full long, but fond hope buoyed
us up,

For we knew we would find it at last!
This region is called the *Domain of the Mind*,
And its boundaries are broader than earth;
Here sex is unknown and all beings may win
The tribute that's due to their worth."

O! how my heart bounded to think I had found
The Eden of all my bright dreams,
For the halo of Heaven was breathing around
As I listened to all their blest themes.

And I thought to remain in that beautiful home—
 But O! my deep sorrow to find
It was only a dream that in slumber had come
 To tell of this Mount of the Mind.

* * * * *

Two decades had passed—years of gladness and
 gloom,
 Years of Springtime, of Summer, of woe—
 Stern warfare had blighted our once happy land,
 And Winter had chilled its bright glow ;
 When one morning a letter from out the great
 Press,
 From a heart overflowing and kind,
Revealed the grand truth that my dream was a
fact,
And we'd found the blest MOUNTAIN OF MIND !

AN ALLEGORY.

A farmer gayly plowed one day
 As morn had just begun,
 The dew-bathed flowers glowed like gems
 Beneath the rising sun ;

While songster's note from neighboring
hill,

In melody most clear,
Like far-off strain of angel-band
Fell on his raptured ear.

But suddenly a sound so hoarse
Was borne along the breeze,
The bird was silenced in deep fright,
Leaves trembled on the trees.
A donkey on a neighboring farm
Held forth in voice so loud,
That e'en the steed that drew the plow
His head in horror bowed.

"Why do you sing? you useless thing!
I'm sure the world would be
Much wiser and much happier, if
From birds and insects free.
I never speak but to command,
My voice is always heard
Both far and near throughout the land—
Who listens to a bird!"

Deep silence told the songster's grief
At this strange, sad salute;
While hill, and vale, and forest rung
In answer to the brute.

At length, when echo died away,
The farmer reined his steed,
To birds and beasts assembled there
A homily to read :
“ But listen all to one grand truth—
It is a simple thing—
*God made the donkey's voice to bray ;
But made the bird's to sing.*”

A trill of gratitude so sweet
Came trembling on the air,
All Nature seemed to freshen up
At melody so rare :
The donkey crept back to his stall ;
And when the day was done,
*Refreshed by song the farmer found
A double task he'd done.*

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.*

What gift is this I see amid the throng
That welcomes marriage with a festal song ?
Is it a gem from out the boundless sea ?
Is it a deed to mines that wealth may be ?

* Among other and more costly bridal presents to a young couple was (framed and sent from a distance) a copy of the Ten Commandments.

Is it a token of some artist's power
To glad the eye and bless the bridal hour ?
What is it, 'mid a scene so bright and fair,
To call attention and transfix it there ? —
It is a gift of other gifts the best ;
List ye who will, unto its teachings blest :

I.

“Thou shalt no other gods before me have ;”
To husband, wife, thou shalt not be a slave :
No other love shall alienate thy vow ;
One God Supreme, I claim thy homage now.

II.

“Naught in yon heaven above nor earth below,
Save Me alone, shall your true worship know ;”
No idol e'er shall take Jehovah's place.
No sacrilege shall e'er your lives disgrace ;
“For I, your God, will visit wrath upon
Your children, and your every grandchild's son
If you shall dare to hate Me : and I'll bless,
' Mid times of gladness and of deep distress,
The generations long to come of those
Whose lives obedience and true love disclose.”

III.

“Thou shalt not take thy Maker's name in vain ;”
From all such guilty words thy lips restrain.

IV.

“Remember Sabbath-day, the day of rest :”
It is the day of other days most blest—
“None of thy household nor thy beasts may
dare
In all its hours their week-day work to share :”
I rested on the Sabbath-day ; and call
For strict obedience from my creatures all.

V.

Thy father and thy mother honor well :
The following this command is sweet to tell :
Long life shall crown the duteous child who loves
This precious word, and all its blessings proves.

VI.

“Thou shalt not kill :” thou canst not life re-
store ;
Hence guard thy wrath, and curb thy hand the
more.

VII.

“Thou shalt not rob thy consort of thy love,”
If thou wouldst have thy home blessed from
above.

VIII.

“Thou shalt not take what is not justly thine,”
Though by its gains thou shouldst a Croesus
shine.

IX.

“Thou shalt not speak what is not strictly true ;”
'Tis duty to thyself—and neighbor too.

X.

“Thou shalt not covet aught thy neighbor owns,
His barn nor fields which with rich harvest
groans,
His loving wife, his house, his servants, beasts,
His duteous children nor his gladsome feasts :”
Look not on aught of his with evil eye,
But be content to serve thy God Most High.

THE BRAVE ENGINEER.

When I stand at the station awaiting
The steed that with nostrils of fire,
Ablaze with his panting and puffing,
In grandeur and pride draweth nigher,
I scarce can refrain me from giving
The brawny-armed hero a cheer,
Who slackens his speed at his pleasure—
God bless him, the brave Engineer !

And then, when he's ready, how grandly
He tosses his rein to the breeze ;
How proudly he starts on his journey—
Away go the houses and trees !
Till his speed is itself an elixir
For all in existence that's drear ;
And the man with the rein's the physician—
God bless him, the brave Engineer !

When I sit in the car as it rushes
Along through the forest and field,
And think of the fate that would meet us
If only one rail then should yield,
While all on the train are conversing
Without any feeling of fear,
I think of whose hand bears us onward—
God bless him, the brave Engineer !

How "Mars" * would have ceased from his
labors,
How "Jupiter" * wondered to know
That in the Great West we would chain them
To sweep o'er the mountains and snow ;
As they counseled on far-famed Olympus
They dreamed not the hour could draw near
When a mortal should guide them on er-
rands—
God bless him, the brave Engineer !

One night as the darkness was deep'ning,
And lightnings were flashing around,
Our steed stopped afar from all dwellings,
Afar from all aid and all sound :
How quick every heart then was breathing
A prayer for the one all so dear,
That wisdom and strength, such as needed,
Should bless him, the brave Engineer !

We heard not a word of repining,
Nor word that was sinful or sad ;
He worked on the engine with courage,
And soon every heart there was glad ;

* Names of engines.

For ere the black midnight had caught us,
A whistle so cheerful and clear
Was sounded, each soul but responded :
God bless him, the brave Engineer !

He waits not for morning to gladden
The earth with its sunshine and smile,
At the post of his duty he's waiting
To welcome the traveler the while ;
And when all the city is sleeping
He taketh his leave with a cheer,
And out in the darkness he rushes—
God bless him, the brave engineer !

Along through the valley and forest,
And up o'er the mountain he flies,
Like a meteor when blazing with glory
It sweeps through the star-spangled skies ;
And not until ocean with ocean
Has met in his wondrous career
Does he flag in his far-stretching journey—
God bless him, the brave Engineer !

Nay, not there ! For but changing his courser,
He starts on his mission again,
He tosses the waves in his gladness,
And dashes with speed o'er the main ;

The storm can not check him nor daunt him,
He knows not the meaning of fear,
For two worlds are both waiting to greet
him—
God bless him, the brave Engineer !

DEER CREEK IN NOVEMBER.

The wind sweeps by with softest kiss,
The birds trill forth in vernal glee,
All earth is clothed with Autumn hues
So varied in their pageantry ;
While “here and there” by winding stream
Among the russet, yellow, brown,
Some tree lifts up its deep green boughs,
O'er all the scene a kingly crown.

'Tis hard to tell which is most fair,
The dawn or death of Spring's bright bloom,
So softly pensive is the air,
So sweetly mellow its perfume ;
The grazing herds almost dispel
The thought that Winter's dreaded doom

Will soon sweep o'er the lovely scene,
And close the tableau with its tomb.

* * * *

O ! Burns may sing of "Afton's" waves
With all a poet's love of beauty ;
The "Blue Danube" may still roll on,
The hope of eastern wealth or booty ;
Grand Mississippi's waves may lave
A continent in all its glory,
And give with its resistless surge
Romance to many a sorrowing story :

Yet far above them all I prize
The stream that winds so gently, sweetly
Amid our fields, and clothes them all
In purest white so fully, neatly ;*
Whose "banks and braes" are ever green,
And vocal with the songsters' measures,
While landscape fit for Raphael's touch
Enhances all its rural pleasures.
Were mine *his* genius, ere there comes
A single blast of cold December,
One glorious picture I would trace
Of Deer Creek beauty in November !

*The most fertile cotton-lands in the world.

TO A MOCKING BIRD

THAT SANG NEAR MY WINDOW AS I PLAYED.

How sweet you sing my beauteous bird !
How joyous all your notes appear
As twittering 'mong the leaves you've stirred,
You pour such music on my ear !
You must have thought that I was trying
To stifle all your tender sighing
To lover in another tree ;
For when I played you sung the louder,
And shook your little form the prouder,
As if to say, " I'll silence thee ;"
Then poising plumes of lightest feather
You and another chirp together ;
And then you swiftly circle 'round
The twig that constitutes you eyrie,
While warbled notes so sweetly vary
With every echoed songster-sound.

I raise my fingers from the keys,
Essay to answer you a note—
And O ! what melodies are these
That softly through my window float !
I would not cage such wondrous trilling,
My heart-strings with its sound are thrilling ;
But O ! my little warbler dear !

How I would love to claim dominion
One moment o'er that pretty pinion,
And softly bind it to me here,
Till I could place one kiss upon it,
To let you know that I had won it ;
Then willing yield the throat so fair
Back to its native air of heaven,
While to my heart a song was given
To nestle sweetly ever there.

REMEMBRANCE.*

You once have told me that you loved,
You once besought an answering vow ;
Your eyes affection's fervor proved,
Your truth was written on your brow.
And though the years have come and gone
With many a change since that blest day,
Its undimmed lustre sparkles on
To gild with joy my lonely way.

As coupled mountains by the sea
Will stand in life-long silence there,
While passing world may deem them free
Of any link that both may share ;

*A purely imaginative reply to the "Last Look," a beautiful poem (by whom written I never knew) which appeared in *Vicksburg Herald*.

So, far beneath the surface-wave
Society around us throws,
A spell shall bind us to the grave,
The strongest tie that either knows.

As birds will come each vernal day
To chirp around the old-time nest,
And strive to wake some answering lay
In memory-throated warbler's breast :
So, in the years that come and go,
Full oftentimes your heart will be
Surcharged with all the tender flow
Once breathing in each tone for me.

You can not e'er forget that I
Was once the dearest one to you
Of all the world—my heart would die
If it could not remember too :
The pride of life, the glow of youth
Were mantling on your gifted brow ;
Your words were full of love and truth—
You can't forget their meaning now.

As blazing sun in Arctic skies
Will flood the frozen sea with light
Whose circling radiance never dies
In sphere that can not know the night ;

So o'er the past, the future too
A deathless glory e'er shall shine,
Reflected from your love so true,
To gladden this poor heart of mine.

Go bravely on! I would not bid
You backward turn to look for me ;
Kind hands can seal my coffin-lid,
And you of all its care be free.
But as you climb the mountain-height
That leads to earthly fame and power,
Within your heart forever bright
Will be the memory of one hour.

SNOW IN THE BALKANS.*

“It is snowing in the Balkans !”
And the wind is piercing cold ;
Still, O weary, weary soldiers !
Your position you must hold.
Though the pestilence assails you,
And an avalanche of snow ;
If the royal lips command you,
Onward ! onward you must go !

* It is snowing heavily in the Balkans, and it is believed the passes will be rendered impassable.—*Constantinople dispatch during war in 1877.*

Though the tempest gather 'round you,
Though your frozen limbs shall fail,
Though the morning-break shall find you
Dead to duty, stiff and pale ;
What is life to "common soldiers"
But a toy for monarchs' play !
What if ne'er a glad to-morrow
Dawns upon your dread to-day !

"It is snowing in the Balkans !"—
Long ago an army fled
' Mid dark, frozen mountain-gorges,
Counting thousands as its dead :
Now I hear the lonely death-throbs
Of that valiant drummer-child,
As he vainly beat for succor
' Mid the mountain scene so wild :

And I think of all the mothers,
Wives and little children too,
Of the men who now are struggling—
What, O Heaven ! can these all do !
And I long to kneel before him,
"Czar of all the Russias," till
News of peace, sweet peace established,
Every waiting land shall fill.

“It is snowing in the Balkans!”
Moslem, say your prayers to-night!
For a frozen chain shall bind you
Ere shall come the morning's light.
Russian, battling for the Christian,
Christians pray for you to-night—
“It is snowing in the Balkans”—
Keep your faith in Jesus bright!

THE COUNCIL OF THE BIRDS—AN ALLE-
GORY.

(JOHN 14: 16, 17.)

“Let's chain the Eagle down!
What right has he to soar
Beyond the reach of other birds?
We ne'er may see him more.

“'Tis true his nature seems
Akin to all that's grand,
And good, and noble; but he deigns
The dwellers of this land.

“Not that he's said a word
That we can understand;
But then he sings and soars aloft
While we here listening stand.

“ Let’s chain the Eagle down !
He’s proud, and brave and free ;
But should he reach his native skies
He’d scorn such birds as we.

“ He’s sorely wounded now
In battling for our rights ;
But we can’t trust such worth as his,
To aid us in our fights.

“ For when the battle’s o’er,
And we the plunder gain
He’ll surely bid us *take no more,*
While we can scarce refrain.

“ Like Paul of old ‘ he’s drunk,’
‘ Much learning makes him mad ’ ;
We’ll decide his fate before he finds
A single step we’ve made.”

They chained the Eagle down—
They whom he deemed his friends—
They sacrificed that brave, true heart
To serve their selfish ends.

And thus a prisoner there
He, dying, lived for years,
Still pining for the pure, fresh air
Of his own far-off spheres.

True to the last he placed
His chain 'neath wounded wing ;
Nor told his foes his friends thus mocked
His cruel suffering.

Till death itself, a friend
To one as lone as he,
Came sweetly on to put an end
To his captivity.

But yet it still survives,
Though he is dead and gone;
THE PRINCIPLE FOR WHICH HE DIED
STILL LIVES AND TRIUMPHS ON.

THE WIFE'S REQUEST.

Love me for mine own sake ;
For the love you bore
When our lives with fond hopes
Bright were gilded o'er ;
When you won my young heart
By your love for me—
Love me for mine own sake,
Love me earnestly.

Love me for thine own sake ;
For thy manhood's truth
Pledged beside the altar
In our halcyon youth ;
That thy heart may blossom
In a love so free,—
Love me for thine own sake,
Love me tenderly.

Love me for our children's sake ;
That their lives may be
Blest with holy buds of hope,
And with childhood's glee ;
Then for our children's sake,
If for nothing more,
Love me while this life shall last,
Love me evermore.

BIRTH OF THE NEW SOUTH.

(Ps. 144 : 9-15.)

On field of battle now prostrate
The dear Old South was lying,
While thousands wounded by her side
In agony were dying.
Brave Lee and Longstreet knew her time
For mortal strife was over ;

But some, at this late hour, advised
She'd yet become a rover
To far-off Western plains, and there
Display her gallant banner
That never yet had paled or quailed
At foeman's glad hosanna.

"It can not be!" she sadly said,
"The life-tide sure is going—
But in my veins another life
Is sweetly, grandly flowing:
To you, my faithful soldiery,
I leave my precious burden—
O! teach my child that Honor's call
Was e'er her mother's guerdon."

She swooned away. And long the night
Through which those watchers waited
Ere first faint gleam of morning came
With fresh, new life full-freighted;
And Lee had laid him down to rest,
Ere that sad watch was ended,
But in his stead Lamar now stood,
And the young babe befriended.

She never knew—the fair young, South—
The joy of mother-kisses;

That mother's life was given for hers ;
 Her welcome was loud hisses [birth
From those who should have hailed her
 As some sweet star of heaven,
But lent to earth to guide us where
 The manger-babe was given.

Almost in vain Lamar's grand voice
 Besought her recognition ;
Brave men and gifted women stood
 Aghast at her condition :
They could not think a child so poor,
 So far from human splendor,
Was destined yet to them and theirs
 A lofty fate to tender.

Yet blest plebeian nurses came
 With offers of protection,
To lift the babe from out distress,
 And soothe her deep dejection ;
While in the Senate-chamber grand
 Her godfather still pleaded,
Till friends sprung up all o'er the land
 For her who friends so needed.

And as they enter her at school
 Behold the factories started !

Poor women, children earn their bread,
Erst almost broken-hearted ;
While glad young girls and stout gallants
Are filling useful places,
Who once had dreamed that manual toil
Gentility disgraces.

The looms hum loud, the wheels buzz fast
Near many a goodly river,
While great inventors stretch their hands
The dear child to deliver
From every fear of future want,
From every dread disaster ;
While ignorance and idleness
But gladly flee the faster.

O ! dear young South ! we hail the day
That e'er thou wast delivered ;
Though in the throes of mortal pain
Thy mother's life-strings quivered :
For braver man ne'er fell in war
Than woman when she dieth
In agony like this, from which
A fresh, new being crieth.

Thou shalt reclaim us from our woes ;
Thou verily shall lead us

Beside blest streams in pastures green
When God Himself shall feed us !
Thy strong right hand shall knead our
lives
With fortune's welcome leaven ;
While with the other Thou shalt point
Our wayward souls to Heaven.

POESY.

Star of my night ! Sun of my sky !
When sorrow's wintry storms are nigh ;
When o'er my quivering heart-strings bound
Injustice' thunder's fearful sound ;
When earth seems hell, and heaven seems hid
Beneath some dear-loved coffin-lid—
Lo ! thy sweet star doth trembling rise ;
Thy radiance gilds the eastern skies.

O God ! I thank Thee for the gift
That can such mighty tempests lift
And speed afar. As sunshine melts
The glacier that the mountain pelts,
And sends it bounding from its side
To seek the mighty ocean wide ;

So sorrow's gushing torrent leaves,
At Thy command, the heart it grieves,
 To seek the ocean of Content,
 Where all the storms of life are spent ;
 While Hope's sweet rainbow springing there
 Forbids my life should e'er despair.

 PRAYER.

O ! who can tell the wondrous power
 Of prayer upon the Godhead's worth ?
 As well attempt to measure heaven
 By length, and breadth, and depth of earth.

Far out at sea a vessel strove
 With driving wind and dashing wave,
 All human means of rescue fled,
 No mortal hand her crew could save.
 But high upon the foremost deck
 Was one—an humble sailor-boy—
 Whose life had been an utter wreck
 But for the Christian's hope and joy.
 He knelt amid the dreadful scene,¹
 His valiant heart went forth in prayer—
 His life was lost—but morning found
 The ship within a haven fair !

¹ I. Tim. 2 : 8.

A villain grasped an artless girl
In quick and passionate embrace ;
One moment more all had been lost
Of human joy and noble place.
Quick as the lightning leaps the sky ² —
Her heart sent forth one piteous peal
To Jacob's God—He heard her cry,
And stablished is her earthly weal.

Dread Famine, Pestilence, and War
Had blighted a once happy land,
As charging coursers speed afar
Upon their reckless journey grand.
THE NATION PRAYED; *His wrath was*
stayed; ³

So soon! so soon His anger gone,
As darkness 'neath the night's deep shade
But flees before the break of dawn.

A tiny waif—an orphan child—
Was cast upon the beach of time,
While angels watched the saddening scene
From out their starry home sublime.
One noble heart a shelter gave—
To the poor outcast at his door—

² Eph. 6 : 11-18. ³ Jas. 5 : 17, 18.

The angels vowed in their sweet song
That she should weep and want no more.
Years sped ; the world was lighted up
By dazzling glare of brilliant name,
And monarchs smiled to find that child
And gifted authoress the same.
Before her birth her mother poured
Her heart forth in petition grand
That she should be in coming years
A blessing to her native land.
Thus God in His own mystic way
Would prove to nations far and near
That earnest, honest, heart-felt prayer
His august Majesty will hear !

A hero in a foreign land
Would teach the heathen heart to pray,
While countless savages at hand
His feeble, noble life would stay :
He prays—the SPIRIT comes upon⁴
Those cannibals in mighty power ;
And length of days and honor grand
Are his blest lot from that dread hour.

My child was sinking ! Death's dark wings
Had passed before my cottage door ;

⁴ Acts 5 : 1-5.

Their shadow fell upon his face,
I felt he would be mine no more ;
With agonizing heart I cried ⁵ —
“Spare him, O God ! this once !” I prayed.
An angel’s form was at my side,
And the dread Reaper’s hand was stayed.

Another mother wept because
Her darling lay in death’s embrace,
With spirit bowed in agony
Before her lovely prattler’s face.
One heart-wrung prayer to “*love Him still,*
The God who gave and took away” ;⁶ —
And lo ! the message speeds from Heaven
“*You’re doubly mine from this dark day.*”
She looked again—the baby’s face
Was lighted with unearthly gleam,
As visions of a heavenly home
Will flash upon a Summer’s dream.
And thenceforth life but knows one path,
That path the way to yon bright heaven,
And “*Lo ! I’m with you always e’en*
Unto the end,” is sweetly given.

I stood beside cold Jordan’s stream,
Its stormy billows laved my feet,

⁵ John 14 : 13.

⁶ Job 1 : 21.

While husband strong, and mother dear,
 And kindly friends, and children sweet
 Were there to say a last farewell,
 Ere forth I launched to come no more ;
 I almost glimpsed the City grand
 That stands upon the other shore, —
 An aged woman bowed in prayer, ⁷
 With humble form, but faith sublime—
 The Reaper turned his waiting boat
 With helm toward the shore of Time !
 The music of that far-off land ⁸
 Was hushed upon my listening ear ;
 The flash of bulwarks high and grand
 Receded from my vision near ;
 And yet I live—*But O ! the power*
Of God to cheer the vale of Death ;
The matchless majesty of prayer.
I'll praise and sing while I have breath !

* * * * *

“Praise Him all nations” ! Bring the
 “harp,” ⁹
 The “timbrel,” and the “trumpet” grand,
 The “stringed instruments” of sound,
 The “organs” of each mighty land ;

⁷ Rev. 8 : 3, 4.

⁸ Rev. 21 : 9-23.

⁹ Psalms 148, 149, 150.

The "cymbals," and the voices too
Of aged men and women mild,
Of youths and maidens, and the song
Of e'en the timid, prattling child !
All things that "live and move, and have
Their being " from this Gracious Hand
Should peal one loud acclaim in praise
Of all His mercies good and grand.
With prayer and praise we'll spend our days
Until beneath the noontide blaze
Of endless glory we shall share
The matchless benefits of Prayer !

A SERMON FOR BOYS. *

Come boys, I will preach you a sermon :
Whatever your hands find to do
Go at it with *vim*, for a fortune
Is waiting for all—not a few—
If they'll only believe they can win it,
And work with a hearty good-will ;
God surely intended by labor
Life's highest success to fulfill.

* President-elect Garfield was once a hand on a canal-boat, and his wife a teacher in the public schools. Much of his success in life is attributed to her influence over him.—*Newspaper Correspondent.*

- You may think it is something degrading,
But Adam was nearer a king
When first from fair Eden ejected
Than ages thereafter could bring ;
And he was commanded to "labor" —
It only develops a man,
No matter how rich are his parents,
Nor what for their boy is their plan.

Don't think that a lady's "beneath" you,
Unworthy your noblest pursuit,
Because in the school-room she teaches
The brilliant young "idea to shoot" :
They're all truly more or less gifted,
All more or less moral and true ;
And to win such as life-time companion
Is well as the proudest can do.

Or should you decide some fair maiden
Who "helps" in the household so free,
Could brighten your life in its sunshine,
Or light in its shadow could be ;
Don't think she's at all undeserving
Because no hard duty she'll "shirk" ;
Respect her and love her, and trust her
But the more that she's willing to work !

And when you are married, remember
She is not your "underling," slave,
But companion in all your endeavors,
And share in all honors should have :
She will help you to climb up the ladder,
She'll steady your brain when you're there
And of virtues of both nobly mingled
Will bring you full many an heir.

Andrew Johnson was "small" till he married.
A wife who could help him ascend ;
"Abe Lincoln" from humble "rail-splitter"
A president rose to defend
The rights of all beings. A woman
Brought honor to Hayes' success ;
And Garfield, and all my young readers
May learn their examples to bless.

WELCOME OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AT VICKS- BURG.

In olden days of "Long Ago,"
When earth was not so fair
In beauteous bloom of Christian faith,
And error stalked forth there,
A cry was heard throughout its realms

That roused each sleeping lord ;
And "Knights" sprung forth from every
clime,
Each with his gleaming sword :

"Ah ! we will wrench the 'Holy Land'
From touch of 'Infidel,'
Our legions guarding it shall stand
In bright, unbroken spell,
Till all the world shall own the power
That calls us forth to-day,
In reminiscence of this hour,
In token of this fray."

The gallant "Knights" of present time
Have vowed by the God above
They'll seek the "Heroic City" now
In cause of Truth and Love.
No bitter tears from maiden's eyes
Shall dim their gathering here :
They each will greet with welcome sweet
While in their home so dear ;

And when disbanding they shall leave,
No "Infidel" shall tear
The ensigns of their conquering march
From youthful spirits there.

For while they haste so quick away
From hills of "Palestine,"
Remembrance of their recent stay
Shall with all heart-strings twine.

OUR FEDERAL DEAD.

Ye came in the strength of martial might
To a far-off goodly land ;
With costly armor burnished bright,
Ye were a valiant band !
Your *reveille* so quick and glad
Awoke each glistening glade ;
While your sunset drum, more sweetly sad,
Was Southland's serenade.

Your warriors walked amid our homes,
In all the pomp and pride
That ever with the victor comes,
His loved ones by his side ;
While our poor starving heroes wept
For country and for home ;
*Or, wrapped in honor's colors slept
Where sad defeats ne'er come.*

Great battles raged, brave warriors waged
Their strength in deadly blows,
While earth's deep wounds somewhat as-
suaged

Grew pure 'neath Winter's snows.
Spring came ; and o'er each soldier's grave,
The Southron's, Northman's too,
Her fairest flowers began to wave
Beneath her skies so blue ;

While 'mid them all the songster's plaint
Came nestling low and sad,
As though he feared 'neath such restraint
To echo notes so glad—

PEACE sounded o'er a prostrate land,
And armies passed afar ;
*But ye left the noblest of your band
Beneath our evening star !*

And shall we pass them coldly by
While nestling at our feet ?
Shall we refuse a heart-felt sigh
For lives so grand, so fleet ?—
O God ! Thou know'st all things : what parts
Man from his fellow-men ;
But earth, and heaven, and human hearts
All plead for love again.

EARTH'S TREASURES.

Thou'st treasures, O Earth !
Huge treasures of iron, of silver, of gold ;
Great treasures of diamonds so bright to behold ;
Vast treasures that glitter 'neath ocean's salt
 waves,
And shine where his foam-crest the land-margin
 laves ;
Deep treasures of mountain, of river, of field—
O ! when shalt thou half of these treasures all
 yield ?

But listen, O Earth !
Thou hast other treasures more valued than these,
Blest treasures that angels delighted to please
When softly they wandered from heaven's high
 walls,
In sweet condescension to visit thy halls ;
Loved treasures we prized in the days that are
 past ;
To thy cheerless bosom those treasures are
 clasped.

Restore them, O Earth !
But give me the father who joined in my glee
When gladly I prattled upon his loved knee ;

But give me the brother whose loving blue eye
E'er told in its glance that a true friend was nigh ;
But give me the sister whose soul as my own
By sweet sister sympathy ever was known ;
But give me the mother you snatched from her
home

Ere loved ones who prized her around her could
come ;

But give me the darlings you took from my
breast,

Restore my dear treasures—and keep all the rest,

Thou 'lt yield them, O Earth !

When “trumpet” shall sound through thine ut-
most great bound,

And “thunders and lightnings” shall compass
thee 'round ;

When JUDGE shall arise from His throne in the
skies,

To rouse all the nations with awe and surprise ;

When flames shall enfold all thy millions of
gold,

No longer poor Earth ! canst my treasures then
hold ;

But yielding them there *thou'lt* be doomed to
despair,

While they and I seek an existence more fair !

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

CLOUDS.

O! I long! I so long for the morning!
The morning of love and of light;
The morn that shall bring with its dawning
A vision so peerless and bright
Of a world that shall never know winter,
Of a day that shall never know night,
Of a trust that can know no betrayal,
And a love that can never know blight.

A rest in the grave all so quiet
That even a king might be glad [ber—
To exchange his proud throne for its slum—
For royalty often is sad—
Shall herald the break of that morning
As watchmen the first gleam of day,
When the sleeper shall rouse from his thrall-
dom,
To live and be happy alway.

O! the scene so enchantingly beauteous,
To burst on the soul that is true!
O! the bliss so exultingly rapturous
In "heaven and earth that are new"!

I fear not the grasp of the "Monster" ;
 I dread not the grave with its night :
 For they—and they only—are portals
 To this vision of love and of light.

December 26.

SUNSHINE.

The sun has burst from his mooring
 Behind a mass of cloud,
 And poured a flood of beauty
 Upon the earth's cold shroud,
 Which yester and this morning
 Had wrapped its mantle 'round
 Till every house was laden.
 And every twig was bound.

*Thus on the soul that trusteth
 God's goodness bursts to view ;
 Thus glorious floods of sunshine
 Gild lives that e'er are true !
 For though dark clouds may gather,
 Their burdens to bestow,
 God's never-failing Providence
 Makes beauteous e'en the snow.*

11 o'clock New Year's Day.

SONG FOR THE L. M. S. OF T.*

“Lower Million Sons of Toil”!

They who seek not party-spoil ;
They who scorn a deed of stealth
While they build a nation's wealth.

They who in their humble worth
Delve the costliest gems of earth,
That more favored hearts may plight
Their true love with diamonds bright.

They who dive low in the deep,
While the angry billows sleep,
Gathering pearls so glistening fair
For blest Beauty's braided hair ;
While their own brave hearts may break
For some humbler spirit's sake
Scorning vows of love and joy
Proffered by a sailor-boy.

They who climb the loftiest height,
Dazzling with its snow-crown bright,
Ere the night can yield to morn,
Hastening at the earliest dawn,
That the great world's news may be
Scattered far from sea to sea.

* Written during their celebration of Washington's Birthday.

They who pierce the blackest earth
For the hidden coal-bed's worth,
Making Winter warm and bright
With the glowing anthracite ;
Or who seek the deepest mine
Where the glittering gold-veins shine,
That the nations all may share
Trophies of their conquests there.

They who place the iron rail
Where all other nerves would fail,
*Held by ropes to pick a track **
On the rugged mountain's back,
While the yawning rocks below
Warn them e'er of fatal blow,
Should *one* heedless step be made
Where that iron road is laid ;
That through time, a friendship blest
May unite the East and West.

They who guide the steamer's way
As she sails by night or day
O'er the stormy ocean's wave,
Threatened ever with a grave ;
That the nations all may be
Linked by commerce grand and free.

* It is said this actually occurred during the building of the Railroad to the Pacific Coast.

They who build our dwellings fair,
That we home's true joys may share.

They who drive our rustic plows
By the "sweat" of honest "brows,"
Bidding earth her treasures give,
That her countless hosts may live ;
And who in their modest homes
Welcome each who thither comes
With a word of cheer for them
Who such countless hardships stem.

They who sound not war's alarms ;
Yet who meet with outstretched arms
Every conflict's deadliest fray ;
And whose valor turns the day ;
Courting death to grandly prove
Worthy of the "land they love."

They who guide the printing-press,
With its mighty power to bless
Every son's and daughter's heart,
Justly prizing this great art,
By which grand and noble deeds
Minister to mortal's needs,
And the True, the Good, the Right
Are forever kept in sight.

Natal day of Washington,
Who for us blest freedom won,
Bring thou doubly welcome cheer
In this great centennial year !
All ye noble Sons of Toil,
Cease from labor's stern turmoil,
Far and near throughout the land
Gather in the ranks so grand,
While a nation comes to pay
Homage to your worth to-day !

THE FATE OF GENIUS. *

"And thirteen cities claimed the Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

O Genius ! mother of the world's "elect,"
How have thy children suffered in the years !
How have their richest offerings often brought
The world bright honor—*them* deep sorrow's
tears !
Yet, who of all thy offspring "weary, lone,"
Would barter off their mother's birthright
given

* We knew Mr. Russell well. There were few more gifted. But his gift was not of the sort that successfully struggles with this great matter-of-fact world. He was a poet—an almost inspired poet.—*Vicksburg Herald*.

For all the wealth of proudest earthly throne ?
 For anything above, beneath—save Heaven ?

* * * * *

In childhood's hours I almost wept to read
 Blind Homer's fate. And when, in after years,
 I followed Milton's verse, and sketched his life,
 So full of trial yet so grandly brave,
 I felt that I'd been walking 'mid the aisles
 Of some cathedral palace, where each thought
 Was sculptured in pure marble, fair and chaste,
 Almost enough to gild that City told
 In Revelation ! Sure such mortals link
 Their race to God's own throne ; and they shall be
 Rewarded in yon vast eternity
 Like John the Baptist—blest “forerunners” of
 That glorious morn when spirit shall be free,
 And Genius claim her rightful legacy !

We know not why she *always* suffers now :
 Enough to know 'tis part of God's great plan,
 Which made HIS SON *a sufferer in the flesh,*
Yet conqueror, in the spirit of the world :
 Part of that “mystery” ne'er to be fully known
 Till Time is past.—Then, near His great white
 throne

May we not see them, Genius' children, stand
As blest evangels in the Better Land ?
One of the links in that bright spirit-chain
Which through those endless ages shall remain,
Binding immortals to their Father's throne ?
Guiding the weaker where His ways are known ?
Strengthening the souls that have not dared to
climb
So high in heavenly mysteries sublime ?
Teaching the children how to sing His praise,
By warbling forth their own celestial lays ?
Aiding the youthful 'mid the glorious maze ?
Joining the souls mature in works of love ?
Cheering the aged in their home above ?
Shining as "stars" in the firmament of God,
They who "so weary and so lonely" here have
trod ! *

MISSISSIPPI.

'Tis noontide hour. The blazing sunbeams fall
O'er fields of waving grain ; while here and there,
Within some lone and sweet, secluded dell,
A farmer-boy enjoys his frugal fare.
One has a piercing glance, a quiet mien—

* Dan. 12 : 3.

The child of poverty and genius—
While on his countenance high resolve is seen ;
As light will dwell within the diamond's glow,
Though it may lie the earth's deep crust below.
His meal is finished ; 'twas a mother's care
Prepared it ; and his heart is busy now
Devising means to free her noble hands
From toils for him—when lo ! the scene is
changed !

He stands within magnificent domain,
That stretches far and wide around him, as
The scene 'round Adam, when the angel showed
Him grand transactions of the coming years ;
While costly cities dot it with their domes
As dew-drops beautify a full-blown rose :
And man and beast are kindly dwelling there
As erst before when Eden was so fair.
A lovely woman-- or an angel-form—
With smiling countenance approaches him,
And welcomes to her kingdom : " These are mine ;
These splendid cities and these fertile fields
All mine ! You are my noble workman, too ;
Your name is on my chosen roll." She drew
Two lengthy scrolls from resting-places ; " See
How just in all my deeds I love to be !

These are my own dear children ; whom I love
Where'er on earth their wandering footsteps rove ;
They nestle safely in my mother-heart,
No matter what in life their noble part.
Adown the column I have placed your name ;
For yours shall be earth's highest, truest fame,
Not to descend from, but to found a race
Beloved and honored in your native place.
I bear these scrolls forever at my side,
As wandering through my realms I pause to see
Where'er a grand and lofty soul may be ;
And place his name upon it quickly then,
Lest it should be forgot, and lost again."

" My noble sons who, long ago,
Taught all the world my fame to know ;
Where'er they be in distant land ;
Where'er they sail on stormy strand ;
Where'er within my own proud home
Their honored footsteps go and come ;
Where'er they lift a patriot voice,
They bid my mother-heart rejoice !
They've saved my honor on the field
Where other troops were known to yield ;
They've bared their breasts to meet the storm
That well-nigh crushed my prostrate form ;

They've soothed me in my deep distress ;
My noble sons I e'er shall bless !
They've bid the Nation gladly hear
Their gifted oratory dear ;
My own dear sons have late unfurled
My erst proud banner to the world,
And Mississippi's voice again
Shall not be raised nor heard in vain."

"The other scroll has names of worthy ones
Who seek me from afar ; and proving here
Their manly worth, I claim as children dear.
Here's Yerger, by his spotless ermine known ;
Here's Prentiss with his almost angel-tongue ;
Here's Marshall with my daughter by his side,
Who honored me when yielding him a bride ;
And e'er has called to men '*Repent ! believe !*'
Since first my precious gift he did receive.
Here's Hooker with glad heart to point the word
Of eloquence which hath my spirit cheered ;
Here's Marshall with his wealth of legal lore,
Who spies foul laws and quick reviews them o'er ;
Here's Davis great, despite his sad defeat—
Long ages hence he shall full justice meet—
Remember what I've told you here to-day ;
Your's shall not be a fate obscure alway ;

Your horoscope foretells night's almost gone,
And heralds soon a brightly coming dawn."
"I've been asleep! Ah! what a pleasant
 . dream ;
And how refreshing did her converse seem !"

* * * * * *

There comes a cry from Sunny Land
For one to bear her ensign grand,
Whose lofty soul hath never bowed
To seek the plaudits of the crowd ;
Whose heart is pure, and fresh, and young,
And with true patriotism strung ;
Who e'er will bear where'er he goes
The love of friends, respect of foes ;
One who in private life is known
By manly deed and kindly tone ;
One who has learned at Jesus' feet
The meaning of that mandate sweet
Which says, "To others always do
As you would have them act by you,"
And who, in daily life, doth share
The blessings of fond heart-felt prayer
From those beloved within his home
Who e'er rejoice to see him come.

He takes his place in Congress-halls,
His voice is heard in its proud walls
Reflecting honor on his State,
And winning friends among the great.
But never in his triumphs there
Does he forget the vision fair
That first aroused his soul, in youth,
For place of eminence and truth ;
And with the genius latent there
Then guided him to fate so fair.

SOME DAY.

Some day the morning's sun shall rise
As beauteous as in years of yore ;
Its glow shall gild the eastern skies,
But she I love will be no more.
The birds will trill their gladsome lays,
The fragrant flowers will sweetly bloom ;
But she who blessed my infant-days
Will sleep within the silent tomb.

They'll smooth her braids of dark-brown hair,
Or, if the brown should all be gone,

• They'll weave a crown of silver there
Upon the brow so cold and lone.
They'll place her hands—life's duties done—
So calmly on her sleeping breast
They'll typify that heaven is won
While she on earth is taking rest.

They'll bear her to the churchyard near,
Where children long ago were laid,
And close beside the forms so dear
They'll gently place her 'neath the shade.
But O! that day, if it should come,
To me would be so dark and drear
I'll long to enter too her home,
Her angel-welcome there to hear.

For well I know fond hearts that stem
This world, so true to God and Heaven
Must have a home prepared for them ;
Must have a crown unto them given.
But should I leave first, mother dear ! *
That life-eclipse I'll never know ;
And these sad lines I'm tracing here
May comfort on thy heart bestow.

* Thirteen years after these lines were written, suddenly, after a day's illness, with a smile on her lips, she departed.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

(ECCLES. 12 : 6, 7.)

When death shall set my spirit free,
All jaded from earth's strife,
And angel-wings are bearing me
To home with blessings rife ;
Who, who of all I've ever known
Will clasp my clay-cold hand,
And say " A noble soul has gone
To dwell in ' Better Land ' ? "

Who'll shroud me for my last, lone rest ?
Who'll smooth my rumpled hair ?
Who'll place my hands upon my breast,
With some sweet flow'ret there ?
Who'll press my cold and stony lips
With Love's last, fond caress ?
Who'll drop a tear from heart's eclipse
My waiting bier to bless ?

Who'll read the Word of God to tell
My pilgrimage is o'er ?
Who'll tune their voice to sweetly swell
The song on Canaan's shore

That, God be willing, saints shall raise
When I have safely come,
To joyous join them in His praise
In that Eternal Home?

SONG OF THE SAINTED MOTHER.

“O Mother! art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?”

I live! I have not human breath,
Nor human hopes, nor human fears;
There is not known such word as death
In all these grand, immortal spheres.
The portal past my spirit sprung
To higher life than earth could give,
While Heaven itself in echo rung
To the glad song, *I live! I live!*

And yet I love the ones I left
In that sad world that knows the grave,
With love which only those bereft
Can ever hope to know or have:
With love which thrills a deathless frame
In unison with heavenly power,
And makes us love one all the same
Each gladsome and immortal hour.

The warm-clasped hand, the burning kiss
I gave you in your cradle-worth,
The smile of sweet maternal bliss
That blessed your sunny childhood's
mirth
Not now are yours—I come instead
Within the chambers of your soul
To whisper softly of the "dead"
When waves of deepest anguish roll.

I live—to cheer you in your gloom ;
I live—to bless with spirit-prayer ;
I live—to woo beyond the tomb
Where life is all so fond and fair.
I live—I love—for love is life,
And life is love in this bright home—
I live! to soothe my darling's strife ;
I love! to bid my darling come.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Where falls the brightest sunlight
In all the wide, wide world ?
Where bloom the loveliest flow'rets
That ever are unfurled ?

Where breathe the softest zephyrs
That ever come to earth ?

Where sing the sweetest songsters
In all their Eden worth ?

Where flow the dearest accents
That ever greet our ears ?

Where list we Heaven's own music
To calm our spirits' fears ?

Where shine the saintliest faces
That ever we have known ?

Where bloom the tenderest graces
This side of Heaven's high throne ?

Where is the magic earth-spot

Where all these blessings come ?—

O mortal ! think ; and thank your God
It is your own dear home !

THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

An editor sat with his swift-going pen
So busy, he scarce had descried
The postman, who entering threw down the mail,
And hastened as quick from his side.

But now it is finished--that "leader" so grand--
To-morrow the people will heed
His eloquent sentences rousing the land ;
And now all the news he may read.

But what means this missive so little and
fair?—

"I'm young, poor, but gifted, and see,
If only some paper will publish my thoughts,
A life-time of honor for me."
He could have consigned it right then to the
flames,
But, somehow, he dropped his quick eye,
And just where the signature trembling was
made
A tear-stain he chanced to descry.

I wanted to read ; but that letter has come
To call my attention away :
We've able contributors over the land,
Nor care to hear aught she can say.
He read of proud Emperors dwelling afar,
Of President, Senators here ;
While picnics, excursions, and politics came
To offer their portion of cheer.

He'd almost forgotten the poor orphan-girl —
In a dream his remembrance was stirred :
For *Judgment* had come ; and the Nations
were there,
Each mortal awaiting the word,
Consigning his soul to a life time of bliss,
Because of bright goal he had won ;
Or dooming it sadder in that world than this,
Because of the wrongs he had done.

His turn came : the Judge with a quick, pierc-
ing glance
Assigned him to place on his left ;
“ You gave no cool ‘ water ’ to spirit athirst,
No word to a being bereft
Of all that could cheer her sad heart in the
strife,
With poverty, sorrow, and woe ;
‘ *Refusing to her you’ve refused it to me,*
My Heaven you never can know.”

The next morning’s mail bore a letter that said,
“ We’ll see can we furnish you aid ;
We’ve writers full plenty ; but should you
succeed
Your talents and time shall be paid.”

Five Summers had blossomed ; the public had
learned

To honor her once humble name—
Ten more fled on : it had taken its place
Among the proud writers of fame.

Ten more had elapsed : he had given his time,
His talents, his money, his all
To 'stablish the paper whose purchaser now
But gloated to know of his fall.
A telegram came in his deepest distress
That told of a woman who, dead,
Had left him the fortune her pen had amassed—
“ *Because of his kindness,*” she said.

THE MAGIC PLEDGE.

“ Shall I give you a pledge ? ” the warrior said,
As he lifted the glowing cup ;
“ Shall I drink to your health ere my feet have
sped,
To warm all my life-current up :
That never 'mid battles I'll pledging forget
Till you are my own, or till life's sun is set ? ”

“No! pledge not for me in the red-flowing wine,
Its sting is the poison of death ;
I'd have naught unholy to seal you as mine,
To madden your quick-going breath ;
But let your heart, mind, from excitement be
free
Whenever you offer a life-pledge to me.”

“Shall I give you a pledge ?” He lifted his hand
To show her the jewels thereon,
The brightest and richest of all in the land
As dew-drops when sunshine 's upon :
“My love's like the glow of these diamonds so
rare ;
Then take this fond pledge that my life you
will share.”

“O no! not with jewels, how bright though
they be
I'd bind you to words you have said ;
No gifts that are gorgeous shall pledge you to
me,
No vows that are moneyed be made.
I'd have something purer and fairer than this
A token to mind me of life's future bliss.”

“ Shall I give you a pledge ?” He culled a white
flower

That sweetly was blossoming there,
And softly as love breathes in holiest hour
He wove it in braids of her hair :

“ As pure as this bud, but more lasting by far,
Is pledge that I make ere I go to the war.”

The morrow had come, and her lover had gone ;
Day, night, slowly circled around ;
She'd planted the bud at the earliest dawn,
With tears had bedewed the loved ground—
When lo ! in the years a sweet shrub blossomed there
That gave when they wedded a wreath for her
hair.

THE DYING MESSAGE.*

Now the aged hero's dying : on his glazing, earth-
dimmed eye
All the scenes of time have vanished, save the
hours of battle-cry,
When his valiant soldiers followed wheresoever
he had led,

* Governor Humphrie's last words.

Whether to a glorious victory, or to sleep among
the dead.

While his soul is struggling, struggling with its
last dread earthly foe,

And the dawn of light eternal flashes on the
scenes below;

Ere the spirit leaps forever far beyond the bounds
of time,

And the surge of Death's cold river round him
chants its awful chime,

Waves he still—the dying patriot—high aloft his
country's fame,

*“Son, when you shall meet my soldiers, speak to
them, for me, by name.”*

* * * * *

O! ye followers of that Captain who has gone so
long before

Through the direst earthly conflict to the shining
Glory-shore,

Hear ye not, through His blest couriers, messages
of purest love,

As He now, with dying pathos, wooes you to His
Home above?

See ye not His ensign gleaming o'er earth's every
battle-field,

As He pleads by Life Eternal never to the foe to
yield ;

As through those He sends you soundeth now
and evermore the same

Blessed greeting, "*Come, my soldiers ! I have
called you each by name.*"

THE MOTHER'S CHOICE.

A mother sat in an easy-chair,

A babe slept on her breast,

Whose golden hair was shining fair

As he smiled in evening rest.

While moonbeams shone with mellow light

As she sung a low, sweet song ;

An angel gladdened at the sight,

As it sped the earth along.

"I've heard your voice so sweetly sad

As you soothed your baby-boy ;

Have come to make your spirit glad

With promise of great joy :

He shall be rich, if you desire ;

Or he shall be most grand,

With fame of martial deeds to blaze

His prowess o'er the land.

“ Or he shall have a poet's heart,
With wealth of tender song ;
Whiche'er of all these gifts you wish
To him shall sure belong.
But *only one* will I bestow ;
Make choice of all the three—
Wilt have him rich ? or warrior grand ?
Or songster shall he be ? ”

The mother thought one moment then
Of joys that wealth may know,
Remembered snares that gird the feet
Of richest ones below ;
She thought of how the warrior lives,
With hands all stained with blood,
And felt, if he were one, in peace
He might not see his God.

Just then a bird cooed from a tree,
And answering songster poured
A gush of sweetest melody
As upward high he soared.
The moonbeams quivered to the strain,
And breeze crept softly by
As though they longed to hear again
That music from the sky.

She was resolved—"O ! give him song
To cheer the souls of men ;
To tell them of fair Eden's joys,
And woo them home again."
In after years men saw the strength
With which he met earth's strife,
And marked the Christian fortitude
Of his heroic life ;

They did not know the angel's gift
Had strung his soul for time
In key of wondrous love and faith
That echoed forth in rhyme.
But ever as he sung sweet songs
A heavenly voice would say,
"That spirit sure to us belongs,
Will chant with us some day."

LINES.

WRITTEN UPON PASSING MY OLD HOME.

Long years have flown, dear cottage !
Since last I gazed on thee ;
And the sight has drawn sweet waters
From the wells of memory.

Though thy walls are torn and shattered,
And thy portal gaping wide,
'Twas there that I stood in gladness
A young and happy bride.

The Winter's day was cheerless,
But my soul was filled with joy ;
For I felt that life could offer
No more of grief's alloy :
For with one to love and cherish
My orphan-heart, 'twould be
Secure in that love forever,
'Gainst all adversity.

The Spring came forth in her beauty
To gild that humble home,
And the forest songsters, often,
With their sweetest notes would come,
To waken me in the morning
At the earliest peep of dawn,
And to trill forth the same sweet music
When the day's last beams were gone.

O ! I know that the angels hovered
'Round that lowly, lovely spot ;
For the tales that they whispered daily,
Can never be forgot,

Of a home high up in heaven,
Where such love shall ever bless
The souls of the true and upright
With perfect happiness.

And I thanked Him in my gladness,
For my cup of earthly bliss
Was filled to overflowing—
Could heart wish for more than this? —
But clouds sprung up in the distance,
And sorrows have come full fast ;
Yet I know that the same bright earth-love
Shall be mine when this life is past.

'Tis a part of the deathless spirit,
And its light shall brightly burn
Till the Maker and the Giver
Shall bid that soul return.
Then true to God and Duty,
O fainting heart ! be brave,
Till that love shall bloom in beauty
In its home beyond the grave !

October, 1877.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

So old, so new, the glorious truths we learn !
As if some man intent to gather wealth

Had wandered 'round the world in search of gold ;
While at his very door a precious mine
Of *diamond value* had unnoticed lain ;
Till, wearied with his fruitless search he comes
Back to his home to die—then finds that there
A fortune richer than famed India's wealth
Is his but for the delving ! Precious truths !
That gleam and glisten 'neath our very eyes
With radiance gathered since Creation's dawn,
From home and "mansions" far beyond the
 skies—
A radiance which shall but the brighter grow
Till Time shall usher in the Eternal Dawn !

SONG OF THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

AIR : "Who will care for Mother now ?"

Tell the world the war is over,
 Long we fought the deadly foe,
Long we battled 'gainst his legions
 Ere we struck the final blow.
Women—even little children—
 Joined us in the deadly fray,
While old Satan's charging minions
 Filled their souls with dread dismay.

But 'tis over ! One brave woman
 Stood before a battery masked ;
While the shot and shell were flying,
 Only standing-room she asked.
And, as if the Arch-fiend grudged her
 Place to keep within the fight,
At her lone, unaided bosom
 Aimed he all his deadliest might.

One brave boy was grandly struggling
 As his father called him off ;
Told him : “ *Let the Christians fight it !* ”
 While the fiends did howl and scoff.
Yet he stood there all undaunted—
 Heaven within his face and eye—
Telling that it was a pleasure
 Like good Stephen thus to die.

But 'tis o'er ! Our Captain led us
 'Mid the thickest of the fight ;
All the world was backed against us
 As it charged with deadliest might.
But He stood ! And calling round Him
 All the faithful of the earth,
Proved the Sword of TRUTH triumphant,
 And proclaimed the Spirit's worth.

Tell the world the war is over—
O! how grand it is to die
In the service of Jehovah,
With your Home and kindred nigh!
And while angel-pinions bear me
To yon shore so bright and blest,
Tell the world the war is over—
And the Christian's gone to rest.

ROBERT KELLY

OF THE STEAMER GOLDEN CITY.

Only an Engineer!
Who never quailed to fear,
As clear and loud he gave the cry
To startled pilot standing high,
“FOR GOD’S SAKE QUICKLY LAND!”
Then in his courage grand,
Stood like some hero sentinel
His own bright, deathless fame to tell.

Only an Engineer!
While flames are leaping near;
And maddened wild beasts plunge and tear*
To break their furnace-cages there;

* A menagerie was aboard the boat when it was burned.

And human beings sink
Beneath the billows' brink,
Whose deadly seething could not quell
The heart of him who braved them well !

Only an Engineer !
God grant we all may hear,
In thunder-tone from Great Unknown,
The words forever now his own,
 "*For God's sake quickly land,*"
Ye who may doubting stand,
While fires eternal blaze and leap
Beside your almost fatal sleep.

Only an Engineer !
In highest human sphere—
*The sphere that martyrs grandly find
In nobly dying for their kind—*
His fame shall live and blaze ;
While men shall speak his praise
Along with his alike renowned,
Montague, the Hero-Pilot crowned !

Only an Engineer !
High to the clouds let's rear
A monument beside the waves
Where both immortals found their graves ;

Where men who dare to die
For men, when danger's nigh,
 Shall wake in heaven to find their worth
 Forever blest and loved on earth !

TO A FRIEND ON HER WEDDING DAY.

This is the hour that binds your fate for life
 With brightest happiness or deepest strife ;
 That makes the maid a glad or wretched wife.

O God ! Thou knowest all a maiden's thought
 Who yields her love to him who love hath
 sought :
 Thou know'st with what deep import it is
 fraught.

Be Thou her stay, her Saviour, and her guide,
 Let no dark evil e'er her path betide
 Whose heart is bounding now a happy bride.

Teach him to know Thy great, Thy perfect will ;
 To "love, to honor, and to cherish" still ;
 For this alone her life with joy can fill.

The love she gives no other heart hath given ;
 The vows she plights are sacred as is heaven ;
 Grant that those vows by no rude wrong be riven.

May his strong breast a shelter ever be
Where 'mid earth's storms her trembling heart
 may flee ;

And bide secure till skies from clouds be free.

May his fond love as brightest sunshine play
Around her gladsome footsteps every day,
Ennobling life with purest joy alway.

In such a fate there were no real pain,
Earth, hell itself, might strive to snare in vain ;
For life like this is Eden back again.

A WOMAN'S PLATFORM.

WRITTEN UPON READING PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

I know but little of politics,
 Of what a "Democrat" dreams ;
Of what is meant by "Republican views,"
 Or a "Readjuster's" schemes.
But something happened the other day,
 Way off in Washington,
That has reached the depths of my inmost
 heart,
And my highest honor won.

A man who has risen by hard-earned steps
To the loftiest fate on earth,
In the hour of triumph could not forget
The being who gave him birth ;
Nor the loving wife who has shared his toils
For lo ! these many years ;
And I think, and think on that act sublime
Till my soul is steeped in tears !

Another thing he did that day
That I love to think of too :
He said that "Mormonism disgraced
This country" great to view ;
That "*the fireside's honor should be pre-
served*"

By men throughout all this land—
O son ! O father ! O husband true !
We honor your courage grand.

May the God of your wife and mother give
The grace that your soul shall need
'Long the slippery paths of official life,
Your footsteps to safely lead ;
Till a Nation's heart all healed of its wounds
Shall throb with a newborn joy,
*Because of a spotless record won
By the widow's noble boy !*

TO A SEPTUAGENARIAN.*

From heart of mighty mountain
A cooling stream gushed forth,
As beauteous and refreshing
As springtime in the North ;
And everywhere it wandered
Bright beds of flow'rets grew,
Like those that gladdened Eden
When Paradise was new.

Forever, ever onward
Through passing years it flowed,
And on each weary traveler
A cooling draught bestowed ;
Till all who heard its ripple
Rejoiced to see its waves,
As mourners welcome blossoms
That deck their new-made graves.

That mountain is the structure
Of manhood's strength and power ;
That stream's deep source is heart-wealth
That constitutes its dower.

*His loved and only child, after a happy life of more than forty years, preceded him to the grave. His devotion to her precious memory was beautiful and touching during the subsequent years of his own life. They have now met "to part no more forever."

That stream itself so cooling,
With its elixir mild,
Is a father's fond affection
For a loved and only child!

SONG OF THE SAINTED FATHER.

IN REPLY TO "COME O FATHER! COME AND BRUSH MY
TEARS AWAY."

Yes, my darling! I am coming! I have heard
your wailing voice,
And I leave the glorious "mansions" where
bright spirits e'er rejoice;
Turning earthward, now I haste me to revive my
sorrowing child,
And a band of angels with me: we'll assuage her
anguish wild.

We were singing—O! how sweetly! in that
"house not made with hands";
For the music welled up joyous from a myriad
seraph-bands,
And the saints whom "tribulation" all had
clothed in "robes of white,"
Gladly joined the heavenly minstrels in their
wondrous music-flight.

And while we were grandly sweeping through
the sweetest of the song,
While the gentle baby-voices that unto the choir
belong,
All were raising halleluiahs to the Glory-throne
above,
There was breathed a sign to check us in a tone
of wondrous love.

Leaning from his high position, towards the station that I filled,
Jesus spoke in tone so loving that his audience
vast was thrilled
Into silent acquiescence as He breathed that precious voice :

*“Go unto thy sorrowing daughter ! Go, and bid
her heart rejoice.”*

Quick the angels gathered 'round me with their
sympathy and cheer,
Quick we left the glorious “mansions” now to
all so doubly dear ;
And we heard a heavenly anthem as we passed
the pearly gate :
“See how Jesus loves the beings that doth in His
presence wait !”

We are coming! Haste to meet us! In the quiet
of your room,
In the day-time or the night-time we can chase
away all gloom ;
For in loving, pitying kindness we will gather
'round you there,
*And sweet comfort bring your spirit as you kneel
in secret prayer.*

THANKS.*

You may talk of the joys
Of girls or of boys.
As they "frolic" in youth-time so gay,
Wherever they range,
In the dance or "the grange"
To chase the glad moments away.

But there is a bliss
Superior to this—
At least it appears so to me—
When wearied with strife
I'd rest me of life,
And genuine pleasure would see.

*Written upon receiving many newspapers from various editors and friends.

I ask not for wine,
Nor dollars that shine
With their glittering worth ever new ;
Nor for fashion and show,
Nor for diamonds that glow
On fingers of hearts that are true.

I ask not for wealth—
But grant me good health,
And something that's useful to do ;
And for my relief
In moments of grief
But give me a paper or two !

On the wings of the Press,
Which the land so doth bless,
I can rise from the depths of despair,
And traverse the world,
Where'er truth is unfurled,
And bask in an ecstasy there.

Can dive in the sea
Where treasures may be ;
Or sail in the stately balloon :
Can measure each star,
As it twinkles afar,
And talk with the "man in the moon."

Can float on the cloud,
As its dark folds enshroud
The mountains below with deep gloom ;
And peep into heaven,
By converse thus given,
While earth seems awaiting a tomb.

Can rise with the dawn,
Ere the first lark has gone,
And welcome the " King of the day " .
As his chariot sweeps up
From the ocean's deep cup,
And floods with bright sunshine the way.

Can stand near the throne
Of monarch that's known
For power and regal estate ;
And hear what he says
Of the world and its ways,
As though I myself was as great.

Can list to the flow
Of sonnets that go
Like the chanting of angels to me ;
While my heart can but beat
In unison sweet
With the rhyme and the rhythm so free.

Can visit the cot
On poorest town-lot,
And talk with the occupants there,
Whose portals ne'er greet
The blest welcome feet
Of hearts that are gladsome and fair.

Can go in the homes
Where virtue ne'er comes,
And weep with the inmates who there,
'Neath the sorrows of earth,
May never know mirth,
Enchained to their woe and despair.

Can enter the cell
Where murderer may dwell,
And whisper of home in the skies ;
While without, on the street,
The drum-call may beat
That closes in death his sad eyes.

Can cross the far strand
Of dark heathen land,
And list to the sweet Gospel song
Of lips that can tell
In anthems so well .
The joys that to missions belong.

Then thank you kind friends !
Each person who sends
Your columns the post-office through ;
And may you ne'er know,
While on earth here below,
The want of a paper or two.

GROWING OLD.

“I'm growing old !” The first white line
Is mingled with my auburn hair ;
It came an unexpected guest,
I had not thought to find it there.
And yet it seems a beauteous thing—
This gleaming thread of silver light—
It brings no sadness to my heart,
Nor shadows one loved dream so bright.

“I'm growing old !” Upon my brow
Are traces of the lingering years ;
Within my heart are many scars
Occasioned by deep sorrows' tears :
I've wept o'er many a treacherous wile
Where I had hoped for love and truth ;
I've seen the fondest hopes decay
That flashed upon my sunny youth.

And yet I grieve not: for I know
That which, on earth, is termed "*old age*"
But ushers the immortal soul
Upon a nobler, grander stage
Of being, where its embryo worth
Shall glow and glisten 'neath the gleam
Of God's own eye as diamonds blaze,
And sparkle 'neath the sun's bright
beam!

"I'm growing old!" The dreams of youth
Are but sweet memories of the past;
Yet their undying faith and truth
Must be my own while life shall last.
For as I grow serenely old
The mellow tints those dreams unfold
Shall come like soft æolian strain
To bathe my heart with youth again.

"I'm growing old!" The "flood of tears,"
Sad fruitage of my "golden years,"
Comes not because of wrongs I've done,
Comes not because no goal I've won—
It comes because God wills it so;
In heaven above *the why* I'll know—
And, while I weep the "clay-cold real,"
My soul is cheered by bright ideal.

My cherished harp still loves to sing
The dreams that only youth can bring ;
And though a "melancholy moan"
May mingle with its tender tone,
I could not—would not hush the spell
That lingers in its mournful swell ;
For as heart-echoes sweep along,
My soul flies upward in a song.

"I'm growing old!" "Hope's weary dove"
Hath found a land of changeless love!
A land so bright in Summer's glow ;
A land so free from Winter's snow ;
A land no sorrow's flood can reach ;
A land too bright for pen or speech—
In that blest land she builds her home,
Hence in this world no more can roam.

Yet ere she left for that bright shore,
One "branch of olive-green" she bore
On trembling wing to my sad heart,
To tell me of the "better part
Which she hath chosen"—and I wait
Until some hour, whether soon or late,
When I shall gladly wing my flight
To that far home so blest and bright.

“I’m growing old!” Nay, growing young!
The dreams I once in rapture sung,
The hopes that clustered ’round my way
Shall cheer me still when I am gray.
Even death itself can bring no gloom;
For life “springs smiling from the tomb”;
And in yon world of Love and Truth
Blest spirits e’er renew their youth!

HEART-BREATHINGS.

A WELCOME FOR MISS WILLARD TO MISSISSIPPI, IN 1889.

Our Queen is coming! Southland, wave
Your sweetest welcome on the breeze;
Let blooming flowers and singing birds,
And lowliest shrubs, and loftiest trees
Proclaim throughout your vast domain
A march triumphal, for her car
Who comes again to cheer our homes
With kindest blessings from afar.

“*The world her parish;*” and all hearts
The altar where her incense burns;
A host of sympathetic friends
Shall spring where’er her pathway turns.

O ! grandest thought of this grand age :
 “ The world one family ” *—while she,
Its vestal virgin-sacrifice,
Lives only for humanity !

Her woman's heart might, long ago,
 Have built a home of love for her ;
But who else on this world had hoped
 Such myriad blessings to confer ?
So turning from the siren notes
 Of love, and home, and children's glee,
The bridegroom voice of Christ she hears,
 A mother for the world to be !

And far o'er lands, and high o'er seas
 Her flag of pure devotion flies,
Where'er a sound can catch the breeze,
 Or faintest colors paint the skies :
Her faith the talismanic wand
 That turns the dross of human hearts
To purest gold, and in each home
 A train of new conditions starts.

Earth's grandest monarchs on their thrones
 Shall note the voice of “ prairie-girl ” ;

* Miss Willard's own idea and expression.

The lowliest huts in western wilds
 Their humble welcome shall unfurl ;
And women's hearts shall learn to sing
 A glad "new song" where'er she goes ;
While onward, onward evermore
 A stream of purity o'erflows.

As Miriam, "Prophetess" of old,
 As "Deborah, the Judge" was great ;
As Ruth and Esther live fore'er,
 As Hannah made great Samuel's fate ;
So with prophetic ken, conceived
 Through faith and trust in God alone,
Our nineteenth-century-Prophetess
 Shall live where'er earth's history's known.

And as "the seas embrace all lands,"
 And as "the skies embrace all seas,"
So shall *her faith* encompass earth
 With beams from which all darkness flees.
Then in the twilight of that morn
 Triumphant notes from every home
Shall usher in Millennial dawn
 With glad acclaim, "Thy Kingdom's
 Come !"

SONG FOR THE Y. W. C. T. U.

ON MISS WILLARD'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

They are gathering in their beauty,
The girls of every State;
They're weaving now a chaplet
For her we deem so great:
With smiles and pleasant faces
They place it on her brow—
O! peerless Frances Willard,
Thou'rt more than empress now!

They're gathering in their valor,
The strong, true hearts and brave,
Determined to do battle
Their Native Land to save
From curse and woe of whisky,
From slavery to sin—
O nations! was such army
Before e'er mustered in?

They're gathering in their virtue,
The loveliest ever borne
By noble mothers: on each breast
A pure white ribbon's worn;
The badge of "Christian Womanhood,"
It yet shall bind the world,

*The sweetest flag for "home and heaven"
That ever was unfurled!*

The knights who followed Peter
To save a Saviour's tomb
Were not more true and steadfast
Than these maidens in their bloom;
For they come to pay their homage
Unto a risen Lord;
And high among the nations
To raise His written Word!

Then loveliest of "Crusaders"
We bid you all "God speed,"
Who come from princely dwellings,
Who come from homes of need:
You're all the sceptered "daughters
Of the Great and only King";
And a Pentecostal blessing
On America you'll bring.

DOM PEDRO AT THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.*

O Pedro! In thy distant home
I know that thoughts will oft-times come,

* "Long and reverently—with uncovered head—he gazed upon the tomb of the 'Father of his Country!'"—*To abdicate a throne, as he has since done in Brazil, for the good of his people, is far more grand and sublime than to have founded one.*

In thy brave toil, in thy sweet rest,
Of grave upon Virginia's breast
Where sleeps the HERO OF THE WEST ;
The matchless man who lived and died
A Nation's guardian and her pride !
If thou art true to lesson taught
By mound with so much meaning fraught ;
If thou art good, as well as great,
Brazil shall rise to higher state
Among the nations, and at home,
That to *his* grave thy steps have come.
We bid thee welcome to our shores !
Whose manhood's spirit grandly soars
Beyond the empty show of kings,
And solace to that manhood brings,
In hopes and dreams of future years,
When each glad nation's song shall be :
“ Like proud Columbia, we are free ! ”

June, 1876.

SONG FOR MISS BELLE KEARNEY

OF THE MISSISSIPPI Y. W. C. T. U.

All honor to her, our brave Southern girl,
Who, shunning the follies of fashion's gay whirl,

Devotes the blest hours of the morn of her life
To the service of God 'gainst the Demon of Strife.

As David went forth in the strength of the Lord
To battle, sustained alone by His word ;
So Belle Kearney enlists in the bloom of her
youth
To fight for her Country—its honor and truth.

Then come every maiden ! and join hand to hand
This valiant crusader—and the forthcoming band
Of women who serve in the ranks of the Lord
Shall kill old “ Goliath ” and brandish his sword.

The strong sword of Justice shall slay Giant
Drink,
From whom Israel's army now seemeth to shrink ;
In the hands of our Davids shall cut off his head,
And the maidens to victory most glorious be led.

Then sing ye, O sing ye, a song in her praise !
May the God of our Country prolong her blest
days,
Till the Demon of Drink shall as swift flee away
As the mists of the twilight at dawning of day.

IN MEMORIAM.

VICTOR ELGIN.* AGED TWO YEARS.

“A picture hangs on Memory’s wall,”
A picture of beauty rare ;
With its violet eyes and forehead grand,
And its curls of amber hair.
With its rosebud lips so full of life,
And its cheeks of sunset hue ;
And its neck and arms like the petals soft
Of a jessamine bathed in dew.
O ! if earth could throw such a charm around
A mortal frail as he,
What must be the exquisite grace that crowns
His form, that the angels see !

His voice was as sweet as the ring-dove’s when
She calls her love to rest ;
And his smile was as bright as the sunbeams
are
When they shine on the mountain’s crest.
If earthly atmosphere could bring
Such sounds when he spoke in glee,
How must the far-off welkin ring
With his seraph minstrelsy !

* One of the loveliest children, in person and disposition, ever lent to earth.

O father ! mother ! would you call
 That child from his home of bliss
 To wander again amid the scenes
 Of a sorrowful world like this ?—
 Be still my heart—I hear the song
 He is wafting from yon shore,
 As his little hands sweep o’er his harp—
“ I’m blest forevermore ! ”

TO LOUCILE AND EVA.

WRITTEN UPON PASSING THE PRESBYTERIAN PARSONAGE AT
 EDWARDS, MISS., MARCH 15, 1887.

Dark Winter now has passed away,
 And the sweet Springtime come apace,
 With blooming flowers and singing birds
 That greet me in accustomed place ;
 While o’er the landscape far and near,
 Like sense of joy at earliest dawn,
 When night is past, comes spirit-cheer—
Where have the little children gone ?

I walk beside their former home,
 I gaze upon its close-locked door ;
 Its windows drawn, its yard bereft
 Of what so gladdened it before :

In fancy I can almost see
The baby-carriage on the lawn,
With little Eva seated there—
But O! those lovely ones have gone!

I hear the twitter of the birds,
I see the budding of the leaves,
As with their own soft music-words
The warblers flit about the eaves.
I strive to catch a kindred tone
That lingers in my heart forlorn;
To clasp the forms once have known—
But O! the darlings both have gone!

Loucile, with curls all floating fair
Like some blest wood-nymph sweetly clad,
While little *Eva* nestles there
With look to make an angel glad.
The one so blithe, and gay, and free;
The other gentle as a fawn,
With eyes so sweet entrancing me—
But O! my darlings now are gone!

Remember, Love, the promise given, *
That, when you kneel in humble prayer,

* Though but a small child, Loucile voluntarily promised that when removed to her father's distant field of labor, in another State, "she would pray for me every evening."

You'll not forget the one so riven
From all its tenderest loved one's care :
When earth and sky are sweetly still,
And towards the stars your spirit's drawn,
That promise then for me fulfill—
And I'll forget that you are gone !

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE HARRY.

AGED ONE YEAR SIX MONTHS TWENTY-TWO DAYS.

No more my neighbor's little boy,
Across the street, shall come and go
With pattering feet within the yard
To greet the friends who loved him so.

No more his little form shall kneel,
At family prayer, amid the band
Who even in his baby ears
Had whispered of the "Better Land."

No more his little hands be clasped,
And head be bowed above the board
Where, daily, blessings thrice were asked
Of His good grace whom they adored.

No more that little voice shall join
In song of mother-heart, as when
The "Are you ready?" hymn he lisped
With her—*Ah! he was "ready" then!*

A few more days, that form was stilled,
Those feet were stayed, that voice was
dumb;
An angel-band had left yon heaven,
And, hastening earthward, bid him come.

And yet he has not lived in vain;
The "little preacher" dwells on high,
With spirit-form and seraph-voice
To woo his loved ones to the sky.

THE STING OF POVERTY.

'Tis not a meager fare of "herbs,"
Nor dress of plainest style;
'Tis not in work the poor perform
With willing hands the while:
For a noble heart may throb beneath
The "homespun" clothes so rude;
And a conscience free of sin's remorse
May sweeten scantiest food.

But 'tis the heartless look of scorn,
The ill-bred stare of eyes
Which seem to say, that one should live
Is matter of surprise.
'Tis words of *hauteur* and contempt
Towards those deserving love,
That make the poor man's poverty
As keenest dagger prove.

I've known a purse-proud child to stand
From aged pair aloof,
Whose very presence blessings brought
Beneath her father's roof.
Years passed away—her wealth had flown
Into a stranger's hand ;
While gray-haired sire and dame had gone
To dwell in Better Land.

Fresh from the mazes of the dance
The "Reaper" called her home ;
A short half-day of agony,
And parting hour had come.
I paused beside her new-made grave—
She died in bloom of youth—
And prayed that God would give me strength
To honor worth and truth.

A PLEA FOR PROHIBITION.

Intemperance is a National curse ; and no true patriot can be indifferent to its evils. There are in the United States one hundred and sixty-six thousand saloon-keepers, costing the country seven hundred million dollars ! The cost of liquor for each inhabitant is seventeen dollars, while only two dollars a head is paid for education." *

Down the dim and distant ages,
From the far-off Galilee
Comes a voice to wisest sages :
"Point the young men unto Me !
Mine, a life of abnegation,
They may follow if they will ;
Purest joy in every station
Shall my followers' lives instill."

* * * *

O ! the deadly curse of drinking !
O ! the hearts no more to beat !
Just because our men, unthinking,
Nurse this viper at their feet.
'Round its dens our babes are prattling,
Near its haunts our boys are seen,
While our young men reel and stagger
From its fangs upon the green.

* Since this was written the drink bill of the United States has increased to *nine hundred millions dollars annually*.

Murder, rapine, and disaster
Follow quick within its train,
While a thirst, of hell begotten,
Fast a nation's treasures drains.
Gray-haired victims who are trembling
On the brink of graves to-day,
With a solemn visage ask you,
"Shall the deadly serpent stay?"

Shall we linger to discuss it?
Shall we longer bear its woe?
Shall we yield our loved ones hand-cuffed
Over to their deadliest foe?
Or, shall every father, mother,
Every brother, sister, friend,
Wife and child to Heaven appealing
Swear its bondage now shall end?

In the Senate, Mississippi
Stands acknowledged well to-day;
In the House she has bright laurels
That upon her brow shall stay.
In the pulpit she has heroes
Who might vie with Paul in zeal;
In her homes unnumbered warriors
Who ne'er knew the fear of steel.

Shall the sons of sires thus noble
Fall beneath a tyrant's call
Who requires for his dominion
Body, mind and spirit all?
Or, like those who won our freedom,
Will you sign for them to-day,
All, "your lives and sacred honor"
That the demon shall away?

Think of Prentiss, *genius-freighted*,
Child of anti-liquor Maine,
By the Southern wine-cup fated—
Can you from this pledge refrain?
Stand beside his grave untimely—
Think if he had been your boy,
And a "Yankee" curse had slain him.
Could you e'er again know joy?—
There are thousand boys now like him
Looking to your deeds to-day—
Vote for Prohibition! Save them!
Save them! save them while you may.

PRAYER.*

We are taught in Revelation that there are two spirits abroad in the earth ; the Spirit of God, or of Truth, and the spirit of Evil. Each has its peculiar mode of communicating with the soul of man, each strives to influence him towards its own legitimate course of action, while he remains a “free agent” to choose between the two, and thus to decide, not only his spiritual *status* for life, but also his destiny for eternity. *Prayer is God’s own appointed means for converse with man.* It is to the spiritual kingdom of Christ—which St. Paul says is “righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost”—what the law of gravitation is to the natural universe. It links the soul of the remotest believer in antiquity, as as well as that of the most distant inhabitant of Christendom, to Christ, the Great Central Sun of the Christian system, as effectually as gravitation holds the planets in their various revolutions around the sun, or systems of worlds in their grand, celestial march around their one great, central orb. And as this law of gravitation not

* An essay written by request, and read before a public assembly at an educational institution.

only holds worlds in their places, but also all objects upon these worlds each to its own place, thus properly adjusting creation, as it were, in the scales of the universe ; so *prayer*, permeating every fiber of Christ's spiritual kingdom, keeps it closely allied to the throne of God. It is the magic telegraph connecting earth with heaven ; for 'tis only in response to sincere, heartfelt prayer that the great miracle of conversion ever occurs. 'Twas in consequence of neglecting this mode of communication that the antediluvian world was forsaken of God ; and in answer to this that Noah was instructed to build the ark, and permitted to save a remnant of the human race. And when the earth shall again be destroyed, when the "elements shall melt with fervent heat,"

And the heavens, "like to a scroll,"
Angel-hands away shall roll,

through the influences of prayer alone and its effects upon the hearts and lives of believers, shall they be spared the universal wreck, and allowed to rise with joy and gladness to meet Christ at His second coming.

But 'tis not only in such grand occurrences as

these that Prayer exerts its inestimable influence. There is not a human being, however humble, that may not, through its instrumentality, become a fit companion of angels. There's not a winter's hour, however dark and drear, that may not, by use of this wonderful kaleidoscope, appear bright and beautiful. There's not a heart, however oppressed with gloom or shrouded with disappointment, that may not, by quaffing this celestial elixir, be filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. There's not a hearthstone, however overshadowed with earth's wrongs or sorrows, that may not, by the use of this magic antidote, become the very "gateway of heaven." It is the joy of the believer, and the only hope of the sinner! It is the anchor of the soul amid the confusion of warring elements and earthly storms, and brings a "peace that passeth understanding" amid the serenity of the happiest earthly lot! It is the inspiration of the Christian statesman, and the solace of the wrongly incarcerated prisoner. It has enabled martyrs to "die at the stake," and nerved "Stonewall Jackson" to exhibit such intrepid heroism and heaven-taught patriotism as have enlisted the admiration of the civilized world! It upholds the living in the

pursuit of the most arduous duties, and comforts the dying in the last painful moments of dissolution. It transfers the causes of earth into the court-room of heaven, and there, in the presence of the Great Judge of the universe, it pleads with an eloquence scarcely appreciated by angels, for the downtrodden and the oppressed, for the "widow and the orphan," for the poor and needy—*while the wicked world stands by and wonders that they live!* It has saved doomed cities from destruction, and converted weeping eyes into "windows of heaven." It prevents the earth from becoming an universal scene of violence and bloodshed, and *one vast charnel house of the spiritually dead.* During the terrible agonies of Gethsemane the divine lips of our Saviour moved in prayer to God the Father—and lo! angels are at his side strengthening him for the awfully sublime tragedy of the Cross.

When earth is clothed in vernal beauty, its every shrub and flower but joying in existence, forget not to pray. When Summer brings its fruits, and Autumn its harvests, forget not to pray. When Winter wakes its great wind-harp, thus appealing to the inmost recesses and emotions of the soul, forget not to pray. When hard

lessons are to be prepared, and the mind realizes 'tis wandering from duty, concentrate it by prayer. When harsh words have been spoken, and the heart is almost broken, heal it with prayer. When kind words have been uttered, and life seems all glorious, hallow it with prayer. When sorrows almost crush your soul, or honors elate, preserve your equilibrium by prayer. When the young bride leaves her father's house, to enter that of a comparative stranger, give costly gifts if you wish, but O ! be very careful to bless her new-found pathway with the inestimable treasury of prayer. When a babe enters the household, amid the joy and confusion of that coming, welcome its advent with prayer. When the young man bids adieu to the parental roof, to embark alone on the treacherous sea of financial affairs, steady his hand and head with the sedative of prayer. When death claims your loved ones, go with them, through prayer, to the very threshold of heaven, and there intrust them to His keeping who has promised to hear and answer those prayers. When friends are removed far away, where the hand, the voice, or the pen of kindness may no longer reach them, aid them; advance their spiritual interests in Christ's king-

dom by prayer. When leaving home for a distant school, or school for home, begin your journey with prayer. When the minister preaches the word of salvation, seal it to your own eternal good by appreciative prayer. And, finally, when earth is receding from our view, and heaven approaching nearer; when life and death seem poised upon the issue of a moment, and sympathizing angels are witnessing your last great struggle upon earth; ere the soul takes its everlasting flight, buoy its waiting wings with prayer, that it may safely and speedily soar into the regions of Eternal Bliss.

THE DYING SOLDIER.*

'Tis night in the quiet hospital of Culpeper Court House. Gentle slumber has closed the eyes of hundreds of suffering soldiers who only sleep to dream of loved ones in their far-off homes. But there is one, a youthful, beardless boy, who can not sleep. For days he had lan-

* Our darling brother—a member of the Eighteenth Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers—died at Culpeper Court House, Va., about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, July 28, 1861; aged eighteen years and four months, having been prostrated by measles and typhoid fever combined, before he had participated in a single battle. *And there he still sleeps.* May angels guard his precious dust!

guished on a soldier's bed in camp ; yet, not until the telegraph, in solemn warning, announced, "Your son is very low—measles and bronchitis : meet him at Culpeper," was he aware that disease had indeed fixed upon his vitals. And she was coming ! The same winged messenger had announced her due on the next day's train, and told her—alas ! the deceptive character of disease—that he was "*better*." Slowly the silent watches of the night wane away. Starlight merges into morn, morning into noon, and the train has come. Each has been warned by sympathizing friends of the dangerous tendency of excitement at meeting ; and each, with Spartan-like firmness, is endeavoring to stay the tide of feeling. But the heart must have some outlet for its pent-up fullness ; and again, and again the mother's form is bent to receive the caresses of his father's only boy ! Again, and again expressions of fondest, unextinguishable love well up from the heart of the dying child to her who had been from infancy his only guide and protector : and when he spoke of life 'twas only for the hope that he might become the stay of her declining years.

Mental happiness triumphs for awhile o'er

physical prostration, and they who have nursed and tended him deem him better. The chilly coldness, the fevered flush, the sometimes almost suspended breath tell but too plainly of the progress of disease. Yet there are times when hope still whispers to the mother's heart, "*He will recover, for he has been worse.*" And then she'd talk of military glory and earthly renown. But these are barren themes. The noble, manly spirit that once dwelt with enthusiasm on the exploits of Hannibal, or kindled with new life at the story of the "Mill-boy of the Slashes" now turns to home and the loved ones there, or, with all the earnestness of its nature, fixes upon Jesus and the Cross. 'Tis evening's quiet, holy hour. They have been conversing of the plan of salvation through faith in Christ. There is silence for a time—and then 'tis broken by the calm, clear voice of the child exclaiming in tones of heartfelt happiness "*I trust in God!*" There was no rustling of wings, no beaming of celestial light 'round about the place; but the angel of Mercy had been there bearing to the repentant soul unmistakable evidence of its acceptance with God.

Morning again breaks o'er the land, and the

gray-haired minister of God is at the bedside. O! how truly estimable, how devoted to the mission of the Gospel, how worthy of the religion which he professed must have been the man who, though comparatively a stranger, could win from the heart of dying youth the voluntary appellation of "my father!" accompanied by manifestations of affection corresponding to so endearing a name! And when the last great day shall come, when the men of God are surrounded by their spiritual children, will not the young Mississippian be there again to embrace and to bless him whom he regarded as the instrument of his salvation?

Evening again throws its gentle shadows o'er the earth. The mother, together with those who, won by his youthful appearance and gentlemanly deportment, had, previous to her arrival, ministered to his comfort with maternal and sisterly devotion are gathered 'round his bed. The Lord's Prayer is repeated in the same deep manly tone with which he was wont to declaim before his teachers in other days — and then a voice rose clear and sweet, tuned to the soul-inspiring hymn, "How firm a Foundation." 'Twas the song of one who had long ago quaffed from the

same rich fount of heavenly love of which he had so lately tasted, of one who had watched beside him as a sister, and who felt that soon his happy spirit would realize the truth of the precious promises therein contained. It fell upon the heart of the dying boy like the gentle dews of heaven upon the leaves of the newly opened flower ere one dark, earthly stain has been fixed upon their purity. And when evening had come again, when the messenger from the eternal world summoned him into the presence of his Maker, clasped in the arms of her who bore him, with a kiss for each of the "loved ones at home" upon his brow, without a murmur or a struggle, the spirit of him, around whom clustered the fond aspirations of mother and sisters, who had been a willing sacrifice to his country's cause, yet whose hands were still unimbued even with the blood of opposing soldiery, winged its way to an eternity of bliss.

PAST AND PRESENT HEROISM.

'Tis usual to appeal to the past for examples of greatness and goodness. Nor would we detract from the well-merited, the richly deserved tribute of praise justly accorded those ancient

worthies. But in our admiration for them we would not forget the heroes and heroines of the present day. For why does history record or poetry embalm instances of past heroism, if not to inspire a noble emulation of such deathless deeds in the warm, true hearts of the living? While Plutarch has enshrined the memory of the immortal heroes of Greece and Rome, the press of the nineteenth century is occasionally illuminated by the glaring splendor of lives as magnanimous and deaths as daring as are any of those recorded by him. We hold that the beautiful story of Penelope's fidelity to Ulysses has been more than equaled by the unswerving loyalty, the heroic devotion of Lady Franklin in spending the residue of her life and her fortune in fruitless attempts to solve the mystery of the long-continued absence of her loved husband—Sir John Franklin—in the frozen regions of the Arctic Zone. And had she lived in ancient times we dare say the poet or novelist of the present day would wish no nobler theme for his verse or his story than that furnished by her. Socrates is ever quoted as an example of sublimest living virtue and dying heroism. But how luxurious seems his fate, surrounded as he was in death by

sympathizing friends and relatives, to that of the immortal southern hero, Joseph Fry! Could anything human be more heroic, more grand and pathetic, more sublime and majestic than the circumstances attending his death? Nay! 'twas not death; but merely the exchange of a few remaining years upon earth for an immortality as lasting as time itself. Leonidas, with three hundred brave Spartans, defended the narrow pass upon the possession of which depended the lives and liberties of his countrymen. The eyes of all Greece were upon him. A nation's gratitude and posterity's praise would be his if he turned aside the victorious march of the invader; while everlasting infamy and disgrace were no less sure should he retreat. There was everything to gain or to lose by the issue, every consideration to inspire martial courage in the highest degree. But when a poor and comparatively unknown pilot on the Mississippi river, when repeatedly warned, as his vessel is burning, that he must inevitably be lost if he does not desert the blazing wheel, gives utterance to the sublime words, "*I'll hold her till she strikes the shore!*" and remaining at the fatal post of duty till she lands, and all others are saved—then sinks into

the waves a burning, crisping, but glorified mass of humanity, rather than one other life should be lost, we claim that the heroism of Leonidas dwindles into insignificance compared to his. And were the treasury of the United States our own, and we the leading spirit of this great Republic, we 'd rear, with the voluntary mite-offerings of a reunited people, beside the great "Father of Waters" a lighthouse to his memory which should rival the Colossus of Rhodes: and there, night and day, as palatial steamers swept by, the eyes of crews and passengers should moisten with emotion, and their hearts thrill with gratitude as they beheld this just tribute to him, who willingly died that others might live; and babes should learn to lisp as waves loved to repeat the imperishable fame of him whose name should be thereon inscribed—*the immortal name of Montague!* We read of the exalted virtue of the Roman matron, Cornelia, and our hearts throb in admiration thereof. But can history produce a more striking instance of sublime human disinterestedness than that of the brave woman who, after having nursed the sick and wounded soldiers amid all the horrors consequent upon the Franco-German war, when, afterwards,

led forth for execution by order of members of "the Commune," refused to recognize, in her lonely march towards death, the friendly face and voice of a former beneficiary of her labors, lest he, too, should thereby share her terrible fate? O earth! thou art groaning on thy axle in consequence of the wrongs inflicted by man upon his fellow-men! No wonder that great songster across the waters, Swinburne, in his love for the human race, yet ignoring the only panacea for their manifold moral evils—the religion of a crucified Redeemer—refuses to be comforted: and in the anguish of his great poet-heart, sobs forth such wailing accents against the inhumanity of the nations that the civilized world pauses to listen; while the student of Revelation but sees, in both him and them, a verification of the Apostle's sublime, metaphorical truism: * "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, *to-wit, the redemption of our body.*"

* Rom. 8: 22, 23.

In the "dark ages" men and women died at the stake rather than relinquish their religion and with it their hopes of heaven. In the nineteenth century many a poor washerwoman saves the pittance of her hard-earned wages for a brutal and intoxicated husband, while kindred, friends, and acquaintances urge her to desist, and dies a slow, but no less sure victim of his perjury and treachery, a martyr for the principles' sake, rather than desert the man she has promised before God and man "to love, honor, and obey."

In the days of chivalry brave-hearted women girded swords on their lovers, and sent them forth with prayers and blessings to battle in defense of their own rights or to avenge their wrongs. About the year 1850 a noble school teacher from the North is wooed by a warm-hearted Southerner—her complement in intellectual and moral worth—and, together, they leave "home, kindred, lands," *everything for the Master's sake*, and cheerfully go forth to rear the standard of the Cross in the then almost impenetrable-to-Christian-civilization land of China. In 1875, leaving her husband to guard the outpost of duty there, Mrs. Lambuth returns to America to visit her son, then being educated for a similar

fate to his father's ; sees her mother die ; travels in behalf of her mission-field, and then returns, it may be, to "sleep her last sleep" in that far-off heathen land ! And shall we then say we have no living heroes and heroines ?

In the days of Augustus, when Italy had been desolated by war, to revive agriculture and the material interests of the Empire, Virgil was induced to employ his gifted pen in the composition of the "Georgics" ; and thus by the persuasive eloquence of song to inspire fresh hopes in the hearts of his countrymen. During the last twenty-five years a small band of noble men, assisted and cheered, it is said, by the indefatigable labors of a like noble woman, determined to rebuild the shattered fabric of the Republic of America through a similar effort. The result of their counsels and endeavors was the organization of the "Patrons of Husbandry." And they so far improved upon their precedent-example as to welcome the aid of woman in their sublime undertaking. Yea ! while "wars and rumors of wars" were filling the ears of the world, they had the moral courage to prove, by admitting her to their ranks, that, on the whole, civilization *is* advancing, and 'tis really true, as the preacher

asserts, that "Christianity has made woman the social and spiritual equal of man." And the result of this brave recognition of a divine truth, in the sight of a sneering and gainsaying world, has been to enlist the women and children, more than one-half of our great population, in behalf of their cause; and thus in the home-circle, as well as in the political arena, to sow the seeds of that unity of heart, and purpose, and hope and feeling which shall yet bring forth Columbia purified and refined from the great crucible of the late Civil War, and present her to the nations the model government of the civilized world.

But there is another example of present heroism in this age that surpasses any history ever cited; an example calculated to rouse both Christian and heathen lands to the practical importance of morally sublime enterprise, and by its accumulated force on the hearts of others to grandly hasten the coming of Christ's kingdom upon earth. We refer to the unparalleled career of our illustrious countrywoman—Miss Frances E. Willard. God prepared the way for her usefulness by giving her a pure, able, good father and one of the noblest of mothers, a mother who lived close to His own great heart while she en-

deavored to follow the leadings of His grace and His providence in the rearing of her children. Well has that mother said, "motherhood is life's richest and most delicious romance," and well did she, by attending mothers' monthly meetings, and by all other means in her power, strive to prepare herself to train her "young immortals" aright. Thus it is that now, with the glory of eighty-five years crowning her honored head, she can say, "I thank God that He ever said to me, 'Bring up this child in the love of humanity and in the expectation of immortal life.' " And, no doubt, had it not been for this remarkable mother there never could have been the more remarkable daughter: it was simply a case of "evolution" according to God's plan, not Mr. Darwin's.

So conscientious was Mrs. Willard, that, when her daughter arrived at maturity, she allowed her to select her own course in life without opposition or censure, even when her judgment would have dictated very differently: she did all she could to develop the *especial individuality* of her child—and behold the result! A woman who has done more to soothe broken hearts, to renovate ruined homes, and restore humanity to its better conditions than any monarch the world has

ever seen! At the wave of her magic wand over the hearts of men, they listen to her sweet pleadings of Gospel truths; and listening, *think*; and then resolve that, "by God's grace," they will become "new creatures." Thence immediately spring up purer homes and happier hearts. In her Christlike mission she stoops to the low plane of "fallen women," whispers words of consolation and hope for them—and lo! they, even they, gladly and gratefully arise to pure lives. O what a lesson for Christian womanhood the entire earth over! And she a maiden, too: how Christlike! She simply adapts the teachings of our blessed Saviour while upon earth to the present conditions of the physical and moral world; and all things, in both, speedily attest the divine miracle of becoming "new." And can we then doubt she is sent by the Father above to this country and this age? Never! never! For nothing short of Jehovah's own strong, "right arm" sustains Frances E. Willard in her hitherto unparalleled sphere of woman's usefulness. Keeping close to the footstool of God's grace, daily studying His Word more and more, her spiritually illuminated heart receives messages from the Father which she hastens to

transmit to His faithful followers everywhere—and all lands and all seas shall yet blossom with the beauty and fragrance of her womanly teachings. Learned divines shall find that they, too, may, through her influence, be led nearer to the heart of Christ; and when they shall acknowledge and proclaim this sublime truth, men and women, together, shall build up and reign in “His kingdom on earth,” even as Adam and Eve conjointly “kept” and dwelt within the “Garden of Eden” of old.

And shall we then ignore the excellencies of the present generation for the glories of the past? Shall we heap bread of sympathetic admiration on the graves of the departed, and yet refuse a loaf to the hungry hearts of the living? Shall we bind wreathes of *immortelles* on the cold brows of dead gymnasts, while the living struggling wrestlers for the cause of Truth and Right are neglected and unknown? Shall we sound loud blasts of fame for those whose ears are alike deaf to praise or censure, and yet refuse to gladden the warm, true hearts of the living with one sweet note of appreciation? Shall we search the records of antiquity for beings worthy of our love and admiration while there are those in our

own land pining for the stimulus of sympathy and affection, who are engaged in kindred labors and sacrifices? Nay, verily! Rather let us, while devoutly thanking Him who "doeth all things well," for the inestimable gift of their examples, learn to avoid the shortcomings of our ancestors by duly appreciating, loving and honoring, not only the great actors of the past; but also by rightly estimating and encouraging the heroes and heroines of the living, active present, thus paving the way for a nobler, sublimer, and more exalted heroism in the ages yet to come.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

While America laments the death of one whose coruscations of intellect shed new luster o'er her national literature, woman mourns the loss of Washington Irving as a friend and benefactor. The world reverences his fame as a scholar and writer: woman cherishes his memory as one whose heart was ever irradiated with the sunshine of affection. With the generosity worthy of a higher order of beings he culled from the depths of *his own heart* those touching traits of tenderness

and constancy which he has so beautifully woven around the character of woman, in the story of the "Broken Heart"; while with the candor worthy of a man, he admits that disappointed love does not often prove "fatal to his own sex."

Himself disciplined in the school of blighted affection, with what beauty and pathos does he describe the fate of those "who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth." No bitter repining, no mock sentimentality is there; but the fathomless fountain of an undying love gushes fresh from the depths of his heart, and flows, in an uninterrupted stream of purity and grace, from his pen. Truthfully does he portray the advantages that man possesses under such circumstances, compared with those of woman: and then by a simile as touching as his nature was noble, tells how she seeks "to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection." Endowed with a master mind, heaven saw fit to intrust to his keeping a heart as pure, as warm, and gentle as that which he so beautifully ascribes to the other sex; and how faithfully he preserved the integrity of that heart, let history and his own writings prove. Utterly rejecting the soul-de-

basing theory that hardness of heart is a characteristic of true manliness, he looked on the "sunny side" of existence and, through the medium of his own appreciation of all that is estimable, threw rainbow tints of kindness and love over the ordinary transactions of life. *And man does not respect him less that woman loves him more.* On the contrary, there is a chord belonging to every human heart, which, however silent it may sometimes appear, must ever vibrate in unison with the manifestations of an elevated nature. We can but admire intellect even when 'tis warped by the want of principle; but with what purity of feeling, what wealth of affection, what depth of devotion must we regard him, in whose life were so sweetly blended the lofty aspirations of a *gifted mind* with the gentle breathings of a *faithful heart*.

THE MONK'S SON.

"May he grow up to be a priest of God! May he live to take his part in the work of the Catholic reformation. For the service of the purified Church may he live; and in that service may he die."—*Father Hyacinthe's prayer for his child.*

'Twas night in the cloistered home of the priest. Rapt in alternate study and devotion

the heart of the brave "soldier of the Cross" had been deeply communing with his God. In answer to prayer, more "light" had been given—and suddenly, as the swoop of an angel's wing, the Gospel of Grace appeared to shine with a new meaning 'neath the effulgence of that light. Was he indeed doomed to solitude in life?—he whose heart was so capacitated by its Maker for all the sublime beatitudes of a noble companionship, every fiber of which was interwoven with that last and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbor as thyself." Already had the claim of "Infallibility" by the Pope roused him from the beautiful dream that Catholic faith was without fault, and pierced his heart with the solemn and saddening conviction—alas! too true! of the utter fallibility of the entire human race. With the heroism of a Luther, and the zeal of a Wesley, he had prepared him for the storm of dissension which, with prophetic ken, he foresaw must, sooner or later, burst upon his beloved Church; while with the calm fortitude of a soul conscious of its own integrity of purpose and purity of motive, he throws himself into the breach as the

leader of the adherents of the "Old Catholic" faith. And now, by close scrutiny of the sacred volume, guided by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, is revealed to him the once unthought-of fact that he, too, as other men, may select from God's fair creation one with whom to live and die—may lawfully become the happy husband of one chosen wife. The being whom he selects has been well trained in the school of misfortune to become the soul companion of this calumny-assailed, this gifted and heroic, man. They stand together before the hymeneal altar, and the strange news is flashed around the world that a Catholic priest hath taken unto himself a wife. And now comes the more thrilling intelligence that he is a father; and that, true to all the noble aspirations of his holy calling, as he dedicates his child to God in baptism, he prays "that he may live and die in the service of the purified Church." Ah! verily, a "little leaven is leavening the whole" lump of humanity. When the Evangelical Alliance met in New York the loving, cheering words sent across the ocean by Father Hyacinthe proved that his heart was with it; while throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, amid all the commotions of Church

and State, are unmistakable omens of the approaching fulfillment of the divine prayer, "That they all may be one ; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us : *that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.*"* And in this great and glorious work, of evangelizing and uniting the one great Christian Church, may little Paul Emanuel Hyacinthe Loyson bear a noble part on earth, and reap an abundant reward in heaven, we are sure is the prayer of every truly converted heart.

WOMEN AND THE CENTENNIAL.

We had anticipated great and glorious results from the celebration of the Centennial. From the time the first faint murmur of the distant note of preparation reached our ears, our hearts had throbbed in unison with the patriotic design. For we could readily estimate the soothing influence of such an assembly upon all sections of our own great country, and its beneficent result upon the affairs of other nations. But we must confess our most sanguine expectations have been

* John 17: 21.

more than realized. There was one phase of the subject which—strange to say—in our enthusiastic meditations upon the matter we had never thought; *viz.*, *Its effect upon the destiny of woman as a sex.* Truly Mrs. Gillespie* has been richly rewarded for her patriotic industry and enterprise! And will not some noble woman, a hundred years hence, regard it as sufficient honor for her lifetime to occupy the same exalted position in a similar International celebration? The event is full of significance for the present, prognostic of hope and joy for the future! But why these thoughts?

There are thousands of men now dwelling in Christian lands who, were all the restraints and indirect influences of Christianity removed, would be but heathen in heart and in deed. There are women who are, as it were, semi-heathen, because they fail to realize the deep significance of that heavenly radiance which began to dawn in the East when the "Star of Bethlehem" arose. They have not carefully studied the long-un-solved problem of human degradation and the masterly and only practicable solution of the

* Superintendent of the "Woman's Department" of the Centennial Exposition.

same afforded in the sublime teachings of "Jesus of Nazareth." Yet could we ascend some high mountain-top of thought, and there investigate the history of mankind from the earliest ages of the world until the present time, as century after century and nation after nation passed in review before us, we could but grasp some faint recognition of this divine truth: *God never intended that woman should always remain in the "Slough of Despond," into which the eating of the "forbidden fruit" plunged her.* In the ages to come there was to be a Deliverer—a Being both human and divine, whose immortal feet rested upon the imperishable "Rock of Ages"—who, with sympathizing heart and helping hand was to lift her from this mire of sorrow and degradation, and, by a long flight o'er the stairway of ages, lead her back to her primeval purity and equality with man once enjoyed in the Garden of Eden. No wonder St. Paul, when thinking of the unbounded goodness and mercy of Deity, should exclaim, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" No wonder the deepest thinkers of the age, both male and female, hail the

auspicious elevation of woman as an omen of good to the whole human race. How is it possible for a people, or an entire race to be free indeed while its mothers are in bondage? How can the offspring of the "Egyptian woman" receive the same rich inheritance with the "heir of promise," the child of Sarah? Yea! call it "enthusiasm," "fanaticism," or what you will; yet the hearts of educated, elevated, conscientious Christian women must throb with appreciative pleasure to know that at the great assembly of nations convened upon our shores in the Centennial year, the chosen chaplain of that occasion should have, in his official capacity, in his opening prayer, made use of the following words: "*We pray thy benediction especially on the women of America who, for the first time in the history of our race, take so conspicuous a place in a national celebration. May the light of their intelligence, purity, and enterprise shed its beams afar, until in distant lands their sisters may realize the beauty and glory of Christian freedom and elevation!*" Was the Empress of Brazil, was the private American woman a less worthy wife or mother because of that prayer? Or did not each, on this very account, resolve in her inmost soul

to prove truer, if possible, to every sacred trust of her womanhood? Let the heart of every noble man, the eye of every intelligent woman flash its own answer.

Adown the ages far I see
A gleaming light—it shines for me!
It gilds the pathway of my soul
Along where clouds of darkness roll;
It flashes radiance o'er the tide
Of sorrow sweeping far and wide,
And casts its own prophetic ray
To herald brighter coming day,
When earth shall rise to higher state
In homes of all, both small and great;
When hearts shall throb with purer joy,
And holier aims our lives employ—
For earth's exultant song shall be,
“SIN'S BONDS ARE BURST—AND WOMAN'S
FREE!”

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

'Twas night on the quiet plains of Judea. A holy calm lay o'er the little village of Bethlehem. A mighty event was at hand: a Saviour was about to be given to the world! A stranger and his

wife had found lodging in a stall, for “there was no room for them in the inn.” The proud, the haughty, the worldly-minded, perchance, had found a resting-place beneath its roof; but *all* “went to be taxed,” and there was no accommodation for the humble sojourners of “the house and the lineage of David” within its walls. Shepherds were watching their flocks in the fields, all unconscious of the scene so soon to be enacted. But lo, a change! “The glory of the Lord shone round about them,” and a heavenly messenger proclaims, in tones as sweet as a seraph’s lyre, “Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord! Ye shall find the babe lying in a manger.” Then, as if an angel’s testimony were scarce sufficient to authenticate so great, so good, so undeserved a gift to man, “suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!”

O! how the hearts of those simple-minded shepherds must have gone out in gratitude to Him who had permitted them, while yet on earth, to witness a scene like this! Methinks it might

have atoned for a lifetime of sorrow and of suffering, to have been allowed to behold the "glory of the Lord" as thus revealed. And then what an inestimable privilege to hear such unearthly harmony—the choristers of heaven themselves chanting, in soul-thrilling cadence, words so fraught with beauty and with meaning, so replete and yet so free from circumlocution as these: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!" There was no doubt as to the fact of the vision. They could not question the veracity of a legion of angels; and they must believe that "Shiloh" had indeed come! And how their hearts must have swelled with thoughts of the innumerable blessings which that coming would inevitably bring!

Earth has its scenes as sacred to the heart as was the remembrance of Sinai and the burning bush to that of Moses; scenes in which "the Comforter" has unmistakably manifested himself; scenes linked to the memories of the soul by a thousand spirit-ties. And yet, has it ever "entered into the heart of man to conceive" one more serenely beautiful, more transcendently sublime, more imposing in its appearance, or prolific in its results—save when a crucified Redeemer

ascended again to the bosom of His Father—than this? Not unlike to it may be the joy which the heaven-bound Christian feels when conscious that he is nearing the shores of the Eternal Home. Not unlike to it the visions of the loved and lost, which oftentimes greet the glazed eyes of those who have looked their last on earthly things, and are peering, as it were, into the vast “unknown.” Not unlike to it the seraphic tones of heavenly melody which so often greet the ears which are deaf to all earthly sounds. And not unlike to it, it may be, the shouts of welcome which reverberate through the crystal palaces and the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, when an earth-weary, God-serving pilgrim is allowed to enter its pearly gates, while all its varied hosts of inmates proclaim in heaven-taught minstrelsy: “Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

THE SECOND BABE.

Many mothers dwell with enthusiasm on the remembrance of the birth of their first child; but with me it is different; my fondest recollections are those of my second babe. And why?

We had consigned our first-born to the grave. Amid the blooming of flowers, the singing of birds, and the far-away booming of hostile cannon—for Vicksburg was then bravely defying the beleaguering foe—he had closed his eyes in death. At the dreary hour of midnight, the sole, lone watcher by his white-robed form—for the family were exhausted, and the ordinary courtesies of life could not then be exchanged among neighbors—I had knelt and prayed for Divine aid to enable me to “pass under the rod.” On a beautiful Sabbath eve we had lowered him to his last resting-place, while the family, a few friends, and the servants had mingled their tears with ours. Another too, a stranger-inmate of the house, one who “wore the blue,” had, with sad countenance and tearful eyes, followed the sacred injunction to “weep with those who weep,” as we stood around his little grave. Ah! can I ever forget the matchless expression of those angel-eyes? the calm dignity of that lofty brow? the sweet music of that prattling tongue? the quiet gentleness of that infant mien? No wonder a lady once said, “He never appeared to belong to this world, but ever seemed to be looking beyond.”

No wonder the venerable Bishop of this Diocese* touchingly called him "his little Bishop" when only a few months old. No wonder the Federal soldiers clasped him in their arms, and pranced away on their richly caparisoned steeds, as he too held the reins and said as plainly as innocent childish prattle and conduct could say, "I love you." No wonder they treated with uniform kindness and respect the mother of such a child. Even one who seemed roughest of the rough among his soldier companions, grew mild and gentle as a woman when he held that baby-form, and spoke of his own little boy away in the far West. But he was dead! dead to the world, not to me. I never dreamed how dear a spot a graveyard could be, until we laid him there. I never fully understood why people so prize the flowers that grow on lonely mounds, until they bloomed over him. I never realized the deep tenderness pervading all our Saviour's utterances in reference to little children, until I bowed beneath the deep shade of the evergreen trees which there excluded me from the outside world, and repeated them aloud by his grave. The Spirit of God would meet me at that sacred spot; and my

* Bishop Green, now deceased.

child always seemed nearer, and heaven dearer when I had been there. But I commenced to tell about the second babe :

Months of loneliness and sadness, only relieved by frequent perusals of my Bible and by prayer, succeeded. Sometimes I would dream of dressing my lost darling ; and so vivid would be the impression of his sweet and life-like appearance that, for days afterward, I could almost realize that I had actually seen him. But suddenly a new hope dawned in my heart : I was to become a mother again. Little-loving arms were again to be twined about my neck ; soft, velvet lips again to be pressed to mine. O the joy of those midwinter and early Spring days ! when snugly ensconced in a retired room of the house of a kind friend, I devised the cunning little garments that were to enfold the stranger's form ! How with half maternal, half sisterly kindness, my hostess aided me in my enterprise ! Every hour of the day was given to this loved employment : sometimes I even cheated the night of several hours by rising before dawn, and, while my husband slept, weaving fairy stitches to be worn by my expected child. How wonderingly the maid of eight years looked on as I measured,

and folded, and cut, and tucked, and ruffled the strange-looking garments, her naturally large eyes sometimes dilating to almost double their usual size. Yet she asked no questions, and I could, with truth, "keep my own counsel." My husband, too, saw the devotion to another's wardrobe at the occasional expense of neglecting his own ; but his hopes also were cast into the future, and he censured not. The first chapter of St. Luke's gospel assumed a new meaning to my mind ; and I could, in some remote degree, enter into the feelings of Elizabeth and Zacharias as they patiently awaited the fulfillment of the angel's prophecy in reference to the birth of John the Baptist. For I could, as the mother of an angel in heaven, fully realize the honor and responsibility of maternity.

At length the eventful hour arrived ; and scarce had the martial music, the dress parade of stationed soldiers, and heavy cannonading in commemoration of a nation's birthday died away in our ears when we inaugurated a gala-day of our own by welcoming the long-looked for stranger to "our home and hearts." How papa rejoiced in the possession of another son ! He seemed

suddenly to have grown several inches in stature, and many years in dignity and importance. O the quiet joy of those long, bright Summer days! when baby and I lay side by side; he looking so lovely as he slept—and I dreaming, dreaming of the time when he should become a full-grown, noble man! How faithfully our next door neighbor performed all the loved offices of a mother who dwelt in the (then) “Confederacy,” separated from us by the strictest Federal “picket-line.” Even the old cook, long past the age of maternity, and whose children were all dead, rejoiced with us; while the neighboring encampments of soldiers testified their respect by greatly diminished reveille and sunset noise and drumming. A mocking-bird, seemingly forgetful that we were almost within the city corporation, daily swung herself on a limb of a tree near my window, and poured forth such gushing melody of song that I could but strive to answer her dear-loved strain. The beautiful colt, escaping from her own appropriate quarters, would gallop ’round the house—then neigh, and, partly pushing open the window blind, would peer around the room as if to say, “Why all this unwonted

quietude and seclusion?" and these were the words I sung to them :

Sing, Birdie, sing !

I know that your heart is light and free,
As you sit on the limb of the locust tree,
And tell, in your tones of mirth and glee,
Of the little boy now come
To nestle in our hearts and home.

Then sing, Birdie, sing !

For Baby loves your song.

Neigh, Coltie, neigh !

As you frolic 'round with flying mane,
Unconscious that the bit and rein
Shall e'er your heedless steps restrain.

But when another year has passed,
And a tiny hand the bridle clasped,
You'll find that your master's form,
Though younger than your own, shall be
A curb on your gait and liberty.

Then neigh, Coltie, neigh !

And scamper wildly while you may,
As he sleeps the Summer days away.

How papa, when returning from duty "down town," would drown remembrance, for a time, of

heat and dust, of patients and pills in watching every look and feature of our new-found treasure! A Confederate officer having been captured in an adjoining county was given a letter of introduction to us by a friend residing near the scene of the disaster. Upon arriving at his hotel—the county jail—the letter was transmitted to us and his release secured. In a few days he called, and, of course, wanted to see his benefactor's wonderful babe. Papa was in too great haste to have him dressed; so he was hurried across the hall into the parlor just as he was, the snowy white of his little night-dress contrasting beautifully with his jet-black crown of hair, and his dark, lustrous eyes. He could not have looked sweeter in the costliest christening robe. And such words of praise as I heard through the doors half-ajar: "What a fine child! What a beautiful complexion! Such splendid eyes!" etc., etc. Perhaps the ex-lieutenant has now some little boys of his own in North Mississippi; and if so, though a personal stranger to me, I do hope his paternal ears are oftentimes gladdened by such encomiums passed upon his offspring as then riveted mine.

Our son is now a grown man, with the cares

and responsibilities of mature years upon him. In the meantime the prattle of other little ones has been heard in our home, and their loved accents—those of one, a beautiful and interesting daughter of seventeen months, now hushed in death—been welcomed to their parents' hearts. Yet the circumstances under which he was born made an ineffaceable impression upon my inmost soul, and doubly endeared his coming to his sorrow-stricken mother's arms. And thus, whenever I accidentally come across a carefully preserved relic of his infant wardrobe, I contrast it with his present size, and dream over again the happy dreams that gladdened my heart and life when we first welcomed the second babe.

THE FIRST AND LAST KISS.

'Twas the last hour of that pleasant visit. Already "Good-by" had been said to my aunt and to all her children except the handsome young cousin who was to accompany me to the railroad depot, and who now stood at the street gate, with one hand upon the open door of the hack which was to bear us away. My aged and dearly loved

uncle had accompanied me to the door ; thence from under the shade-trees near by ; and the blazing beams of unclouded August sun fell full upon his uncovered head, when I paused to bid him adieu, lest he should proceed still farther from the shade. Tenderly he said “ Good by ” ; and I looked up to photograph his features in my mind for all future time, while our hands were still clasped ; for I felt in all probability I would never see him again this side of eternity. My feelings must have been depicted on my countenance ; for, with a woman’s ready intuition of another woman’s heart, his wife, who was standing in the door some distance off, caught the meaning of that momentary hesitation, and, quick as thought, exclaimed : “ Why don’t you kiss her, husband ? ” He stooped—our lips met—our hands were unclasped—and, in a few minutes, my cousin and I were speeding along by the handsome residences and cool, fragrant flower yards that girded the streets on either side leading to the railway. We talked of various things—he of a certain young lady from the South among the rest—for in the gala-joyousness of his heart, blest with youth, with more beauty than ordinarily falls to the lot of gentlemen, with intellectual

acquirements and musical accomplishments, it would have been unnatural for him to be sad except in the presence of death. I shed no tears, heaved no sighs, and pleasantly answered his playful sallies in reference to the lovely girl: but my heart was back in the yard where I had parted with my dear old uncle, whose tall form was so beautifully and royally crowned with gray. All the time I was thinking of him: of how, in "the long ago," he had written me, from a great distance, "*Come and complete your education with me; you can readily graduate in two years; your board shall cost you nothing, and with my family you can feel at home.*" How I had gone. How kindly, gently, and faithfully he had instructed me; for he was a man of few words, of quiet deportment and childlike simplicity of Christian character. How he had never expressed disapprobation of me during those two years, had often spoken words of praise and encouragement, telling me one memorable Saturday morning, after I had spent hours alone in the chapel, solving a difficult problem, when I carried the slates to him—thus interrupting him, at this unusual hour, in his library—as he ceased writing and reviewed the entire process, in a

gratified and commendatory tone, "This is right ; and I have never before had a pupil, male or female, to solve this problem, without my assistance."

How I had ever after treasured that unexpected encomium in the storehouse of memory. How he had comforted me when a letter brought the sad intelligence of the death of one of the "loved ones at home." How he had, by invitation, stood before a large congregation, on the last day of the old year, and touchingly preached from the text: "*We spend our days as a tale that is told.*" How he had, so often, stood with uplifted hands, held meekly as once "the beloved disciple" held his, in the college chapel, beginning his prayer, "*Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us; but unto Thy name be the glory;*" and tenderly repeating, during the same, "*All things work together for good to them who love and serve God.*" How he had blessed us, and pointed us to the good and "narrow way" in his baccalaureate address when we bade adieu to his loved instructions. How he had written us, upon the death of our first-born, "*I have experienced the loss of father, of mother, of sisters and brothers, and of children; but there is no sorrow like that of losing a*

dear, innocent babe.” How his faithful missives of love and encouragement had found their way, through General Macpherson’s headquarters, to our homes and hearts when they were desolated by the victorious march of an invading army. How, after the lapse of many years, it had almost seemed, during this visit, that I was a school-girl again. How he had knelt in the family, as once with the boarders at evening-prayers, and, in his own inimitably submissive way, begged the divine guidance upon each of our pathways. How he had kindly and candidly answered questions pertaining to my spiritual welfare. How his deep, thoughtful blue eyes had moistened at the mere recital of an instance of childish simplicity and trust in the Saviour, and expressed, from out their soul-meaning depths, his approbation of my saying, “I must not break a promise made an absent child.” How he had cited from ancient history an example of a conquered people’s regaining more than their pristine glory and renown; thus dissipating my fears for my beloved country. How I had gazed on his portrait, painted by an artist-convict in gratitude for his striving, in early manhood, to rescue the “lost sheep of Israel” by voluntarily visiting the

state penitentiary and frequently preaching to the inmates thereof. How I had, sometimes during this visit, gone alone, to gaze on that picture of his features in his young manhood's prime, and felt it would be an inspiration towards goodness and spirit-excellence for all life to come were it mine. How all these things came thronging through my mind, as soon as I had left his loved presence, making it seem but a dream that I had really entered the car, that a check for my baggage had been handed me, that my cousin had bid me adieu, and that the train was actually in motion speeding towards my own home in the far off "Sunny South."

O how little do men sometimes suspect the good they omit doing by not serving God in simplicity and in truth! There is certainly a beauty and appropriateness in a woman's becoming a Christian. For it is according to the "eternal fitness of things" that, realizing her own weakness and dependence, she should learn to lean on Deity; that, through the proffered medium of salvation through Christ, she should strive to lose, in a measure, the consciousness of her own exceeding littleness in the contemplation of the manifold mercies of a crucified Redeemer. But

there is a distinct, heart-awakening, soul-inspiring sublimity in a man's becoming a true Christian, which is most sensibly felt by other men—such men too as otherwise might fail to become aroused to a sense of their danger. For when he who is the appointed representative of Godhood on earth; he who, perhaps, sounds the deepest depths and scales the loftiest heights of intellectual culture, comes from among the accumulated mental treasures of centuries and, penitently kneeling at the foot of the Cross, acknowledges, with St. Paul, the entire insufficiency of human love to meet the demands of his immortal nature, a chord is struck in the souls of men that ceases not to vibrate till it reaches the hearts of angels, archangel, and of God—thence again but to flash back to earth, on spirit-wires, a knowledge of the divine reality of that mysterious experience which men call *conversion*. To this noblest and grandest experience of human nature and to its legitimate effects when carefully cultivated, upon the hearts and lives of men, is my uncle indebted for all the sweet associations, the ineffaceable impressions, the hallowed influences that have ever clustered around my remembrance of him.

Seventeen years have again elapsed; and he still lingers on the borders of time — an octogenarian, ready, at any moment, to enter eternity; while he regards his prolonged stay as a signal display of Divine mercy which may be withdrawn at any time. His family are all matured and provided for; and he seems like a ripened “sheaf” only awaiting the Master’s orders to be garnered in the “harvest-home” above. Fain would I see his loved form, clasp his dear hand once more, ere he takes his departure for the “Better Land.” Yet, though I love him as a father, and would gladly hear his last accents on earth, the countless hills and vales, that for hundreds of miles intervene between us, solemnly admonish me, that, in all human probability, I have received my first and last kiss.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.*

Of all the evils now deluging this Southern land, that of gambling, in its various forms, is one of the greatest. We may talk of being prostrated and overrun by our former foes, but in some localities where one dollar is lost by taxation, ten are thrown away as a sacrifice to the

*A picture from real life.

demon of gaming. We may talk of "financial depression" and "poor crops," but as long as our men will leave their professions, their legitimate business avocations, their fields to spend the day in participating in, or looking on at any kind of gaming, we can not reasonably expect the country to prosper. Though the gambler's wife expend every energy in trying to "keep up appearances," or to "drive the wolf from the door," so long as her husband continues to game, so long will she be engaged in a desperate and probably futile struggle with the adversary of her home and of her heart's peace. Talk of marrying a member of the "starving profession," as I once heard a communicant of a church say in reference to preachers; but, so long as gambling continues to be a disease of society, so long will it require all the prayers of the clergy and other Christians to avert even greater evils than starvation from our beloved land. And, in the meantime, go on noble men of God, in your high and holy work! And, if your wives are "starving" at home, they at least have the consolation of knowing that their husbands are engaged in trying to rescue men from sin and Satan: and this is what the gambler's poor wife can never know, so long as he

continues to game, no matter if she be attired in velvets, laces and diamonds, and “fare sumptuously” every day. And should you “die in the harness,” should you expire, as some noble soldiers of the Cross have done, while proclaiming God’s truth from the pulpit, you will leave your children an inheritance of *gracious promises* that many a gambler’s wife would welcome, could she claim them for her little brood, as the shipwrecked mariner rejoices to grasp the plank that bears him from a tempestuous sea in safety to a far-off shore. But what moral support has the gambler’s wife? His relatives who knew him from a child, and who failed to do their duty towards him by impressing his youthful mind with the sin and sorrow necessarily attendant upon gaming, in the hour of his calamity can escape from him and from it. But she who knew him not until he was a mature man, who did not even suspect his having the least disposition or inclination to such a course, must bear with all its bitter consequences. And if, in the course of long and trying years, she manifests impatience under her deep and unexpected woes, how many are ready to say she is not a faithful wife, a true woman? The fond hopes that were hers on her

marriage day have long since been laid in the grave. The bright anticipations that cheered her girlhood and her early womanhood have drifted away slowly, sadly, solemnly as the barque, that leaving a fair port at morn, sails steadily and unconsciously towards some ocean-maelstrom, and ne'er is heard of more. At dead hours of night, when other hearts are gathering strength for the next day's duties in refreshing slumber, in loneliness and tears, and no watches to aid her save God and angels, she is shrouding her dead hopes, and consigning them, not only to death, but to *an ignominious grave*. O skeptic! O atheist! O infidel! You may deride the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and with the Jews question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Yet were it not for this same religion; were it not for the power of the Godhead that can "roll away the stone from the sepulcher" of our dead hopes, and bid them re-arise; were it not for the assurance of the Resurrection, and of an immortality of glory in the life to come, where, oh where! in the Great Universe of God, with all its blazing suns and attendant systems, would be the refuge of the gambler's poor, earth-weary, soul-stricken, heart-broken wife?

SEPTEMBER BIRDS.

AIR : "Annie Laurie."

O the air is so gently stirring,
 The sunshine so softly falls,
 I wonder not that the songsters
 Respond to each other's calls ;
 As they twitter and chirp so gayly
 Within the old oak tree.
 O your dulcet tones, my birdies !
 Are a feast to memory.

I see a child in the morning
 So eager her books to learn ;
 I see her again, ere noontide,
 With the good, old-fashioned churn.
 I see her again in the afternoon,
 Ere the sun has gone to rest,
 In the dear old "pasture" roaming
 With those she loves the best ;

Where the hickory and the hazel,
 And the beech-trees with their lore *
 Throw sweetest shade o'er the brooklet
 Where she shall roam no more :

* All through the dells, in the pasture, "we children" carved the initials of our own and others' names on the beech-trees.

Where sisters', brothers' voices—
Alas ! some ne'er will come—
Awaken the sweetest music
About their dear old home.

I see her in the Autumn,
Ere the leaves begin to fall,
With sisters and with schoolmates,
Beneath the forests tall,*
Hither and thither going,
With pleasant, kindly words ;
While they all with rapture listen
To sweet September birds.

I see her in the City,†
With its tall and glittering spires,
Whose late historic valor
The poet's spirit fires ;
An infant's gentle cooing
Within her room is heard,
While her heart-strings beat responsive
To a blest September bird !‡

I thank Thee, O my Father!
For all thy goodly gifts ;

* A scene at Edwards during my childhood.

† Vicksburg.

‡ The same mocking-bird, as I believed, which sung so sweetly 'round the newborn "second babe" in July.

My soul with purest pleasure
Each to its Author lifts :
And, as I journey onward,
O may my path be cheered,
Through all life's varied mazes
By some September bird.

Warren Co., Miss., September, 1879.

LITTLE WILL.*

How bright the sunshine falls, my love !
Around thy narrow bed ;
How sweet the flowers are blooming there,
Where prayers so oft are said.

How tenderly the songsters chirp
This fair September day,
From every tree about that spot—
To bear the soul away.

To catch a glimpse of thy blest home
Beyond the sunny skies ;
Where now thy soul in gladness roams
From where thy body lies.

O ! darling babe ! thy eyes were like
My first-born, gentle boy's ;

* My only grandson, who went to dwell with the angels at the age of three months; and whose body sleeps on Cunningham plantation, Washington Co., Miss.

Thy form as thy dear father's was *
In infancy's first joys :

A noble, quiet, loving soul
Was cased in that dear form—
How sweet thy glance ! how grand the hope
That high o'er every storm

Of coming life thy soul would rise
Obedient to its God,
And sanctify each sacrifice
Of every path it trod !

Could I but hold thee in my arms,
And fold thee to my breast
One single hour again I feel
'Twould give my heart such rest.

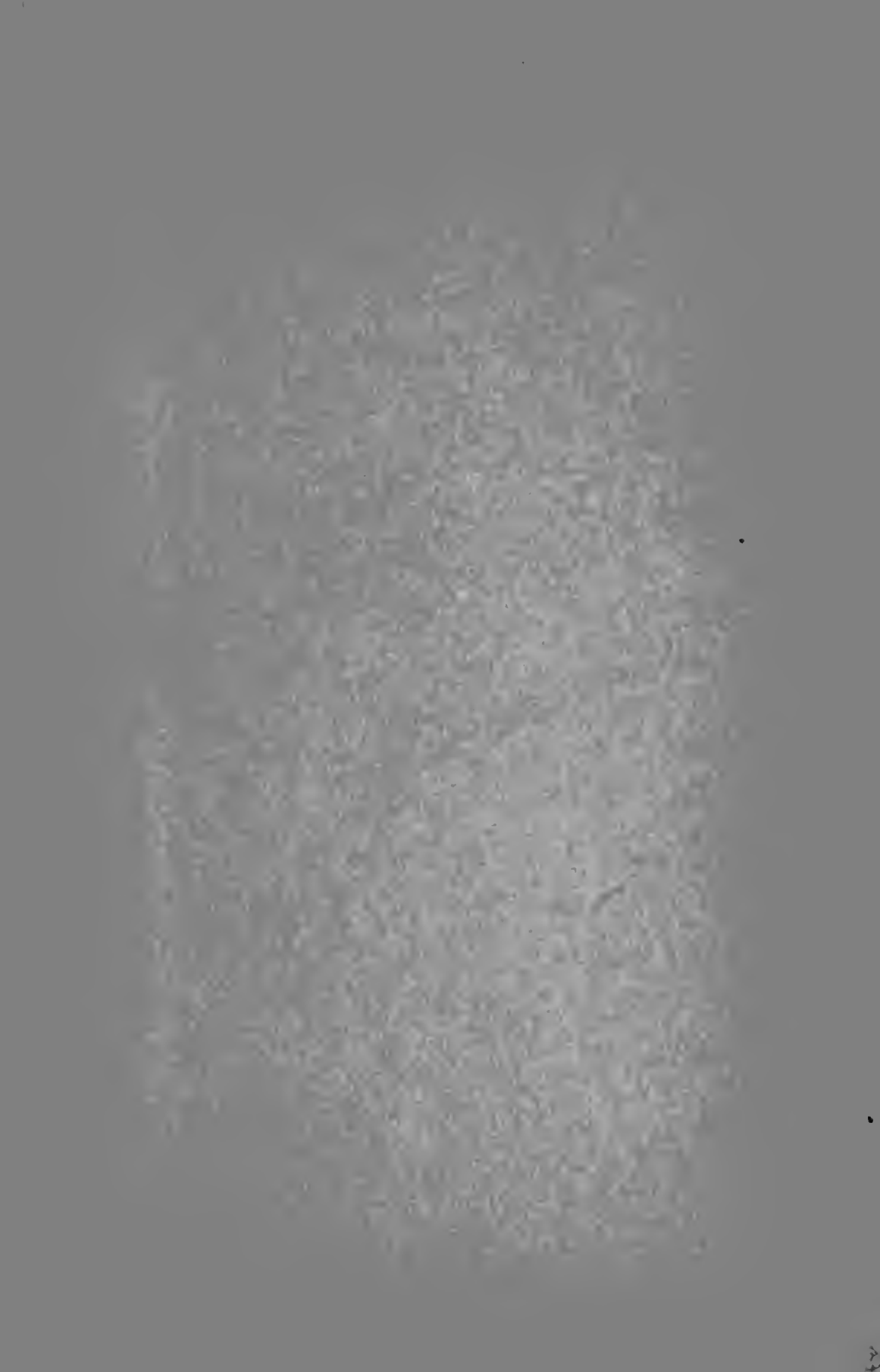
The birds are singing 'round me here,
I seem to see him now,
With eye so bright, expression clear ;
Such calmness on his brow :

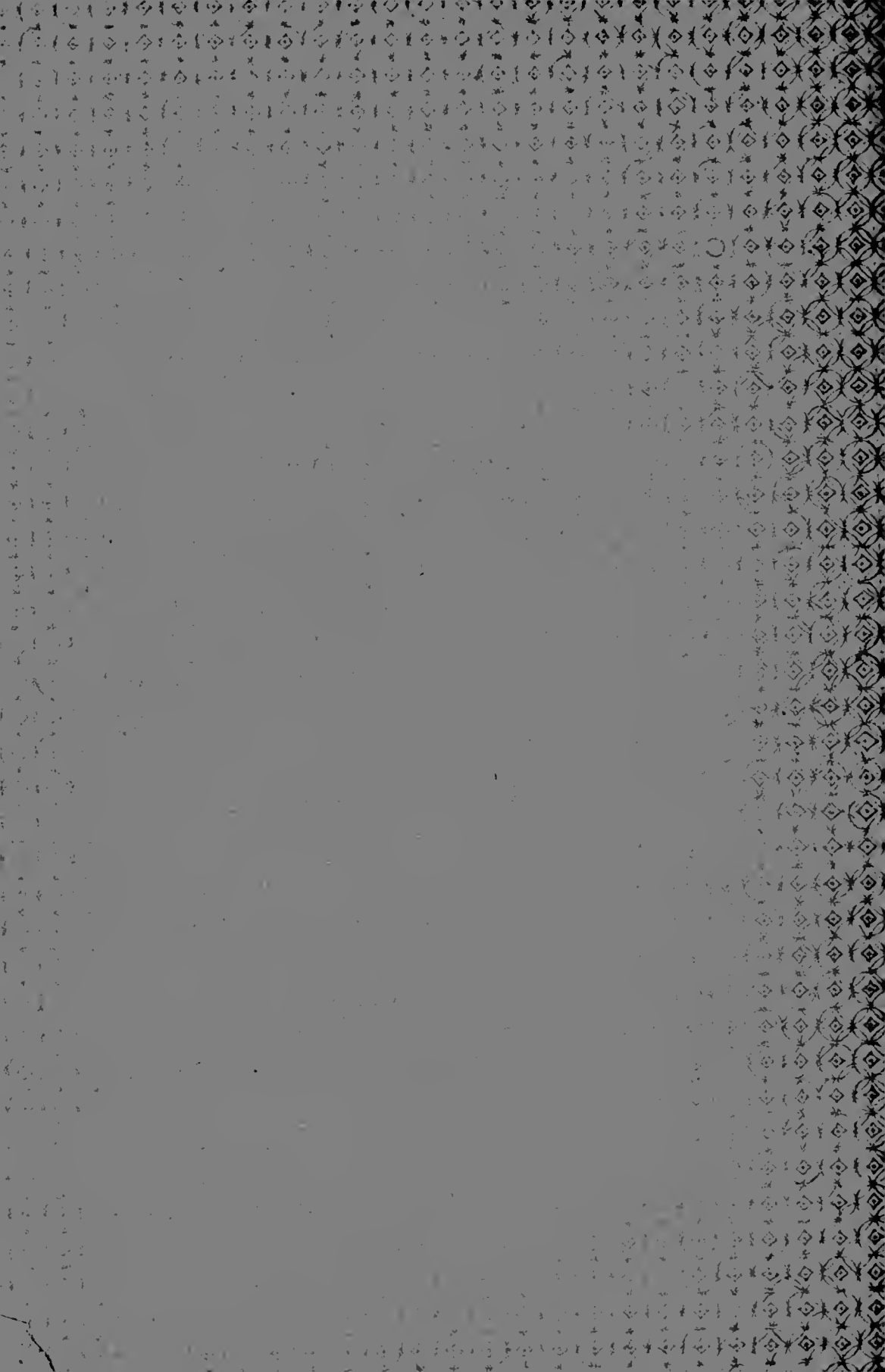
But never more on earth I'll grasp
The form now lying still—
In heaven above I'll spring to clasp
My darling "Little Will" !

Edwards, Hinds Co., Miss., September, 1889.

* His father was my "second babe," my oldest son having died at the age of fifteen months.







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